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March 17, 1965

The Australian

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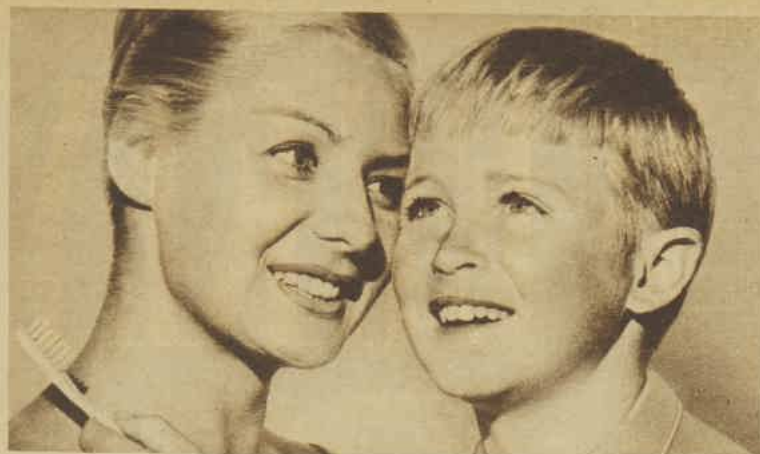
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CILLA BLACK

*Girl singers in the
money... pages 8, 9*



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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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WORTH REPORTING

WE'RE very pop-conscious this week.

Our trouble is that the singers seem to get ever younger. But we hope to be forgiven in thinking that 14 is really young.

Aged 14 is Linda Kaye, one of the newest British singers who, when not behind her school desk in Form 4, at Newcastle, sings on TV and radio shows in the north of England and (by special licence) in a nightclub.

With a sigh, we are joining in the plaint of Marcelle Poirier, of our Paris staff. See her story on page 5.

New career at 70

"EVERYONE" thinks of pensioners as dilapidated old dears," said 72-year-old widow Julia Hosking, as bright as a bird.

"It does make me cross. Now take me — I feel as young as ever; in fact, I'm going back to night school again this year to do matriculation Dutch honors.

"And I've started to write a book, 'Typing Through 50 Years — and Still Typing'."

Mrs. Hosking, of Northcote, Victoria, was a 100-word-a-minute shorthand writer in her youth. She still uses shorthand and typing for lectures. And in her spare time she runs a business office for a friend.

Last year she passed an adult matriculation examination at Melbourne University, and now she has talked four other elderly people into studying for the exam.

"They were lonely or bored, and I told them, 'Go

OUR COVER

● Cilla Black, top British pop singer, who is beginning her Australian tour. See story, pages 7-9.

back to school," she said. "They wrote asking for advice after they read your story last April about my life as an adult matriculation student.

"A lot of Dutch people contacted me, too, after reading that I wanted to improve my Dutch conversation." (She did not know one word of Dutch until she studied Dutch I at Melbourne University in 1962.)

"In fact, today I am going to ring up one of the Dutch ladies. I have a nice little talk prepared in Dutch to surprise her."

Now Mrs. Hosking wants to study for an Arts degree.

"I'm just hoping that the good Lord will spare me to complete the course," she said with a little laugh.



● Linda Kaye, 14.

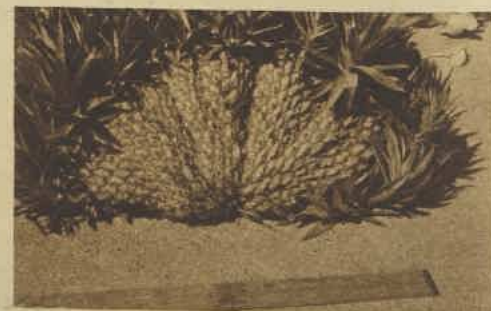
BLINDED at 17 by illness,

Doreen Baker, of Gundah, N.S.W., has become one of the town's best weavers, basket-makers, and cooks, and now is having modest business success.

During the past nine months, in the sunroom of her parents' home, she has made some 18 dozen greeting cards for the blind.

Using a hand braille frame, dried flowers, lavender bags, plastic greenery, gold-painted keys, and wishbones, Doreen designs cards for blind people, who can feel the decoration and read the message by touch.

The cards have proved so popular that two Sydney stores have ordered more.



"THIS pineapple would be a test for even Leila Howard's kitchen," said Mrs. V. Rothwell, of Townsville, Qld.

Mrs. Rothwell was prompted to send us this picture of a freak pineapple after reading the article "Pineapple Flavor" in our January 20 issue.

"To show how huge it is we photographed it behind an 18in. ruler," Mrs. Rothwell said.

The pineapple was grown by Mr. L. Bakker, of Bucasia — nine miles north of Mackay, Queensland — and was one of the only two freaks found in a crop of 65,000 perfect pineapples.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 17, 1965

The Anzac story

Famous painter's Gallipoli series as feature film

"I STOOD in the place where the first Anzacs had stood, looked across the straits to the site of ancient Troy, and felt that here history had stood still," said Sidney Nolan.

The famous Australian painter was explaining to Larry Boys, of our London staff, how he came to paint his series of Gallipoli paintings.

From 350 paintings and studies in the series, Dahl and Geoffrey Collings chose 140 for their film "Toehold in History."

Sidney Nolan found that under the baked earth of the Gallipoli hills the story of ancient battles was written in deepening layers, century by century, and on the bare beaches the debris of the Anzac landing lay where it had fallen 50 years ago.

"Here and there I picked up a soldier's water-bottle or some other piece of discarded equipment," he said. "I felt as I had felt when I found Scott's hut in the Antarctic perfectly preserved, without rust, or mould, or corruption."

"I found the place on top of the hill where the Anzac and Turkish trenches had been only yards apart and the whole expedition balanced between success and failure."

Linked by destiny

"I visualised the young, fresh faces of boys from the bush, knowing nothing of war or of faraway places, all individuals, and suddenly all the same—united and uniform in the dignity of a common destiny."

"And that was how I came to paint the series. Not then and there, and not all at once. But after I had thought about it in places like Hydra, in the Greek Islands, and Egypt, and Kenya, and Ethiopia, and Australia, and Antarctica, and London."

"I let the paintings come along as they wanted to."

Sidney Nolan's complete Gallipoli series has not yet been exhibited publicly. He lent two of them to the Tate Gallery for a recent exhibition of contemporary art.

"There are upwards of 300 small paintings and studies," he said, "and 50 or 60 larger paintings. I might not be ready to exhibit them for a year or two—but I hope they will be shown first in Australia."

"I'd like to think a bit more about when I'll exhibit them after I've seen the film."

Sidney Nolan expected to be in Australia for the Canberra preview on March 9, arranged by Qantas, which will be attended by the Governor-General, Lord De L'Isle.

"Toehold in History" will be released in all capital cities with M.G.M.'s "The Yellow Rolls-Royce," starting in Perth on April 7 and in all other capital cities on March 18.

It is in color and 21 minutes long.

By linking the paintings in sequence, it tells the Anzac story without trying for a factual account.

It dwells on the glory of battles that can be recalled now with more pride than sorrow. But it shows how Gallipoli was.

It starts with Nolan's pictures of the gaunt hills and beaches, and climaxes with his portraits of soldiers whose lost, bewildered, disintegrating faces reflect the horrors of the actuality 50 years ago.

● Profile study of an Anzac (right), used to introduce the film, recalls the nearness of Gallipoli to the site of ancient Troy. It is the only idealised portrait. Others, painted in the same background red, are stark.

BELOW: Angular Digger and horse is typical. Some of the Nolan horsemen have overtones of Death, "the pale rider on a pale horse."



NEXT WEEK:

Parade of HANDKNITS



GREAT
32-
PAGE
COLOR
BOOK

● Here is a wonderful new range of day-into-night knitteds. There are easy-to-follow directions for 24 designs.

You can see some of the best designs at special parades by high-fashion mannequins in capital cities throughout Australia. The book gives parade dates and times.

The only diet that WORKS

● This fascinating book condensation tackles the key to overweight — over-eating. And it doesn't just offer a do-it-ALL-yourself system. With it you can MOTIVATE yourself to eat well and still stay slim.

AUSTRALIAN WOOL FASHION AWARDS, 1965

● Three color pages of part of an all-wool, made-in-Australia fashion parade. There are times and places given at which you can see the trend-setting, award-winning clothes.

Spaghetti and 20 sauces

● The secret of a successful spaghetti dish lies in its sauce. In a three-page feature learn how to make savory sauces for 20 different spaghetti dishes — and how to cook the spaghetti perfectly, too.

The Don from Perth

TV's most eligible bachelor



● The marriage of Katherine Ainslie, brilliant and beautiful young Perth girl, and Robin Day, BBC-TV commentator, has a political-legal background. She is an honors-graduate barrister; he a barrister who forsook law in 1955 for political journalism.

AT the moment Katherine is home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ainslie, while Robin, who left London on February 17, is working his way Perth-wards, telecasting en route.

He and Katherine will be reunited this week.

Meanwhile the Ainslie household is in a whirl preparing for its second wedding within two months.

On February 13 younger daughter Roberta married W.A. pastoralist Digby Lee-Steere, of Northampton. Katherine was a bridesmaid.

She and Robin will marry on April 3, with the reception again in the garden of the Ainslie home at Dalkeith.

Katherine and Robin have known each other for 18 months.

She is annoyed when people comment on the difference in their ages, and thinks it unremarkable that she is 24 and her fiancé is 41.

She grew up in a legal atmosphere.

Her father is a Q.C., her mother's brother, Mr. Ernest Blankensee, is a barrister, and so are his two sons. Yet her first ambition was the diplomatic service.

She was advised that a law degree was one of the best qualifications for the Department of External Affairs, so

she enrolled for it. But in no time she gave up all thought of using law as a means to anything else.

She was the only woman student in her group to finish the course, and she outshone, indeed eclipsed, the men.

She won distinction in every subject every year of the course, graduating with first-class honors at the beginning of 1962.

A few days later she sailed for England, planning to stay for two years.

As I talked to Katherine about her star-studded academic career the conversation

kept swinging back to Robin. When I remarked on this, Katherine smiled and said, "That's because he's a much more interesting person!"

At the same time, 12,000 miles away, Robin was telling a London reporter who asked him about Katherine: "She is so beautiful, so gay, so lively."

They were introduced in June, 1963, at the Wadham College Commemoration Ball — one of Oxford University's "Commems."

Katherine had been commuting to Oxford each weekend to do part-time law tutoring while living in London and working in the legal department of a city firm.

She can't even remember what she wore to the "Commem" at which she met

Robin. But she must have made an immediate impression.

Although she went off to Paris on vacation the very next day, then flew to Israel to work on a kibbutz (community project) near Haifa for three weeks, and after that went to the Edinburgh Festival, the minute she was back in London Robin was on the telephone asking her to dinner.

She had already accepted a full-time tutorship at Oxford.

There followed many more dinners and theatres,

"So gay, so lively"

and holidays with other friends skiing in Italy and sunning in the South of France.

Soon the newspapers were speculating about a romance between the attractive young "Don from Down Under" and "Television's Most Eligible Bachelor!"

But it was not until Katherine had been back in Perth for two months that she accepted Robin's proposal by telephone and began to wear his ring — a large, solitaire ruby set on a filigree gold band — which Robin had had made for her.

Katherine's favorite picture of Robin is the one (above) that appears on the dust-cover of his book, "Television — a Personal Report." It is a fascinating story.



KATHERINE AINSLIE, of Dalkeith, W.A., and (left) her fiancé, Robin Day, BBC-TV's best-known political commentator. Both are barristers, she an honors graduate of the University of W.A., and he of Oxford.

By PAT PARKER

He has interviewed Khrushchev and Kennedy, covered the Suez crisis, the Congo, Cuba, and Cyprus, Ghana's independence, apartheid in South Africa—in fact, where there is a political "situation" Robin Day is bound to turn up.

When Robin arrives for the wedding it will be his first visit to Perth but his second to Australia. He was here in 1962.

Whether they go straight back to England depends on what blows up in international politics.

However, London will be their home and they will probably live in Robin's Chelsea flat while they look for something bigger.

Katherine intends to take Bar exams, then practise in London.

She has already done a little political writing and would like to do more.

Robin stood for Parliament as a Liberal Party candidate in the 1959 British elections and, who knows, may try again.

On the domestic front Katherine says she's "hopeless," but as she and Robin love to entertain and enjoy small dinner parties best, she intends to learn to cook.

If the guests are like the hosts, the conversation should never be dull at the Robin Days' dinner parties.

If you're over 40, and 40"-30"-42"

RELAX-AND DRESS YOUR AGE

By MARCELLE POIRIER,
of our Paris staff

● It looks as if Irish-born Captain Edward Molyneux, making a comeback into Paris high fashion after 15 years' retirement, is going to confound the fashion critics who almost unanimously condemned—or damned with faint praise—his new collection.

BUYERS from the big American and British stores have not hesitated to place important orders in spite of such comments from the slick-chick fashion girls as "vintage collection," "sleeping beauty styles," "old-fashioned elegance," or "Molyneux swims against the stream of fashion."

Now Molyneux announces that he is going to reverse his decision not to cater for private clients, because he has been swamped with orders from admirers.

This may well be the beginning of the revolt of the "over twenty-fives," that euphemism which tries to camouflage the apparently shameful fact that the majority of women in the world are 30, 40, 50, or 60, and that some are inadmissibly 70 or more.

Since the teenage boom began in the early 1950s, designers, manufacturers, and particularly fashion writers have become progressively more and more hypnotised with styles originally intended for the sub-debs (as we called them then).

And women, who naturally want to retain a youthful appearance as long as possible, have allowed themselves to be persuaded that to do so they must dress as their teenage daughters do.

"Dressing in a young adventurous way," as it is called, is all right up to a point. But the way we are going, we shall soon all be dressed from the cradle to the grave in bonnets, bibs, and blue booties.

Right, there is a huge teenage market. The kids (in their hundreds of thousands) want clothes designed for them.

They want fun clothes — stove-pipe trousers topped by hip-length jackets, dresses for parties that look like old-fashioned nighties, or day dresses in kindergarten styles, and about as long.

Fine — so give it to them.

They are young and fresh enough to get away with looking crazy or sexy, or "with it" or whatever you call the current look.

But what is fine and dandy for the broad-shouldered,

skinny, long-legged creatures with no hips, stripped down to a chassis, which are the girls of today, is not much good to the average housewife or business woman in Paris, Leeds, Bootle, County Cork, Chatanooga, or Sydney who has more robust and — alas — old-fashioned coachwork.

Even the thin-though-thirties do not look good in little Victorian middie suits with schoolgirl sailor hats crammed on the back of their heads, or in baby-doll dresses with high tight yokes, and skirts above the knee.

That big girl (another euphemism) who wears black lace stockings, a skimpy tight skirt, turtle-necked sweater, and a chewed-off hair-do does not really look as if she belongs to the age group whose clothes she affects. She is a great deal less attractive than she would be in "square" clothes.

Fair, fat, 50

The fair, fat, and frankly fifties know in their heart of hearts that skimpy skirts, tight-under-the-arm jackets, and far out styles do not become them, but they have really had little choice.

A few designers held out against the trend for adolescent styles despite sarcasm and sneers, though the fashion girls could kill a collection stone dead by simply saying it was "for the older woman."

Pierre Balmain, one of the last to succumb, has finally killed off his Jolie Madame and started to dress her daughter.

Designers like Balenciaga and Givenchy don't give a damn how old their clients are as long as they have that pre-skeleton waif-like silhouette popularised by Audrey Hepburn.

Molyneux may, however, help to reverse the trend.

Chanel did not get wild applause when she started designing again after 15 years, but her success has since been phenomenal, chiefly because she designs for women and not adolescents.

Her clothes are casual and easy to wear, but they are adult.

So are Molyneux's.



He admits the fact that women have busts and hips with waists between, but doesn't draw too much attention to the latter.

His peg-top skirts are flattering, his easy open-ended darts on bodices prevent that squeezed-in look.

He makes jackets that are easy under the arm.

He tops the lot with casually roomy coats which hide a multitude of sins, and drops skirts so that the back of the knee — so very revealing of the passage of time — is hidden.

It may for the moment be non-conformist, but I am barracking for Molyneux.

I am not suggesting that the teenagers should adopt his styles. They have plenty of their own, so why should we not have ours?

The kids have sports cars — their parents comfortable

saloons. The kids go camping — the older generation prefers a hotel.

And no one insists that mother and daughter should have identical bedrooms.

Father is not constrained to wear an Eton suit or an undergraduate beard until he is 90.

Why then this insistence that all women dress alike?

Being one of those who has had the temerity to live on beyond the pale of 25, I have had no joy out of buying clothes in recent years.

I flick disconsolately through racks of creations in which I know I'd look a fool even if I could get more than one leg into them.

My gorge rises when a patronising young miss, flat as a skiffle board, with long lank locks and bony knees



DON'T BE BLUFFED by the mad, heavenly, young outfit by Courreges at left. It's for the clean-limbed youngster. If you're just that little bit older, Molyneux's comfortably elegant ensemble (above) will do more for you.

knocking below her abbreviated skirts (I'm afraid my jealousy is showing), looks me over, wriggles smugly in her silly little shimmy, and says, "O, no, madam, not in your size."

As if a 42 hip (well, let's be honest and say not quite 44) qualifies me for the role of fat woman in a circus.

"Scarecrows"

If I am prepared to tolerate these skinny lizzies they might have the grace to tolerate me.

After all, it has not always been like this.

At the beginning of the century, before Chanel started monkeying around with the canons of fashion, before the insurance companies' weight tables tried to make scarecrows of us all, I would have been "a fine figure of a woman."

Venus de Milo, who is in fact a great deal heavier (bless her) in spite of a missing arm, had a statue made to her in her day, and Rubens' women, with milky white skins and obvious cellulitis, made less favored women of the period swoon with envy.

Then, this question of age.

I don't want to look like a retarded adolescent, a foolish female Peter Pan, any more than I want to adopt the jet-beaded bodices, and bonnets topped with ostrich feathers and tied under the chin with ribbons which, a half century ago, was the uniform for women over 40.

I want to look like an adult who's had an interesting life and still has lots more to come.

I will laugh at my own shortcomings, but I don't want to be a giggle to those who see me pass.

I want to be comfortable in clothes that become me, do not unnecessarily age me, and which I can forget.

I do not want to go on tugging and pulling at an inadequate skirt or holding my breath to prevent the buttons of my tubular coat exploding like a machine-gun salvo.

The standard of revolt is being timidly brandished — aux armes, citoyennes — to fight at last for the right to be our age.



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When you're on a good thing . . . stick to it!



87714

Cilla, the girl star from Liverpool

By BRIAN GIBSON

● They call Cilla Black the most fashion-conscious of Britain's female pop stars, and when she visits Australia this month her fans will see some really fantastic examples of her large wardrobe.

"BELIEVE me," she told me when we met recently, "I'm going to let my hair down and give the fans something to look at."

"I shall be taking more clothes than I've ever taken anywhere, and I'm excited about the new styles of my dresses and suits."

Cilla will be Down Under touring for Sydney promoter Kenn Brodski in a star-packed show that includes Freddie and The Dreamers, Sounds Incorporated, and Mark Wynter.

Fine performers all, but undoubtedly it will be the red-haired Liverpool girl who will command much of the attention of the fans, both on-stage and off.

There's nothing swank or "big time" about Cilla. She loves meeting people, going places, and buying clothes. Especially clothes!

"Oh, I buy some mad things sometimes," she told me with a giggle.

"I'm hoping to see some of the stores in Australia,

and I'm going to carry some cash in case they have some clothes or hats I've not seen before."

Cilla loves studying the latest fashions and her tastes have had considerable influence on teenage girls in Britain.

She became a trend-setter a year ago, when she wore long Empire-line dresses at concerts and on TV.

But she told me: "I won't be taking them to Australia, they're out now."

Corduroy

"I hope to take some shorter dresses, which are all the rage, and some corduroy suits with long matador pants."

Cilla can tell you the top fashion colors over the last ten years.

She owns so many pairs of shoes and black leather boots that she has stopped counting, and hats occupy a considerable part of her wardrobe.

But she doesn't believe in shopping at the most expensive places for clothes.

"When I was earning only about £4 a week I had to plan carefully. I do the same thing now, even though I'm earning far more."

"Luckily, I have two wonderful women in Kensington who make my dresses. I don't believe in paying a lot for something just because there is an exclusive name on it—I'd far rather shop at Marks and Spencer (the large British chain store)."

"I'm mad about leather, corduroy, and fur, but I buy only real fur."

"And I love bright colors, like green, orange, pink, and violet."

Cilla's rise to stardom at 21 has been one of the greatest success stories ever to emerge from the beat city of Liverpool.

A former £7-a-week secretary, she has become, through records like "Love of the Loved," "Anyone Who Had a Heart," and "You're My World," a £500-a-week performer who has sung before Royalty, filmed, and topped variety bills all over the country.

Before she leaves for Australia she will headline a country-wide tour with P. J. Proby and Sounds Incorporated, who, she admits, "are my favorite group—I wouldn't work at all if I couldn't work with them."

Cilla knew John, George, Paul, and Ringo, as well as Gerry Marsden and Billy J., when all of them were unknowns, working in the Liverpool beat clubs for a few shillings a night.

As an onlooker she would watch them perform, occasionally herself getting on to the stage to join in a number.

Then one night the incredible Brian Epstein spotted her and she was added to his star-packed stable of Liverpool talent.

"Fantasy"

But her home, apart from the smart London hotel where she stays, is still above a shop in Scotland Road, one of the dreariest parts of Liverpool.

"I go up there nearly every weekend to see Mum and Dad," she said.

"I seldom go to parties or to the clubs."

"People don't treat me any differently up there — well a few do, I suppose — but most of them have known me since I was a child and they accept me."

"I don't think success has changed me much."

"It's nice to travel and have money, but I always lived in a fantasy world as a kid. Always going to the movies and dreaming that one day it would be me up there."



SINGER Cilla Black loves shopping. "I buy a lot on impulse—things I see in the windows." Addicted to black leather boots.

She smiled. "It may sound big-headed, but I always knew that something like this would happen to me, although I never dreamed it would be the way it has."

"You could call Brian Epstein a godsend so far as I'm concerned, and the others would all say the same."

The Beatles, who call her "Cil," have been giving out plenty of tips on what kind of audiences and conditions to expect in Australia.

"They had a wonderful time there," said Cilla, "although they got plenty of rain."

"The boys told me that the audiences are wonderful, although they said that some of the venues are a bit big."

"But that doesn't bother me too much. I just like to get on with my act and not worry too much about the surroundings."

Cilla is hoping to find time during her tour to visit some relatives in New Zealand and renew her friendship with an old school chum.

"His name is Tony Eustace and he lives in Sydney," she said with a grin, "and I owe him a punch on the nose."

"Watch out"

"He hit me once at school, so tell him to watch out!"

Cilla's visit to Australia, which also includes calling in on America on the way back for TV appearances, will be her first large-scale overseas tour.

Hitherto she has visited only Paris and the Canary Islands, where she sunned herself recently after a gruelling season at the London Palladium.

The five-month season gave her a foretaste of what it would be like to star, as Brian Epstein predicts she will, in a long-running stage musical.

"It gets very tiring," she said, "and I honestly prefer the one-night concerts, when you're seeing different people and places all the time."

"I love travelling."

Wherever Cilla travels she is watched over by her faithful road manager, Bobby Willis, a Liverpool boy who has blossomed as a songwriter.

He has penned the "B" sides of every Cilla Black disc.

"I don't know what I would do without him, honest," said Cilla.

"He takes care of all the travel and hotel arrangements and that large wardrobe of mine."

She grinned wickedly at Bobby, who sat across from us: "If he loses any of it I will deduct it from his pay."

Only one aspect of visiting Australia terrifies Cilla: "I just can't bear flying."



CHAired after a triumph by Billy J. Kramer (left) and Gerry (of The Pacemakers), Cilla laughs. Dakotas and Pacemakers look on.

● Cilla's appearances are: Brisbane, March 15; Melbourne, March 17, 18; Sydney, March 19, 20; Adelaide, March 22; Perth, March 23, 24.

GIRL POP STARS, overleaf



LULU — "I want to be rich."

● After a long absence from the male-dominated charts, girl singers are spinning back to popularity in a big way with Britain's keen disc buyers.



MARIANNE FAITHFULL — has the looks.

GIRL SINGERS JOSTLE

THE American girls haven't lagged behind, either. From groups like The Supremes through to Dionne Warwick, Brenda Lee, and Barbra Streisand they've consistently scored disc successes on both sides of the Atlantic and in Australia.

"The charts are looking very healthy for girls right now," said Dusty Springfield. "Let's hope we can keep it up."

Of all the female stars who have achieved disc stardom none stands out so spectacularly as Dusty.

DUSTY SPRINGFIELD

THE girl who turned solo when her singing trio broke up has scaled the heights of international stardom.

Voted top British female singer in a music poll recently, she also secured the award of Top International Girl Vocalist

from the American show business journal "Variety."

With four successive hits to her credit, Dusty's now earning £40,000 a year.

Among current girl singers Dusty alone has the kind of magnetism and talent that places her alongside another great international star, Shirley Bassey.

So, she's got the potential for success in other fields later on.

The big breakthrough for the girls came in September, 1963, when an unknown girl from Liverpool warbled a Lennon-McCartney composition "Love of the Loved."

DUSTY SPRINGFIELD

FOUR successive hits, "Stay Awhile," "I Only Want Be With You," "I Just Don't Know What To Do With Myself," and "Losing You," have put her in the £40,000 a-year earning class.



● Two years ago male singers held such sway that the only girl who could get into the charts was Helen Shapiro. Today those same charts are dominated by such names as Dusty Springfield, Cilla Black, Sandie Shaw, Petula Clark, Lulu, Twinkle, and Millie — all of them British girls, all with big hit discs to their credit, and each one with plenty of work lined up and money rolling in.

CILLA BLACK

THE girl was Cilla Black, and the reaction to her first disc gave the then up-and-coming Brian Epstein yet another success to follow the Beatles and Gerry and The Pacemakers.

In eight months, through subsequent records like "Anyone Who Had a Heart" (her first Number One) and "You're My World," Cilla became a star.

The once £8 a week Liverpool typist Priscilla Maria Veronica White became Cilla Black, the £500-a-week singer who topped a London Palladium season, played before Royalty, and has had offers of work pouring in from all over the world.

Brian Epstein's early comment, "This girl is going to be a big star," has come true, and Cilla's latest disc release, "You've Got That Lovin' Feeling," has given her a new chart success before she leaves on her Australian tour.

Cilla has been the only female singer from Liverpool to score a major chart success.

LULU and MILLIE

OTHERS have come from all over the country—girls like Lulu, the 16-year-old from Scotland, who belted her way into the top of the charts with "Shout," a disc that left fans breathless.

"I always wanted to be a disc star, because I wanted to be rich," said Lulu, whose real name is Marie Lawrie.

"My dad is a butcher in Glasgow and he taught me to sing as soon as I could talk. "By the time I was five I was singing in public."

Discovered in a Glasgow disc club by her manager, Mrs. Marian Massey, wife of a textile manufacturer, Lulu underwent extensive grooming before being signed to a disc contract.

Admittedly, she hasn't had the same success with her follow-up discs, but in America her latest release, "I'll Come Running," is

making an impact, and with her group, The Luvvers, she is to visit New York this month.

One of 1964's biggest surprises was Millie, the sunshine girl from Jamaica, who shot into the Top Ten with her first release, "My Boy Lollipop."

Born and raised on a sugar plantation where her father still works, Millie Small had cut discs in Jamaica.

When Chris Blackwell, a 27-year-old Harrovian, heard her voice, he realised the possibilities of stardom and signed her to a contract.

Now in the £200 a concert class, Millie has starred in two TV spectaculars, has visited America, and is due in Australia.

But not everyone comes from as far away as Jamaica.

SANDIE SHAW

ADAM FAITH found one of the year's brightest discoveries just a room away from his dressing-room at a theatre.

Her name was Sandie Shaw, a tall, willowy girl with long dark hair and the kind of classical beauty seldom found in a young girl.

As the girlfriend of one of the members of Adam's backing group, The Roulettes, Sandie was going through a song with them.

Adam liked her voice, personality, and looks, and Sandie promptly signed a contract with his manager, Eve Taylor.

The results have been far better than any one could ever have anticipated.

With her first release back in October, "Always Something There to Remind Me," Sandie captured the hearts and the pockets of fans.

The disc went to Number One spot, and Sandie's follow-up, always a tricky disc for any up-and-coming star, repeated the success, for "Girl Don't Come," released just before Christmas, has been a smash hit.

Now there are big plans lined up, among them visits to Australia and America, for the girl who relaxes by designing many of her own clothes.

Occasionally, as in the case of Sandie, an



MILLIE — 1964's surprise star.



SANDIE SHAW — the girl next door.



KATHY KIRBY — £1000 a week.

THE TOP POPPS

unknown completely new to the music business can make a great success without ever having gone through the pains that most artists suffer on their way to the top.

But, in most cases, experience and a quiet determination to reach the top are finally responsible for that elusive hit.

KATHY KIRBY

THAT'S the way it happened with Kathy Kirby, the girl from Ilford, Essex.

She sang her way into the charts with discs like "Dance On" and "Secret Love," then went on to lucrative cabaret and stage appearances and her own TV series, which netted her £18,000.

Kathy has been singing since she was 16 and learned her trade the hard way, singing with dance bands.

Her manager, veteran musician Bert Ambrose, has shrewdly guided her career to what it is today, and, at 24, Kathy is in the £1000 a week class.

But she has no illusions about instant stardom.

"I was earning good money before I started recording," she said.

"I realise that I can't stay a pop idol all my life, but my fans are in all age groups, so I think I shall be all right."

PET CLARK, JULIE ROGERS

PETULA CLARK, who soared to the top of charts all over the world recently with her big hit, "Downtown," is another example of the star who has worked hard for success.

As a girl she was a star of "The Huggerts" film series, which starred Jack Warner and Kathleen Harrison.

Six years ago she left London to live in France with her husband, Claude Woolf, a music publishing executive.

A series of minor hits followed, and Pet developed a slick cabaret act that has taken her all over the world.

"Downtown," written for Pet by her London recording manager, Tony Hatch, has brought in lucrative offers from abroad, which Pet sorts through carefully.

With a luxurious house just outside Paris and another in the city itself, she has none of the financial worries that plague most stars.

"I work less partly because I don't need to and mostly because I have two children that I want to be with," she said.

"There was a moment in my career in England when I was very much down and heartbroken at some of the things said about me.

"But this new record has made up for a lot.

"Young people who never heard of me in the past are buying it."

Lovely Julie Rogers, who scored a big hit both sides of the Atlantic with her recording of "The Wedding," is another singer who put years of hard work into finding the right kind of hit material.

Julie had been part of a double act in cabaret before turning solo and landing a big record success that has brought in money and plenty of work.

She still lives with her widowed father, Ted, at their London home.

Among her plans for the future are TV appearances, an album, and cabaret dates in America.

Her current hit—"Like a Child"—is being tipped to go as high as "The Wedding," and Julie gets her big film break soon when she starts work in a starring role in a new James Bond film, "Thunderball."

MARIANNE FAITHFULL

ROLLING STONES manager Andrew Oldham made a bright 1964 discovery when he asked a girl at a party if she would like to sing.

"She had the necessary looks, so I just assumed she would have the voice to go with it," he said afterwards.

The girl, Marianne Faithfull, blond, 19-year-old daughter of an Austrian baroness, shot into the Hit Parade with a delicate ballad, "As Tears Go By," and followed it up by making successful TV and concert appearances.

Recently, she scored a big hit in Britain working on a tour with Gene Pitney, and she has also appeared at the Olympia Music Hall in Paris to enthusiastic audiences.

But not all the girl singers have come up as solo stars.

Some, like Honey Lantree, drummer of the Honeycombs, and Megan Davies, guitarist with the Applejacks, have invaded the domain of male beat groups.

Other girls, like the five who make up "The Beat Chicks," aim to beat the males at their own game.

NEWCOMERS ON WAY UP

EVERY music trend starts off the search for new discoveries, and plenty of new female names are jockeying for places in the charts.

Kathy Kirby's sister, Pat Clemence, recently signed a disc contract, but denies that she is trying to follow in the footsteps of her famous sister.

Pat, who models for TV commercials and works under her married name, is a trained singer, and her debut disc, "Since I Don't Have You," has been receiving plenty of plays by disc jockeys.

Australian Robert Stigwood has high hopes that his girl discovery, Nola Yorke, who also writes much of her own material, may click with the fans.

Larry Parnes, manager to Billy Fury, also manages a girl singer, Lady Lee, whose debut disc, "I'm Into Something Good," was beaten by Herman and the Hermits.

Another contender for chart honors is 17-year-old blonde Christine Holmes, from Birmingham.

Christine, a friend of Ringo Starr, has released two discs and has signed to compeere a new TV beat series.

Then there are the two girls who share similar names but who so far have not registered with disc buyers—Barry St. John, from Glasgow, and Tammy St. John, from London.

Both are trying hard.

But one newcomer who has joined that exclusive "Top of the Pops" chart is Twinkle, 17-year-old daughter of a Tory politician.

Her real name is Lyn Ripley, and the song she wrote in the bedroom of the family's 20-roomed Surrey home, "Terry," has been a spectacular hit.

Banned by TV companies because of its morbid lyrics—about a motor-cyclist who kills himself doing "a ton" (100 m.p.h.)—"Terry" has been one of the fastest sellers ever.

Twinkle was discovered by Irish trio The Bachelors, and they're confident that she won't be a one-hit star.

Already she has penned a follow-up, and an American visit is being planned to coincide with the release there of "Terry."

HELEN SHAPIRO

AND the girl who, back in 1961, began it all with her big hit "Please Don't Treat Me Like a Child"—what has happened to her?

Helen Shapiro no longer makes the charts, but her professionalism and talent have made sure that she has been a consistent money-maker.

Having sold five million records she can view with pride her £12,000 home, two large cars, and the investments that will ensure that she can always live well.

These are the kinds of rewards that plenty of today's up-and-coming girls are aiming for.

— By Brian Gibson



CILLA BLACK
... is the clothes-horse among the top girl pop stars. She loves studying the fashion magazines and shops, likes leather, corduroy, and fur to wear, and bright colors in materials—orange, green, violet. (All help her image.)



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For lots of exciting information, consult your travel agent about your stop-over in Singapore or write to Singapore Government Tourist Information Service, 15 Grosvenor Street, SYDNEY, 343 Little Collins Street, MELBOURNE or Industry House, CANBERRA.

Singapore

SOCIAL By Mollie Lyons

ROUNDABOUT

NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD Penelope Morgan Giles had to postpone her flight home to England this week to prepare for the deb season and her coming-out dance when she developed a nasty summer cold.

Penelope, who arrived here in November from finishing school in Paris to be bridesmaid at the Hon. Catherine Sidney's wedding, has been staying with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Oxley, at Darling Point.

Her dance, to be given by her parents, Rear Admiral and Mrs. Morgan Morgan Giles, will be held at their home, Upton Park, in Hampshire.

THERE will be congratulations as well as farewells for newlyweds Maggie and Herve Hutter at the cocktail party Mr. Roger Levy, the French Commercial Counsellor, and Mrs. Levy are giving at their home at Bellevue Hill on March 18. The 300 guests have been asked along to meet Mr. Pierre Roussel, the new Assistant Commercial Attache, and Mrs. Roussel, and to farewell Herve, who has been transferred to Melbourne. He and his wife, the former model Maggie Eckardt, have just arrived back after their marriage in Paris.

I GAVE fashion honors for the week to Mrs. Bill Taylor, jun., at a big wedding, dressed in a long slim-skirted lilac satin gown with a beaded top and cute pillbox to match sitting atop her upswept golden hair.

I FOUND it hard to believe the Peter Grogans actually fitted into their three weeks in the East the number of things they did. They were guests at a garden party in the grounds of the Grand Palace in Bangkok, given by King Phumiphon and Queen Sirikit for delegates to the South-East Asian and Pacific Conference of Jurists (Mr. Grogan was a delegate); they visited their old friends, Judge Regala, former Philippines Ambassador in Australia, and Mrs. Regala, at their home in Manila; saw the Roy McKerihans in their lovely apartment in Hong Kong overlooking the harbor; and had stopovers in Kuala Lumpur and Singapore.

PARTY to welcome home their dentist son, Graham, from England, where he has spent the last three and a half years, has been planned by Mr. and Mrs. Denis O'Neill for March 13 at their home at Cremorne. Mrs. O'Neill has asked 90 guests, who'll enjoy a buffet dinner sitting at small tables set out in a marquee in the garden.

I HEAR that all the tickets for the luncheon and card party that Mrs. Arthur Gollan and Mrs. Bruce Minell are giving at Mrs. Minell's home at Vauluse on March 17 for the Spastic Centre have already been sold. They're hoping for a fine day so lunch can be served out on the balcony.

WHAT a busy time Hal Missingham will have after he takes off on March 24 for Hong Kong en route for Japan for the exhibition by Young Australian Painters which opens at the Keio department store in Tokyo on March 29. This is the first of its kind, and works by John Olsen, Jon Molvig, Leonard French, Robert Juniper, Norma Redpath, and Steven Earle are among the 96 pictures and pieces of sculpture. Prince and Princess Takamatsu will attend the opening ceremony and I'm told among Australians who'll be there are Lady Lloyd Jones, Judy Malnic, and artist Lesley Pockley (whose one-man show opens at the Yoshido Gallery on May 10). Mr. Missingham will lecture at the Japanese Artists' Centre before going on to Bangkok to finalise arrangements for an exhibition of the Arts of Thailand in Australian State galleries.

DIARY DATE . . . The annual N.S.W. Jewish Board of Deputies' Ball at the Chevron on March 13 — the first public appearance of the new Consul-General for Israel, Mr. Shaul Ben-Haim, and Mrs. Ben-Haim.

AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Bruce MacPherson after their marriage at St. Luke's Church, Scone. The bride was Miss Margaret Henderson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alec Henderson, of "Head-ingly," Scone. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. MacPherson, of Epping. They will make their home on the bridegroom's property, "Wilcil," at Baerami.



AT LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Vickery, of "Nandear," Boggabri (left), with Mr. and Mrs. J. W. D. Ward, of "Mitford," Flinders, Victoria, at the annual dinner at the Pickwick Club given by the Australian Corriedale Association. Mr. Vickery, president of the N.S.W. branch, and Mrs. Vickery welcomed 130 guests.



AT LEFT: In the audience at the first night of the Australian Ballet's 1965 season at the Theatre Royal were Mrs. A. N. Finlay (left) and Mr. Justice and Mrs. Bruce Macfarlan. The programme included Robert Helpmann's new ballet, "Yugen," based on the Japanese Noh play "Hageromo."



AT RIGHT: Just married, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Joyce after their marriage at St. Canice's Church, Elizabeth Bay, with their attendants (from left), Miss Mary Tancred, pageboy Russell Aboud, Rhonda Clarke, and Sue-Anne Hartigan. The bride was Miss Mary Saap, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. J. Saap, of Strathfield. The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. J. Joyce, of South Yarra, Melbourne, and the late Dr. Arthur Joyce.



ABOVE: Newlyweds Mr. and Mrs. Storm Jacklin with their attendants, Miss Prue Osborne (left) and Mrs. John Campbell, after their marriage at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. The bride was Miss Gilleen Hardie, daughter of Mrs. J. Kenneth Hardie, of Darling Point, and the late Mr. Hardie. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jacklin.



AT RECEPTION. Lord Mountbatten (left) chatted with Mrs. Una Boyce and the Premier, Mr. J. B. Renshaw, at the State Reception given at Menzies Hotel in honor of Lord Mountbatten, Chief of the British Defence Staff, and his daughter, Lady Brabourne, during their visit.



AT RIGHT: Newlyweds Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Yeldham outside Our Lady of Good Counsel Church, Deepdene, Melbourne, following their marriage, with their attendants (left to right, flower-girl Sally Wales, pageboy Damien Wales, Mr. Michael Yeldham, Miss Denyse Hart, Mr. John Bray, Mrs. Jonathan Mott, Mr. Murray Robson, and Mrs. Anthony Liddy. The bride was Miss Diane Lord, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Lord, of Canterbury. The groom is the son of Mrs. John Yeldham, of Kirribilli, Sydney, and the late Mr. Yeldham. A reception was held at the home of the bride's parents.



WED IN PARIS. Mr. and Mrs. Herve Hutter at the reception following their marriage in Paris at the Town Hall of the 17 Arrondissement. Mrs. Hutter was Miss Maggie Eckardt, daughter of Mrs. I. Eckardt, of Drummoyne, and the late Mr. F. Eckardt. Mr. Hutter is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Hutter, of Paris. They will live in Melbourne, where Mr. Hutter will be Commercial Attache to the French Embassy.

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THE IDEAL GIFT!



BATHERS watch as Leslie Ross awaits baptismal immersion.

Immersion in the Swan: a man's profession of faith

• "The only way to baptise an adult"

PICKING their way among Sunday crowds sun-bathing by the Swan River at Crawley, W.A., 100 members of the congregation of St. Alban's Anglican Church, gloved, hatted, in their Sunday best, gathered at the water's edge to see 23-year-old Leslie Ross baptised by "dipping."

The men wore suits, except for Leslie, who wore white shorts and a shirt and held a violin and bow.

Other members of St. Alban's musical group were beside him — bass player Mrs. Graham Fitt, clarinetist Graham Reid, violinist Frank Herbert.

They played hymns in modern beat arranged by Graham Fitt, husband of the group's bass player.

As the up-beat strains of "What a Friend We Have in Jesus" came over the amplifier, bathers left the water and joined the circle.

They were handed copies

of the words of the next hymn, "Stand Up, Stand Up For Jesus."

St. Alban's Choir led the singing.

Valda Ross — she and Leslie married six months ago — was in her usual place with the choir.

She had met her husband when she was secretary at the Y.M.C.A. and he was a member, and his conversion began when they started going to Valda's church.

Divine example

"You might say that until then I had no faith," he said.

Leslie, who is a Perth breadcarter, asked for the river baptism as a public profession of his faith in the hope, he said, "that it will make the baptism service more meaningful to others."

In doing so, he said, he was following the example of Christ — "And it came to pass in those days, that Jesus

came from Nazareth of Galilee, and was baptised of John in Jordan" (Mark 1; 9) — and of Philip baptising the Ethiopian by total immersion (Acts 8; 26-40).

At the brief ceremony, the Rector of St. Alban's, Rev. Bryan Hall, was assisted by Mr. Allen Barton, a part-time student at Wollaston Theological College.

Pitching his voice to reach a crowd which by now numbered about 300, Mr. Hall said Leslie's wish for river baptism had given the church the chance of doing something meaningful for him and for others.

"Too often," he said, "baptism is no more than a name-giving ceremony. We see the family when the first child is presented for baptism, and we don't see them again until the second child is baptised."

Then Mr. Hall removed his surplice, cassock, and sandals, and in black shorts, shirt, and clerical collar,



BENEDICTION. Children gather around as Rev. Hall blesses Leslie after his "dipping." Valda Ross (left) bends her head in prayer.

waded into the river leading Leslie by the hand.

As he knelt, Mr. Hall spoke the words of baptism and pushed Leslie's head beneath the river water for several seconds.

The crowd parted as the two men came back to the beach.

Once more in his cassock, Mr. Hall said the ceremony was not so unusual.

"It is often practised in our mission fields," he said. "We have done it in the north of Australia, and many times in our African missions."

"I am hoping others may follow Leslie's example."

The Anglican Church refers to the act as "dipping" — baptism by immersion "of such as are of riper years and able to answer for themselves... the priest may dip him in water or pour water upon him."

Leslie said, "I thought a great deal about this before I made the decision. It seemed the only way for an adult to be baptised."

Several Baptist ministers and two American Mormon missionaries were at the ceremony. — Winfred Bisset.

THE HAPPY WOOD-CARVER

FRANK O'BRIEN is a Queenslander whose wartime hobby of whittling has flowered into a business with export markets in England, America, and Japan.

When he was in the Middle East with the Ninth Division Cavalry Regiment he picked up some techniques from Greek carvers in Alexandria.

Later, in Borneo, he carved the head of a Japanese soldier from a root of Borneo softwood, using only

a single-blade pocket-knife. The Japanese head is still a prized piece in his home at Sunnybank, near Brisbane. After the war he decided to go into the woodwork business.

"It was quite a struggle for a few years," he confessed, "but the joy of turning wood into the shapes I fancy is something I can't describe."

Hand-made

Nowadays, he works in black bean, red cedar, Queensland pine, kauri, and rose mahogany.

His wife, Joyce, runs their two gift shops in Brisbane. Frank manages his Rocklea factory, employing 23 men and girls.

• The O'Briens. Top right is an early carving, a Japanese soldier.



Every product is sanded by hand. Some pieces are first machine-turned, others, like his bas-relief murals, are hand-made.

Wood-carving is his special source of satisfaction, but he has extended production to 100 items of hand-painted woodwork — such as letter racks, canisters, spice cabinets, table mats, trays, picture frames, cigarette boxes, and tissue tidies — familiar to shoppers over Australia.

Table mats faced with Namatjira prints are in great demand as wedding presents.

The O'Briens have three children, Thornton, 6, Tracy, 5, and Rhonan, 3. — Marjorie Stapleton.

WHAT CAUSES COLDS?

By AINSLIE BAKER

● The man who has probably tried to inflict more colds on his fellow human beings than anyone else alive claims that one way you **WON'T** catch a cold is by walking around with wet feet.

HAVING a draught blowing on your back or getting cold after a hot bath won't necessarily give you a cold, either.

In fact, colds are by no means as easy to pick up as most sufferers suppose.

The holder of these unusual views is Sir Christopher Andrewes, recently retired head of the Common Cold Research Unit, Salisbury, England.

He discusses them in his newly published book, "The Common Cold" (Weidenfeld and Nicholson).

One well-cherished belief to which Sir Christopher does subscribe is that colds are commoner in winter. But he's never been able to find out exactly why.

Defences

He has an idea, however, that cold viruses are spreading round all the year, but that in summer people's defence mechanisms are able to keep them under control.

Just what exactly is the so-called common cold? "One of a number of virus infections which affect the lining of the nose and other passages leading to the lungs," says Sir Christopher.

It is usual for an uncomplicated cold to last from one to two weeks.

BUT there are 30 to 40 of these viruses.

There seems about a one-in-five risk that a person in a household with a cold-infection will acquire a cold.

Normal contact with an infected person, the author says, carries little extra risk.

At Salisbury the Unit's biggest job was to find out how to give people colds.

"We noted an extremely low occurrence of successful spread by contact," the author observes with clinical detachment.

In a renewed effort to get volunteers sneezing and sniffing, some were sent walking in the rain, and on their return made to stand about in their wet clothes in unheated rooms.

Still no go.

Others were asked to have hot baths and then stand in unheated corridors wearing only a bathing suit.

Then when they dressed, they pulled on wet socks and wore them for some hours.

No colds resulted.

With so many favorite cold-causers disposed of, who then stands in the greatest danger of getting a cold?

It would seem those who live in houses where there are children.

Children are greater spreaders of viruses than adults. In one rural investigation, adults in families containing schoolchildren had nearly two and a half times as many colds as did adults in households where there were no schoolchildren.

Outside the house the schoolchildren picked up colds three times as often as did the adults.

In contrast, an investigation made among city workers and their families showed that there was less introduction of colds into the family circle by schoolchildren.

This was attributed to the adults having so many and varied outside contacts.

Then can someone give you a cold? Colds believed to be possibly due to office contact during this study were between five and 30 per cent. But there was more evidence for cold-catching between people who were sitting next to each other.

However, most colds seemed to come neither from the office nor at home.

Which seems to raise the point of how, then, do you get a cold when the evidence for catching it is not there? Sir Christopher doesn't say.

He does, however, say how colds can be spread.

During a sneeze coarse, infected droplets are thrown

"Fewer as one grows older"

into the air. These can reach another person as a "direct hit."

With smaller drops of secretion the fluid will evaporate almost immediately, and the particle of mucus which remains can stay drifting about in the air for at least three-quarters of an hour.

Isolated

Later, dried coarse droplets are stirred up from the ground, clothes, or wherever they land, as infectious dust.

So that the safest place from colds would appear to be a nice hut on a desert island or a lean-to in the Arctic Circle.

However, there's a catch there, too. You'd only have to have unexpected visitors, and you'd go down like a ninepin.

As an example, take the remote northern island of Spitzbergen.

"Here a community was isolated for seven months of the year.

"Soon after the last ships left in the autumn, colds would die out and virtually disappear. The arrival of

the first ship in May would start an epidemic of colds within 48 hours.

"The island's storekeeper, who had most contact with the ships, was the first to go down. There would be waves of colds through the summer months until the isolation was resumed."

Similarly, Polar explorers returning to base and opening bales of clothing have promptly gone down with colds.

During the Cold Unit's 17 years of existence 700 well-wishers wrote in offering their favorite cures.

Pet "cures"

These included the taking of snuff, onion porridge, two pounds of raw apples a day, one big meal a day and plenty of beer, growing a moustache right up to the nostrils, and garlic.

And just what does the noted cold expert do himself if he falls prey to the atchoos, glugs, and wuffs that afflict the rest of us?

Just what grandma used to do—bend over a steaming jug of hot water, friar's balsam, menthol, or eucalyptus, and breathe in the fumes!

Sir Christopher expresses disbelief of the following often-heard remarks.

"Colds? Never get them myself—too healthy."

His answer to this one is: "There is a general, but unjustified, impression that otherwise healthy people will not catch colds."

"I was chilled to the bone, Doctor, and in a couple of hours I had this awful cold."

Sir Christopher says: "This is a very short time to allow a virus infection to wake up and get going." More possibly you were cold because the virus was already at work.

"I knew you'd give me your cold."

Not likely, says Sir Christopher: "For most colds there was no evidence suggesting picking up infection from another cold-sufferer."

"I nipped it in the bud."

"People do not realise how often first signs come to nothing, anyway."

"It's her tonsils, she'll have to have them out."

"The removal of tonsils is of no value in preventing colds," states Sir Christopher.

"It was really an influenza cold."

He counters this with: "The term 'influenza' cold means nothing, scientifically speaking. Colds and influ-

enza are two quite different infections."

"What you want is to get on to Vitamin C (ascorbic acid)."

"There have been carefully controlled trials of its efficacy," says Sir C. "No effect on the incidence of colds could be detected."

"You don't have enough vitamins."

He remarks: "Nearly everybody obtains an adequate supply of vitamins, and more than enough is not necessarily an advantage."

"I'll have to get something to take."

But he says to this: "Modern remedies for colds probably do little to shorten an attack and are best considered for what they really are, treatments to make you feel better while you are getting better."

"Put a few of these drops on your handkerchief, dear."

"Drops on handkerchiefs are not likely to achieve much."

On the cheerful side:

● Colds get fewer as one grows older. They are most frequent in children under the age of four years.

● The cold-catching high for adults is in the age group between 25 and 35, while those over 55 get fewest.

● People riding in crowded public transport appear to get no more colds than anyone else.

● Studies have shown that it's unlikely you'll go down with another cold for eight to ten weeks after your last one.

"Aspirin, also alcohol in reasonable quantity, will make many people less uncomfortable," states Sir Christopher.

But he warns:

● Do not indulge in violent nose-blowing. This can push infected secretions into places where they may do harm.

● Infected drops will be shaken from a saturated handkerchief. Use paper ones which can be destroyed. These should be tough enough not to disintegrate easily.

● "If you have more than a minimal amount of fever it is better to go to bed to conserve your energy by keeping warm; if your body is doing the extra work needed to keep your temperature above normal, you will feel more tired afterwards unless you help it by keeping away from the cold."

● "If you have no fever and do not get cold in the process, a little fresh air and exercise will probably do more good than harm."

Saturday night regulars

Moviegoers had the same seats for 28 years

● An elderly couple who have attended the Port Pirie (S.A.) Austral Theatre and had the same seats nearly every Saturday for 28 years were admitted to the Pirie Hospital three days after attending the theatre's final performance on January 30.

THEY are Mr. and Mrs. E. Brown, of King Street, Port Pirie.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown battled against failing health to attend the final screening, and as they left the theatre Mr. Brown sang aloud a chorus of "Now Is The Hour" as a final tribute to the building.

The decision to close the Austral followed decreasing attendances during the past few weeks.

Mr. Brown was born in England and migrated to Australia when he was a

On Saturday night they would walk to the picture show unless the weather was unfavorable.

In later years they arranged taxi transport to and from the theatre. Sometimes neighbors helped with the transport, and a close friend, Mr. Cox, also acted as honorary chauffeur on many occasions.

Talkies

During the past 44 years, the Austral Theatre has held a prominent position in Pirie's world of entertainment.

By PETER STRACHAN

boy. His wife was born in Australia and spent most of her early life at Coonamia, South Australia.

They moved to Port Pirie nearly 30 years ago and began their regular trips to the Austral two years later.

Bicycle

Their seats, in the downstairs lounge, were permanently booked unless the management was advised differently. The couple do not remember missing more than five or six Saturday nights during the 28 years.

Before his health failed, Mr. Brown used to ride his bicycle from his home to the theatre to collect the tickets each Saturday morning.

From the ashes of an old "turn-the-handle" picture house, the theatre rose as the "Cooc" in 1920.

The Browns saw the last of the silent pictures screened at the Austral before the introduction of sound-track equipment in 1929.

On November 4 that year, the theatre showed its first talkie.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown's only daughter, Mrs. N. Kelly, said the couple had been wondering how they would spend their first Saturday night after the closing of the theatre, when fate stepped in and placed them in hospital.



MR. AND MRS. E. BROWN, of Port Pirie, S.A., missed going to the Austral Theatre only five or six Saturdays in 28 years.



Clean, wax and polish as you dust with Mr. Sheen

Just spray Mr. Sheen on your mirrors, then simply wipe over to remove smears and greasy finger marks. There is no hard rubbing, because you leave the work to Mr. Sheen.

Mirrors stay brighter longer because Mr. Sheen polishes as it cleans. Use Mr. Sheen to give a

long lasting shine to all the surfaces you clean. Mr. Sheen polishes furniture and plastic surfaces; cleans and protects your refrigerator, washing machine, stove; cleans venetian blinds; and makes chrome even shinier. So clean, wax and polish the easy way... with Mr. Sheen.

SPRAY ON MR. SHEEN AND WIPE OVER FOR A MIRROR SHINE

Only 6/6

SHE'S A GENIUS!

Television

"TONIGHT" co-comperes Charlie Brill and Mitzi McCall, who appear in Tuesday night editions of the Channel 9 show. Don Lane will continue at the helm of the "Tonight" show on Thursdays.



-And he's the nicest man in the world!

By PATRICIA KENT

● Charlie Brill and Mitzi McCall, co-comperes of Channel 9's new "Tonight" show (due to air on March 16 at 9.30 p.m.), are the most refreshing show-biz personalities I've met.

They just don't talk about themselves — and that, for show biz, is something. They talk, constantly, lovingly, about each other.

"My wife," said Charlie simply, "is a genius."

"Charlie," said Mitzi, "is the nicest man in the world. He's kind, he's interesting, and he's funny."

Mitzi and Charlie, in Australia for a planned 13-week season (and they hope for ever), have been married for five years. They met at a training school of comedy run by Jerry Lewis.

Partners

"From the very first," said Mitzi, "Charlie and I seemed to be able to work well together. He seemed to know when to pause, when to throw me a line, and when to say nothing at all."

"Since then, except for six months when Charlie was in the army, we've mostly worked together. People seem to like it that way."

Charlie and Mitzi are both highly experienced in the theatre. Charlie (said Mitzi) was a child actor on Broadway, appeared in many TV shows, and in films like "Beast of Budapest." Mitzi (said Charlie) had also appeared on TV, in nightclubs, and on Broadway.

But they both agree that working together is where they're happiest, "though it has its problems," said Mitzi thoughtfully.

"Frankly, when you're with your husband 24 hours of the day, seven days a week, you end up feeling like belt-

ing him in the mouth. That's why we avoid each other as much as possible during the day."

"Charlie has his friends and I have mine, and we spend as much time with them as possible — well away from each other."

"You find, too, that if you're working as a team, and the show doesn't go too well, you start yelling at your partner. Suddenly you realise you're yelling at your husband, and you've got to go home with him and live with him."

"But when things go well the rewards are tremendous. You can share the moment completely together, you record an identical sense of achievement."

Mitzi is the comedienne in the act, Charlie is the straight man.

"And there is an imbalance in the relationship already," she said. "That's why, at home, there's no question that Charlie is boss. He's not a Hitler, of course, but he makes all the big decisions, and that's how I like it."

"As far as I'm concerned, I'm a woman first and a performer second. If I had to make a choice between being Mitzi McCall and plain Mrs. Charlie Brill, I wouldn't hesitate a second."

The Brills love Australia.

"I hope you don't think that's insincere," they told me, "because it really is true. It's so relaxed, friendly, and we feel that everyone here wants us to make good."

"In America you get just one chance, and if you goof you've had it. Here we feel we'll be given a fair run, and we're going to try twice as hard to see you get it."

I haven't seen Charlie and Mitzi at work. But if half their personality comes over on screen they're home and hosed.

* * *

I've always liked Roland Strong, compere of "Coles £3000 Question" (Channel 7, Wednesdays, 7 p.m.), partly because he bears a striking resemblance to a lovable bank manager I know.



ROLAND STRONG

Lately I've come to respect his abilities as a quizmaster, and I'm beginning to enjoy his show more than the garrulous Mr. Dyer's "Pick-a-Box."

Mr. Strong is calm, affable, and strictly in control of himself and the contestants. He doesn't hurry folk along, and yet the show has good pace and viewer interest.

A strong, silent man

AN unobtrusive and not new show on Channel 2 is rapidly becoming one of my favorite programmes.

It is "Tales of Wells Fargo" (Mondays, 7.30 p.m.), with Dale Robertson as Jim Hardie, trouble-shooting agent for the stage-coach line.

I like Jim Hardie because he doesn't say much, and because what he does say is usually friendly, uncomplicated, and means something in the story.

Jim is a quiet fellow. He doesn't go round shooting up the town, he doesn't fall in love with the town widdler woman or saloon lady, and he manages to catch the crooks and thwart crime with the minimum of fuss.

If you like Westerns and quiet cowboys, "Tales of Wells Fargo" might be just your cup of tea.

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the Week

Mamma once said, "For the life of me I can't understand all these people who worship youth. What's the matter with growing old gracefully? Oh, I know they say the world belongs to the young, but think back—Edison was busy in his laboratory at 83, Benjamin Franklin helped write the Constitution of the United States at 81, Toscanini conducted orchestras at 87, and how about Sir Winston Churchill?" But if you want to stay young, just follow this advice . . .

Mamma's moral: You'll always stay young if you live honestly, eat slowly, work industriously, worship faithfully, and lie about your age.

INVESTMENT GUIDE

THIS WEEK: Drawing-office equipment

By MARY BROKER

● Apart from a very small number of extremely tiny and uninspiring rises, the share market continues on its steadily downward trend. This is really getting to be rather depressing, particularly in the face of a great number of excellent interim reports.

TWO of these came some days ago from companies engaged in the supply of equipment for drawing up blueprints and other such technical work.

It actually struck my fancy that both reports should appear on the same day, for the larger of the two, Ozapaper Ltd., was one of the contestants in an unsuccessful takeover battle for Max Wurcker Ltd., which raged from May to September.

The other unsuccessful contestant was William Nach Ltd., of the U.K.

It was really all rather strange, since Max Wurcker had for a long time been Ozapaper's biggest competitor and, moreover, was giving better earnings on capital and paying a higher dividend. You can hardly wonder that Max Wurcker wanted to remain independent. In fact, just to show the company was stronger than ever, directors made a one for four bonus issue at the beginning of October.

You could not exactly call Max Wurcker a dynamic company, but since 1889 it has been growing steadily and solidly and from Sydney has spread to other States.

Shares were listed only in 1953, but since then it has proved itself to be a company that most of the long-term type of investors look at with trust.

The company manufactures sensitised papers and linens for the reproduction of technical plans, etc., and as well imports all the necessary tools for drawing them up. Takeovers have not been particularly dramatic, the latest being the acquisition of Commercial Blue Print Company Pty. Ltd. in mid-1960.

However, profits have been solid and dependable. In fact, balance date was changed last year from September 30 to June 30, and in those nine months £47,000 was earned net, compared with £41,000 in the previous 12 months, earning 27 per cent. on ordinary capital.

Sales and profit increased further in the first six months of 1964/65, and dividend is being held at 13½ per cent.

At 14/3, the 5/- shares give a reasonably good yield of 4.8 per cent. One hundred would cost about £73, and dividend would be £3/8/9 per year.

After the style of Max

Wurcker, Ozapaper, too, made a share issue after its takeover defeat. This was a 1-4 new issue at par, in October, and was the fifth par issue in eight years.

Ozapaper, in fact, appears to be a much more dashing company than Max Wurcker, possibly due to its younger age. Ozapaper had its origins only in 1925.

The name comes from the company's strong connection with Ozalid Company Ltd., of England, for whom Ozapaper manufactures, under licence, the English company's range of sensitised paper, and in addition distributes the machines and other products of Ozalid.

Other valuable associations have been built up with Dutch and American companies, Ozapaper now having the exclusive Australian franchise for the Copytherm copying products which you will have seen extensively advertised.

Big rise

Net profit has nearly doubled over the last four years, jumping from £27,000 to £51,000, last year's earning rate being 25.1 per cent.

For the first six months of the current year, turnover has risen by 30 per cent., and interim dividend was held steady at 5 per cent. (A 12½ per cent. dividend has been paid since 1957-58.)

One hundred 5/- shares at the current price of 15/6 would cost you £79, and your dividend return would be £3/2/6 per year.

A third company which I have not yet mentioned is Drawing Office Industries Ltd., which manufactures and/or distributes a complete range of drawing and allied materials for draughtsmen. Drawing Office originated in 1922 and now operates four factories and five branches throughout Australia and New Zealand.

It is only a small company, with capital of £180,000 — but backed by reserves of £192,000 at last balance date. Net profit last year was up from £34,000 to £43,000, giving an earning rate of 24 per cent. on capital. For the first three months of the current year, sales were at record levels. The interim report at the end of this month should be very good.

At 13/1 the 5/- shares give the same yield as Max Wurcker, of 4.8 per cent. on the 12½ per cent. dividend. One hundred would cost about £67, and your dividend would be £3/2/6 per year.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES



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Imagine this room without the wallpaper. It's left with nothing, because wallpaper gives a co-ordination and finish that plain walls can't give. Wilson wallpapers are gathered from all over the world, including Sanderson of England and Sunworthy of Canada. There are designs to enhance the rich lines of traditional furniture, or the spare clean lines of modern. There are wallpapers for the kitchen, bedroom, bathroom, living room, at prices within everyone's budget. See the Wilson Collections soon—wallpaper is a beautiful part of today's living.

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SEE THE WORLD FOR £696!

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AUSTRIAN ALPS ▶



STRATFORD-ON-AVON ▶

IT is The Australian Women's Weekly World Discovery Tour 1966, and we have planned it in conjunction with World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., acknowledged experts in their field.

If you have ever longed for a trip with all the difficulties removed — no worries about language, tipping, forward bookings — then this is the trip for you.

With a fascinating itinerary covering all the places that MUST be seen, the 17½-week tour takes you to England, Scotland, and Europe.

Your ports of call are some of the most famous in all the world — Hong Kong, Singapore, Bom-

bay, Colombo, Aden, Port Said, Naples, and Lisbon.

You travel at the right season. Your arrival in Europe is timed to coincide with the beginning of spring, when the countryside is at its most beautiful.

The standard of accommodation is high.

You travel in excellent ships, see England and the Continent in luxury coaches. The hotels will satisfy the most discriminating.

And the price? Just £696 per person (£585 N.Z.), which represents remarkable value, the best ever offered.

● For details of this tour see following pages.



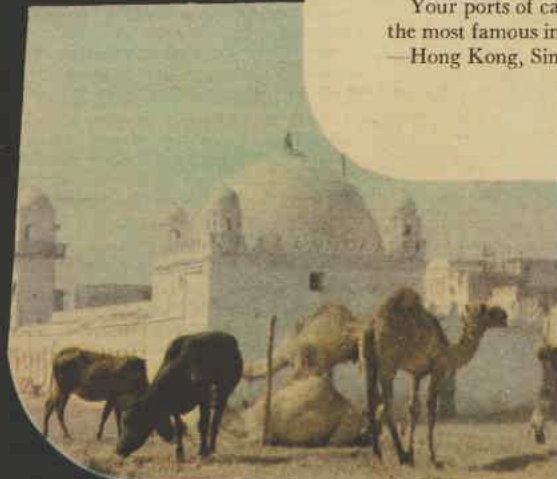
VENICE ▶



HONG KONG ▶



SINGAPORE ▶



AUSTRIAN ALPS ▶



FLORENCE ▶

◀ PORT SAID



▲ Life aboard ship is happy and relaxed.



▲ On your coach trip you'll see the Riviera.



▲ Sunny days by the pool on the voyage.



▲ You'll make new friends on your travels.

SEE THE WORLD

(Continued from previous page)

● So that you'll have V.I.P. treatment wherever you go we have appointed a Tour Director to be with you on The Australian Women's Weekly World Discovery Tour

THE Tour Director is a widely travelled man, familiar with all the countries on the itinerary.

This means that he takes all the bothersome details on his shoulders, leaving you free to enjoy yourself.

Should you wish to make extra excursions in some of the time that has been left free, he will help you with information and advice.

The tour has been designed to appeal to people of all ages, to married couples and to single men and women.

On these pages is an itinerary, giving the broad day-to-day outline of your travels. If you study it you'll note that the trip has something for everyone.

You'll see some of the world's most beautiful places, greatest architectural and art treasures, most luxurious playgrounds.

Altogether in the 17½ weeks you'll visit 16 countries, protectorates, principalities, and colonies.

The party will leave Australia and New Zealand in February next year in the one-class Orcades and return in June aboard Oriana (tourist class).

We have already secured the best situated cabins in Orcades and Oriana — two of the P & O Orient Line's popular liners.

The basic tour cost provides good four-berth cabins; two-berth cabins, with or without private facilities, may be reserved at a small additional cost.

On your voyage to London you will call at Hong Kong, Singapore, Bombay, Aden, Port Said, Naples, and Lisbon.

After a few days in London you will set off on your 23-day Pullman motor-coach tour of the Continent, visiting Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Liechtenstein, Italy, and France.

There will be a three-day pause to explore London, using your hotel as your base.

Then you will depart on your seven-day coach tour of England and Scotland.

The coach, with its wide-vision windows and transparent roof panels, is designed to give you the best possible view of the countryside.

All the stopover points, on the Continent and in Great Britain, are chosen for their scenic or historic interest, and the hotel accommodation will satisfy the most fastidious tourist.

Before returning home you will have 16 nights in London which you may wish to use to visit relatives or friends, or for extra sightseeing trips.

What you get for £696

● Shipboard accommodation in best four-berth cabins. Extra charges for two-berth cabins range from £10 to £65 per person in Orcades and from £10 to £60 in Oriana.

● European tour, full board, comprising Continental breakfast, lunch, dinner (all table d'hôte), inclusive of tips, taxes, service charges, excursions specified in itinerary.

● United Kingdom Tour (escorted), full board (table d'hôte), afternoon teas, service charges, specified sightseeing. Private bathrooms may be reserved when available for an extra charge.

● Sightseeing from London, as specified in the itinerary.

● London accommodation at well-situated hotels including dinner, bed, and breakfast

(table d'hôte), total 13 nights.

● Transfers on arrivals and departures where this is part of the tour itinerary.

● Porterage of one average-sized suitcase per person on European and U.K. Tours; two average-sized suitcases per person on initial arrival and departure from U.K.

Not included

Items such as baths at European hotels, lunches during the London stay, coffees, teas, or alcoholic beverages are not included in the tour price.

Nor are excursions at ports of call, launch tickets between ship and ports of call, laundry, or room service.

Accommodation in London or additional tours from April 27 to May 12 — the specified free time — must be paid for separately. However, the Tour Director will help with booking arrangements.

HOW TO BOOK:

Write or call at any of the General Sales Agents listed below for the tour booklet.

N.S.W.-A.C.T.: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Limited, 33-35 Bligh St., Sydney. Tel. 28-4841.

VICTORIA - TASMANIA: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Limited, 330 Collins St., Melbourne. Tel. 67-7481.

QUEENSLAND-N.T.: Universal Travel Company, 83 Creek St., Brisbane. Tel. 2-3008.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA: King's Travel Agency Pty. Ltd., 30 Currie St., Adelaide. Tel. 51-2146.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA: Westfarmers Travel Service, 569 Wellington St., Perth. Tel. 21-0191.

NEW ZEALAND: Russell & Somers Limited, 83 Customs St. East, Auckland. Tel. 20-959.

Or see your accredited travel agent.

YOUR DAY - BY - DAY

February 10. Orcades departs SYDNEY, New Zealand passengers having joined the ship at Wellington. Passengers from Western Australia, South Australia, and Victoria will have travelled to Sydney in the liner Canberra.

February 11-12. BRISBANE.

February 20-22. HONG KONG. Duty-free, tax-free, one of the world's great shopping cities.

February 25. SINGAPORE. Another duty-free, tax-free port.

March 2. BOMBAY. "Gateway of India." See the wonderful hanging gardens on top of Malabar Hill, the ornate temples, the fascinating bazaars.

March 6. ADEN. Ample time to shop and see the sights.

March 9. PORT SAID. An armada of small boats carrying colorful souvenirs for sale will greet the ship.

March 12. NAPLES. Only a short drive from the Bay of Naples is the ancient city of Pompeii and Mt. Vesuvius.

March 15. LISBON. Capital of Portugal. Not far away is the fabulous seaside and gambling resort of Estoril.

March 18. Arrive TILBURY. The Tour Director will help you through Customs. Then by coach to your London hotel.

March 19-23. LONDON. Several sightseeing tours. Such famous places as the British Museum, Trafalgar Square, Big Ben, Houses of Parliament, Buckingham Palace, and many others. A half-day tour to Hampton Court and Windsor Palace.

March 24. LONDON-BRUSSELS. Leave by coach for 23-day Continental tour, via Dover, cross-channel steamer to Ostend, then by coach, via Bruges, to Brussels.

March 25. BRUSSELS-STOLZENFELS. Visit Royal Palace at Brussels, cross Belgian border into Germany. Aachen Cathedral, Cologne, Bonn, along the River Rhine to Coblenz and Stolzenfels.

March 26. STOLZENFELS-EBERBACH. Continue journey along Rhine, passing vineyards, castles, monasteries, the famous Lorelei Rock. Visit Heidelberg. Spend night in Eberbach, delightful wine village.

March 27. EBERBACH-ZURICH. Drive through Black Forest, dotted with Alpine chalet-type houses. Glimpse the distant Swabian and Swiss Alps. Cross border into Switzerland, visiting ancient town of Schaffhausen on way to Zurich.

March 28. ZURICH-LUCERNE. Beautiful Swiss lake scenery unfolds. Visit Zug on way to Lucerne. Excursions on lake and to mountains.

March 29. LUCERNE-INNSBRUCK. Along Lake Lucerne, then a final crossing of the Rhine. Enter principality of Liechtenstein, then Austria, via the Arlberg Pass. Visit St. Anton (winter sports resort), follow River Inn to Innsbruck.

March 30. INNSBRUCK-CORTINA. Morning in Innsbruck, where you can see the Palace of the Hapsburgs. Depart after lunch via the Brenner Pass, enter the Italian Tyrol. Night at Cortina, central resort of the Dolomites.

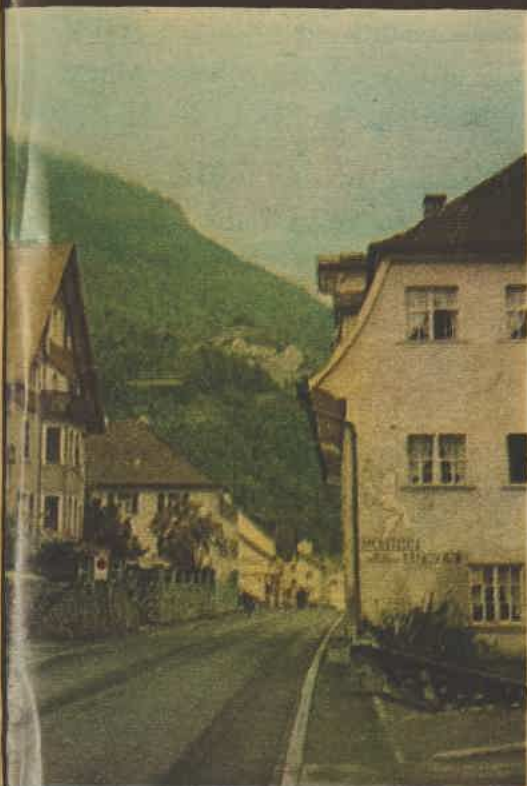
March 31. CORTINA-VENICE. Coach descends toward plains of northern Italy. You reach romantic Venice.

April 1. VENICE. Morning sightseeing around the Piazza San Marco, the hub of Venice. See the Doge's Palace, the Bridge of Sighs, St. Mark's Church. Afternoon: Explore the city further or visit the Lido.

April 2. VENICE-FLORENCE. Through Bologna and the Apennine Mountains ("backbone" of Italy) to Florence, on the River Arno.

April 3. FLORENCE. Morning tour of the city's magnificent architectural and art treasures. Beautiful palaces, churches, galleries.

for £696!



◀ Street in Vaduz, Liechtenstein.



Eiffel Tower, Paris. ▲



Bruges, the "City of Lace." ▲

TRAVEL ITINERARY

April 4. FLORENCE-ROME. Along the fertile valley of the River Arno, via Arezzo and Perugia to Rome.

April 5-6. ROME. Two full days and three nights in this wonderful city. Morning sightseeing tour includes St. Peter's. Tour director will arrange others to meet your wishes.

April 7. ROME-PISA. Along the coast between the Uccellina Mountains and the Tyrrhenian Sea, through Gosseto and Livorno to Pisa.

April 8. PISA-GENOA. See the Leaning Tower and other sights at Pisa. After lunch, drive along the Italian Riviera, up the Apennine slopes, past Carrara, to Genoa.

April 9. GENOA-MONTE CARLO. Wander through narrow streets of old Genoa, see contrast with modern buildings of new districts. Then drive along Riviera, through San Remo and other celebrated resorts, to Monte Carlo.

April 10. MONTE CARLO. Renowned for its casino (and Princess Grace!).

April 11. MONTE CARLO-LYONS. Through Nice and Cannes, along the French Riviera, up the Rhone Valley to Lyons.

April 12. LYONS-PARIS. Drive through vineyard country, including Macon, famous wine city, along valley of the Yonne, through the forest of Fontainebleau, and then to Paris.

April 13-14. PARIS. Two days and nights in beautiful Paris. A morning tour to give you the overall picture. Ample time to explore. More tours can be arranged. Ask your Tour Escort.

April 15. PARIS-LONDON. Your coach drives to Calais. Channel steamer to Dover. Coach to London hotel.

April 16-18. LONDON. Another three days to explore London with hotel as your base. Theatres, restaurants, shops, galleries — whatever you wish.

April 19. LONDON-BUXTON. Begin coach tour of England and Scotland. Across Buckinghamshire and Bedfordshire through Northampton to Kettering for lunch. Then northward, via Leicester, into Derbyshire and Lancashire. Reach Buxton for dinner.

April 20. BUXTON-LOCKERBIE. Through Lancashire to Lancaster for lunch. Then through the breathtaking Lake District. Along the shore of Lake Ullswater to Gretna Green and Lockerbie in the county of Dumfries, Scotland.

April 21. LOCKERBIE-EDINBURGH. Through the lovely Tweedsmuir Hills and the valley of the Clyde to Edinburgh.

April 22. EDINBURGH-TROSSACHS-EDINBURGH. A beautiful drive into the highlands, via South Queensferry, across the Firth of Forth, then to the shore of Loch Earn for lunch. Next to the Trossachs and back to Edinburgh, via Stirling Castle and the field of Bannockburn.

April 23. EDINBURGH. Morning at leisure. An afternoon tour of the city.

April 24. EDINBURGH-HARROGATE. Back to England, via the east coast, via Lauder, Greenlaw, Wooler, Alnwick, and Newcastle to Harrogate, in Yorkshire, for the night.

April 25. HARROGATE-LONDON. Through the midland and eastern countries, taking in Doncaster, Stamford, and Stilton.

April 26. LONDON. At leisure.

April 27-May 12. The period has been left free. You may want to visit friends or relatives. If not, the Tour Director will assist you with any necessary travel arrangements.

May 13. LONDON. The last night at our London hotel.

May 14. By coach to Southampton to join Oriana for the three weeks' trip home, calling at Naples, Port Said, Aden, and Colombo.



Monte Carlo, Monaco. ▼

Chapel Bridge, Lucerne. ▲





From the top of your head
to the tips of your toes...
and especially for your hands!

Never before has there been such a successful 'all over' skin lotion as Herco. For every part of your skin needs the lanolin and olive oil nourishment in Herco Olivol Skin Lotion.

Hands, particularly, benefit from this wonderful lotion. There's no other part of your skin which suffers so much from hard work — deserves so much attention. Herco keeps hands smooth, soft and young-looking. But remember, Herco Olivol Skin Lotion cares just as beautifully for all of you! There are four convenient sizes priced from 2/9 to 7/-. Can you afford *not* to care for yourself with Herco Olivol Skin Lotion? Buy a bottle today—and there's a new 4 oz. size available in a smart, plastic pack.



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OLIVOL SKIN LOTION

Use These Other Fine HERCO Products, too

* **OLIVOL SKIN CREAM.** This is for you, if you prefer a skin cream to a lotion... it's the same in its composition and effect as HERCO Olivol Lotion. 4/9 per Tube.

* **TURTLE OIL FACE LOTION.** When age lines begin to show on your face... that's when you need this unique Face Lotion containing Turtle Oil. In less than 2 weeks, it will remove the obvious signs of your biological age. 11/9 and 15/6 a Bottle.

* **HERCO OLIVOL SHAMPOO.** Contains Olive Oil and provides a rich, foaming lather which deep-cleans your hair... leaving it soft, silky and easy to manage. 3/3, 4/9 and 7/6 a Bottle.

* **HANDS.** Finest barrier cream ever made — prevents dirt, grime, grease etc. entering the pores of the skin because it's Siliconised! Leaves hands soft and smooth. 5/6 per Tube.

* **ESPRESSO TAN.** Tans you without the sun and contains a special insect-repellant, too. Saves on stockings, too... gives your legs a glorious, even tan in 4-6 hours. 10/3 a Bottle.

* **HERCO TAN.** A non-oily tanning lotion which screens out the sun's burning ultra-violet rays. At the same time, it is insect-repellant. 4/9 a Bottle.

HB-48

Why some girls



BARBARA JOHNS, 20, with matriculation and a year's trip abroad behind her, went quickly from college to a secretarial post.

• This is the time of the year for job-seeking, when thousands of girls are ready to exchange school for an office desk. Many have high qualifications, and most find jobs.

But what of those who don't? They apply for jobs, and miss out. "Why?" they ask. (So do their parents!)

Some of the reasons—a "don't-care" attitude and poor personality among them—are given here by Mr. Donald Sharp, principal of the 80-year-old Stott's Business College, Melbourne, and Mrs. Evelyn Imfeld, head of the college's secretarial service and employment division.

EVERY year, Mr. Donald Sharp sees about 600 girls who pass through Melbourne's two Stott's colleges.

Mrs. Evelyn Imfeld places girls in jobs. She interviews every girl, often the mother and father as well.

She speaks to employers, and helps the girls prepare for a big milestone in their lives—their first job.

Both these experienced people say: If a girl has the right attitude she will get a job even if her qualifications are only average.

Yet some girls with all the required technical skills cannot be placed easily because of personality faults.

Most girls leave the col-

lege with 100-120 words a minute shorthand speed and a typing speed of between 40 and 50.

But those with only 80 words a minute shorthand and the minimum 35 words a minute typing still can become junior stenographers.

Times couldn't be better for business college graduates.

girl's personality, poise, and dress."

The girl who *doesn't* get a job presents a difficult problem.

Usually her "don't-care" attitude is at fault. She makes a bad impression at an interview.

The prospective employer might ask if she would be willing to learn the switch-

daughters the right attitude. Often they are greatly to blame for the girl's failure.

"A secretarial college can only do so much," she said.

"We try to give them a grounding in commercial practice, shorthand, and typing, but there is a little something besides that. You can't have a machine."

"This is where the parents come in. They must back up the girl, and us, too."

Many girls suffer from over-indulgent parents.

"One girl knocked back a job because the office was five minutes' walk from the station. In this case the mother was responsible."

This is a common reason for girls not taking jobs. William Street in Melbourne may be the centre of the business world, but many

By MARGARET BERKELEY

"These days there are so many glamor jobs available for stenographers," Mrs. Imfeld says. "Employers want girls with a bit of brightness. In many cases it's more important than the girl's technical skill. Half the battle is won by the

board. The girl with the wrong attitude says, "I've never worked a switch before."

The girl with the right attitude says, "I'd like to try."

Parents, says Mrs. Imfeld, can help to give their



BUSINESS COLLEGE teacher Joyce Boccabella corrects a typing exercise done by 17-year-old student Colleen Heffernan.



SHEILA NASH, 18, has worked in a typing-pool for two months — and already been relief secretary to the staff manager.

miss out on the good jobs

POINTS TO REMEMBER

IN her end-of-year addresses to the girls, Mrs. Imfeld lists these essentials for good secretaryship:

- Accurate stenography.
- Good spelling (use the dictionary!).
- Pride in work.
- Adaptability.
- Enthusiasm for the job.
- Willingness to do the usual junior duties.
- A cheerful approach.
- A helpful and interested telephone manner.

"Be well-mannered, considerate, and lady-like," she says. "Show respect to seniors, co-operate with fellow-juniors."

Girls should wear neat suits or dresses (no jangling jewellery), with simple make-up and hairstyles.

And watch those unwritten office rules — punctuality, regular attendance (with explanations by telephone on a day of absence), no personal phone calls, no smoking in the office, and not too much time in the ladies' room.

girls won't work there because it's too far from the main Flinders Street Station and the Bourke Street shops.

"I sometimes think everyone wants to work opposite Myers," Mrs. Imfeld said.

Another girl whose mother was over-indulgent had been for four or five interviews, and each time was rejected.

"She had a very offhand approach," said Mrs. Imfeld. "At the college she didn't want to do some subjects. When asked why, she said, 'I don't like them!' "No employer would take on a girl like this and pay her good wages."

"The mother, of course, can't understand it. The girl's friends have good jobs, and her attitude is 'why don't you get me one, too?' "The parents don't blame the girl. They feel the college is to blame."

"Dad says . . ."

Mothers who accompany their daughters on interviews, and take over when the prospective employer is talking to the girl, do a lot of harm.

Employers have learned to dread them. Some won't allow them to be at the interview.

Many parents also seem to regard their own experience as the only thing that matters. Girls say to their teachers:

"Dad says you never see bills of exchange these days, so they aren't important."

Or, "Dad says dictating machines are used in offices

now, so I don't need shorthand. I can get a good job as long as I can type."

Or, "Dad doesn't see why I should learn English. I did it at school."

This last girl, Mrs. Imfeld said, came up with 54 per cent. in the college's basic English test.

She added: "Until fathers like these change their attitudes their daughters cannot hope to get ahead."

Girls of average and above-average intelligence can always be placed in jobs unless they are very fussy.

It is the girl with the lower I.Q. who needs most help from teachers and her parents.

Many girls whose qualifications aren't up to scratch often find shorthand dreary.

"I always point out that they should regard it as a stepping-stone to other things," Mrs. Imfeld said. "Unless you have shorthand you can't get out of a typing-pool and into a more interesting job."

Mr. Sharp and Mrs. Imfeld find that spelling and punctuation are enormous stumbling-blocks to many of their students.

"Last year we introduced 'The Australian Women's Weekly' and 'Reader's Digest' as compulsory reading," Mr. Sharp said.

"We found that some of the less-intelligent girls were reading only picture papers and TV gossip. They started off by reading one article in 'Women's Weekly' and then discussing it in class."

Every girl at the college has a minimum of an hour's English a day.

The increase in the school leaving age in Victoria had eliminated a lot of 14-year-olds, Mr. Sharp said. Girls from 15 upward generally were better read.

Sacrifices

"The ideal age is 16 to 17, and we prefer girls to have their Leaving Certificates. So many firms ask for this now," Mrs. Imfeld said. "But a girl with Intermediate can make it if she is good at spelling, neat at her work, and trains herself to retain knowledge and look up the dictionary."

Mrs. Imfeld mentioned two outstanding girls who left school in third year. One now has a good job with a firm of solicitors, the other is on the college staff.

Both Mr. Sharp and Mrs. Imfeld find that daughters of New Australians can present a problem, mainly because of language difficulties. Students at the college are of all nationalities, but the problem is greatest with those of southern European origin.

"These parents are ambitious for their children and make sacrifices to send their daughters to business college. They do a very good job," Mr. Sharp said.

"Some of the girls have a high I.Q. and tremendous determination."

But on the whole, although they have lived here

almost all their lives, they have difficulty with English expression.

"English is not spoken at home, and the parents don't let their daughters mix with other Australian girls," he said. "Girls of 16 aren't allowed to go out in mixed groups without a chaperon."

"These girls usually make good copy typists and are good at figures, but they fall down on shorthand and spelling."

Said Mrs. Imfeld: "They can type fast, but they don't always know what they're typing."

"Employers seem happy to have them if the job is fairly simple and doesn't involve using the telephone."

The parents of these girls should study the needs of their daughters, they said, encourage them to speak and read English, and allow them to mix more with Australian boys and girls.

"Then there are parents who feel that they have invested so much money in their daughter's secretarial training they should have a quick return," Mrs. Imfeld said. "The girl might be placed where she can do typing, a little shorthand, and the usual junior duties."

"But her father will ring the employer and complain, 'I didn't send my daughter to secretarial college for a year just so she can make the tea.' The girl will be handicapped as long as her father goes on like this. It embarrasses her and saps her confidence."

On the whole, said Mrs. Imfeld, she found employers considerate, and happy to talk to parents if a girl had a problem at work.

"There are some employers, of course, who exploit the girls and, of course, she shouldn't put up with this," she said.

"But parents should understand that a young girl in her first job is only at the beginning, and it depends very much on her what happens next."

"Parents should not be over-anxious. They should try to curb a youngster's natural impatience."

"The moment a girl is up to standard, an employer will give her stenography to do, because stenographers are in short supply."

She and Mr. Sharp cited cases of girls from the college who had stepped off very smartly into promising stenographic careers.

One 17-year-old with Intermediate only was promoted to secretary within 18 months.

Another of the same age went into the typing-pool of a big organisation, rapidly made a niche for herself, and within two months was chosen to relieve the secretary to the staff manager.

"This girl is attractive, with a charming personality," Mrs. Imfeld said. "She speaks nicely and dresses well — not spectacularly."

"She was prepared to start off in the pool, but, as is usually the case, capable girls don't stay in the pool long."



TYPING CLASS at Stott's. Most of these girls are beginners and will graduate at the end of the year. They learn about poise, grooming, and personality, as well as shorthand and typing.

One girl went to a Government department. She had 140 words a minute shorthand speed, rather higher than usual.

She was told she would be in the typing-pool for about three months before she could advance. But on her first day she was given three letters in shorthand, and on her second, 14 letters. Her reputation spread fast.

Place for all

When the mothers of these girls took their first jobs, perhaps 20 years ago, they often had to work as juniors for three years before going on to more responsible work.

When she is placing girls, Mrs. Imfeld tries to find the right individual job.

She feels, for instance, that very young juniors are better off working in the suburbs near their homes.

And, she says, there is a place for every girl — even

for the one who comes each day to college with different-colored hair and heavy pancake make-up.

"The teachers assess the girls—whether they are the steady or the flighty type," she said.

"I rather treasure the flighty ones. They are good for the flighty offices!"

One girl she found difficult to place.

"If I had placed her in a solid job she would have hated it from the first. The job I suggested was with an entertainment agency."

"She would have loved that job. But her father was most upset at the idea and wouldn't let her take it."

"There is still a demand for the steady girl, of course. Accountants and solicitors look for the quiet type, one who is happier in a solid sort of atmosphere."

At the end of each year the college holds fashion

parades and gives make-up demonstrations.

"The girls who need least help are those who are most interested," said Mrs. Imfeld, a bit sadly. "The others often will be looking out of the window."

Girls are encouraged to wear light make-up to show off their youthful complexions. Heavy eye shadow and false eyelashes are frowned on.

Once, Mr. Sharp said, stenography was a prestige job. Now, parents say, "We might as well let her learn shorthand and typing if she can't do anything else."

"Yet the skills the girl learns as a stenographer and secretary are a lifelong investment," he said. "A business training can help her to be a better-organised wife and mother and will stand her in good stead if she must augment the family income."



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 17, 1965



THE HOTTEST DOG IN THE WORLD

(Body temperature, 104 degrees)

THE ancestry, lineage, and function in society of the xoloitzcuintli is as impressive as its tongue-twister name.

I met my first shollo with considerable astonishment in Mexico shortly after the breed had been recognised and acclaimed by both British and American dog-breeders and was about to enter the Kennel Clubs as a special class, valued and unique.

My shollo was a she, about the size of a whippet, very elegant in movement, and I met her just after she'd had a highly satisfying roll in the dust. She shook most of this off over me to indicate that she wished to make friends.

Unfamiliar at that time with the breed, I hesitated to pat her; her grey skin reminded me of an elephant's hide, hairless and peculiarly naked.

She so obviously expected attention from me that I placed my hand on her head . . . and withdrew it at once. Her head was dry and burning as if with a high fever.

I didn't know at the time that the shollo's normal temperature is 104 degrees.

In deep concern, I felt her nose. It was moist and cold. Her eyes were clear and she was obviously in the best of spirits. Puzzled, I felt her head again.

From that hot head I explored her head, back, and flanks while she bared her teeth at me in a pleasant smile. She was definitely hot all over.

Then my examination of her was cut short by a boy's voice yelling.

"Where is that shollo? It's time for her to be oiled! Who's seen the shollo?"

Knowing the Mexicans in many parts of the country are still dog-eaters, as were the pre-conquest Indians, I was immediately and erroneously convinced the dog was doomed to be a fried dinner.

So I put a protective arm

around her neck and chest, which delighted her, and then her 12-year-old owner appeared on the scene.

"Oh, there you are," he said, relieved, as she wagged her slim tail. "Bad dog. You know it's oiling time."

Seeing my amazement, he deigned to explain: "She is a very rare dog and has to be rubbed with oil once a week. It makes her skin glossy, and it makes her feel good, too."

A half-hour later I saw the freshly oiled shollo, now changed from dirty hippogrey to sleek and gleaming charcoal. The oil penetrated into the dry, hairless skin leaving it soft and pliable.

This incident began my investigations on the xoloitzcuintli.

This is a Nahuatl word

Slim, hairless

and, after considerable questioning and adroit pestering, I got it literally translated into English.

It means: "He-who-snatches-the-food-with-sharp-obsidian-like-teeth-and-who-is-the-representative-of-the-god-Xolotl."

My Nahuatl, save for this world, is non-existent, so I am unable to explain how such an informative and lengthy mouthful can be condensed into one single word. I can but admire the achievement.

Burials

The god Xolotl, in the Nahuatl scheme of things, is a soul-guide for the deceased, and the graceful, slim, hot-blooded, hairless dog who acted as his representative was formerly buried in a stylised clay effigy with a would-be Nahuatl heaven-bound traveller.

Not only was the effigy-dog a guide but he also served the departed as an emergency food ration.

The actual living dog had (and is still used in this respect) medicinal virtues.

● She did NOT come in a roll with a daub of mustard and a splash of pickle; she is 100 per cent. alive and personable. Her breed is known as "xoloitzcuintli," which is so unpronounceable that it is shortened, as if by nickname, to "shollo."

Both the pre-conquest as well as modern Indians take the dog to bed with them, believing that it can ward off or cure a variety of illnesses, from malaria to asthma, to rheumatism and the common cold.

One particularly damp

decided that the foot of my bed suited her very well and took to sleeping there every night, pressed against my feet.

Neither Warri nor I minded in the least (hairless dogs are very clean, odorless, and carry no fleas), but the chambermaid was frantic, for Warri relished a little roll in the dust before retiring and every morning the sheets, as well as my feet, were a dismal, disturbing, grimy grey.

This valuable breed, with such a colorful past, was on the verge of extinction during the last decade when Englishman Norman Pelham Wright, editor of the British Chamber of Commerce's monthly "Intercambio," in

Sleek, loyal

Mexico, determinedly set out not only to rescue it but to revive and establish it in international kennel associations.

Without this help the shollo would surely have become defunct.

In speaking with Norman in Mexico City, I asked him how the dog had survived as a distinctive breed through these last centuries, as the lot of a dog in post-conquest Mexico is probably the most wretched on earth.

"One thing about the shollo," he said, "it must have extraordinarily strong genes to have persisted at all through these last centuries, what with totally indiscrimi-

nate mating and the preponderance of mongrels among Mexican canines."

In the garden of his Mexico City home he has two alsatians and a fine female shollo, originally found as a rachitic puppy in the hinterland of the wild state of Guerrero.

"Undoggy"

"But," and here he held up a big hand commanding attention, "it's a curious fact that when we searched for the shollo we found in mixed litters in remote places that there were both puppies with coats who were not remarkable in any way, while their hairless brothers and sisters all had a body temperature four degrees higher than theirs, grew no teeth between the molars and incisors, sweated through their skins, and did not pant in the ordinary way."

When I asked why and how, Norman said he hoped

established competition as alsatians and dobermans, its gaiety and devotedness, quickly win many admirers.

Not an aggressive dog, it is at once friendly and loyal.

I was repeatedly impressed by Warri's dignity.

She rarely barked, and she moved soundlessly and swiftly.

At cocktail time she sat with great composure waiting to be fed maraschino cherries, for which she had developed a liking, but she never begged.

In fact, Warri's stately immobility at parties tended to make one treat her as the hostess and pass polite remarks to her, which she accepted in regal silence.

The nearest relation to the Mexican xoloitzcuintli is the equally naked "Crested Dog" of Manchuria. It seems clear that these two had a common ancestry in the remote past, and this ancestry was never wild, but carefully cultivated.

In France and Spain a few shollos have been found, but they seem not to be indigenous in any number.

One final point about shollos: they are the only dog I have seen Mexicans treat with any civility.

Probably the fact that the xoloitzcuintli is so unusual a dog, combined with its historical advantage of being a god-representative and possessing a very ancient lineage indeed, saves it from stones and kicks.

I noticed that other dogs neither gang up on the shollo nor invite the shollo into their packs.

Quite definitely, the shollo walks alone, friendly and self-contained, as perhaps Xolotl has instructed it to behave.



HOT DOG Warri, the xoloitzcuintli I acquired in Mexico, is seen in both pictures.

A fashion photograph of a woman wearing a textured, patterned coat and a matching hat. She is posing with one leg raised, wearing dark gloves and shoes. The background is a solid, warm-toned color.

Driftwood colors in autumn fashions



PIERRE BALMAIN'S sand wool coat (above) has an easy-cut wrap-around silhouette and standing band collar. The coat is worn with a slim, dark blue jersey dress and jersey turban.



PATOU'S elegant, leopard-skin overblouse and matching helmet (above). The blouse is sleeveless and form-fitting. The helmet is designed to cover the new short, flat hairdo.



BASKET-WEAVE tweed in blond driftwood colors is the fabric choice for the Patou suit (above). Hat is in matching tweed.

● Autumn fashions show a big upswing to driftwood colors. Offbeat beige, sand, bone, deep rich brown, chocolate, and bleached white ran through all the Paris autumn collections. There were, too, multi-colored tweeds mixing brown and beige overcast with white. Driftwood colors are also a success story in fur fashions. Leopard, tiger, and all spotted furs are big business in Europe. Designs can be zany or classic, fur can be real or fake.

DIOR'S one-piece dress (left) is made in multi-colored tweed mixing beige, brown, and white. The dress has the new narrow shoulders and sleeves and soft gathers in the skirt. The dark beaver hat and cravat are matched to gloves and shoes.

FERAUD'S Norfolk-type suit (right) is made in bone-white, nobbly surfaced wool tweed. The self-belted jacket has flap pockets, the straight skirt has an easy cut.



BLEACHED white wool is the fabric choice for the coat (right) designed by Courreges. Like a number of his fashions it is worn with matching boots.

tawny

Revlon says: **Coming in now...**

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Tawny Coral Tawny Rose Tawny Pink

All 3 shades in Lustrous Lipstick and matching Nail Enamel (Regular or Frosted).



Watch the
tawny-toned mouth
take over the town .
creating quiet havoc
wherever it glows!

COSTUME BY ERIC LUND

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**makes a salad...
different**



try WESTERN SALAD BOWL with new SAFCOL TUNA IN OIL

1 can (6½ oz.) SAFCOL tuna in oil, the moist, succulent, flavour-rich tuna that's specially made for salads.
1 small head lettuce
1 cup chopped celery
1 medium sized cucumber, scored and sliced
8 radishes, sliced
1 tablespoon capers
Salt and pepper to taste
French dressing

Drain tuna and break into large pieces. Break or tear half of lettuce into bite-size pieces. Add tuna and remaining ingredients; mix lightly. Line salad bowl with remaining lettuce and fill with salad.



try TUNA VEGETABLE SLAW

1 can (6½ oz.) SAFCOL tuna in oil, drained
1 cup shredded cabbage
1 cup cooked peas
½ cup diced celery
½ cup diced carrot
½ cup finely chopped green pepper

1 tablespoon finely chopped onion
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup mayonnaise
1 tablespoon lemon juice

Break tuna into large pieces. Combine tuna, cabbage, peas, celery, green pepper, carrot, onion and salt; mix lightly but thoroughly. Combine mayonnaise and lemon juice and blend well. Pour over tuna mixture and toss lightly.

With Rod beside her on this
windswept headland, Martha
believed the future could
hold the peace she sought . . .
Beginning a two-part serial

THAT summer, for a little over two weeks when I needed it most, I had the use of Elliot and Louise Peters' house on the island. The usual summer crew was there — artists, for the most part, but working artists, not the consciously bohemian types who flock to the better-known places. I knew a few of them — Morris Kastner, Bill Yang, Sam Potter. And it was during that time that I met Martha.

The island is about fifteen miles off the coast of Maine. It is small and there is very little to do. The sea is cold and there is only one tiny beach. There are no bars, no nightclubs, no bowling alleys, no swimming-pools, no cars. The major event of the day is the arrival of the mail boat from the mainland and there is always a crowd at the little wharf to see who may be arriving or leaving.

I was standing with Sam Potter when the mail boat docked at noon that day. Sam said, "That's a good-looking ti-fi." Sam had spent some years in Haiti; in Creole, ti-fi means girl. "But," Sam said, "she's got the wrong island."

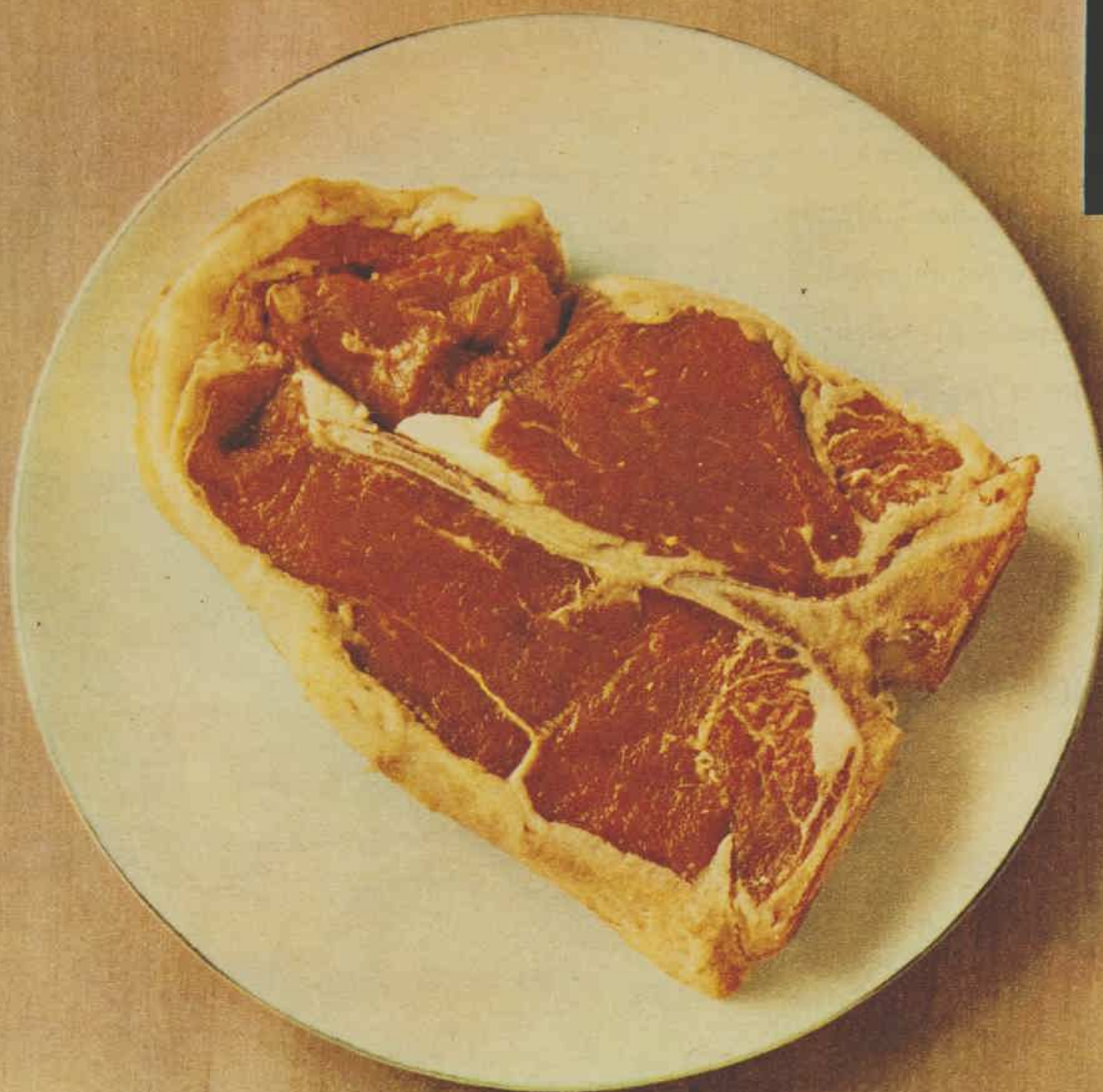
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The Island

By RICHARD MARTIN STERN



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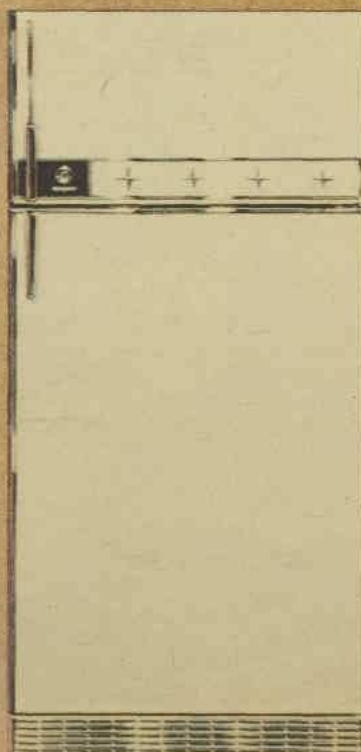
You buy only the freshest, prime quality food for your family. And it's expensive too.

But how much of this prime quality remains after a few days in your old refrigerator? How many times have you wondered why prime quality meat has shrunk and turned dark, losing its look of freshness.

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Now, open the top door. Here is the 'deep freeze' cabinet. It operates completely independently of the lower refrigerator. Food stored here—up to 100 lbs. keeps for months as fresh as the day you bought it.

You also open the top door for an abundant supply of ice cubes that never "stick" when stored in the cube server.

Throughout this entire refrigerator-freezer you'll find abundant evidence of Westinghouse thoughtfulness, thoroughness and reliability.

Preserving expensive food is not costly—when you consider the trade-ins and low terms Westinghouse retailers now offer. You can be sure if it's . . .



Westinghouse

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY -- March 17, 1965

THE GOLDEN CHRYSALIS

BY NANCY PEARSON

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

WHEN Sabina came home for good from Paris, her mother declared that she must come out as soon as things could be decently arranged. Sabina showed neither alarm nor elation. She told her friends, who had been with her at Le Chateau school, that the thought bored her to extinction, and that as far as she was concerned the whole business was death.

This statement was inaccurate. Boredom and Sabina at eighteen were strangers. Instead she lived like a little bird hovering on the edge of life. An overheard remark could set her heart beating just as a brusque gesture could frighten her away.

But over this quivering sensibility, Le Chateau had contrived to lay some kind of a surface, and Sabina's young pale face with its pinkish mouth and delicate arched eyebrows wore an expression that was pleasant and uncommitted at the same time.

Coming out in Rome is not a very fearful business. There are three or four big balls in the season, the same number of cocktail parties, some luncheons, some weekends in the country, that is all. For a suitable wardrobe, Sabina's mother, who was German and thorough, took her to her own dressmaker, Madame Clotilde. She also told Sabina's governess, Fraulein Schmidt, to go through her things carefully and give all her old summer dresses away.

Sabina fought this edict secretly. She could not bear to see these old things go. These simple dresses in cotton and linen were friendly. They fitted. She felt at home in them. They did not scare her by their fashion or style. But Fraulein Schmidt was triumphant. At last she would see her charge dressed in a way befitting her age.

Madame Clotilde, who lived up many stairs in an ancient building, was proud of her connection. She specialised, too, in exaggerated compliments, and she rolled her eyes and clasped her hands when Sabina appeared.

"But Signora Contessa!" she exclaimed in a whining tone of protest. "What a face, what a figure your daughter has! Why have I never had the honor of seeing her before? Why have you kept her hidden? She is a princess — a little princess!"

All this set Sabina's inexperienced heart racing, although she continued to turn over materials and look at patterns in a detached and grown-up way.

But that evening she looked in the mirror and made the acquaintance of this new Sabina. She saw a stranger, somewhat scared and hostile, but a beauty, behind which the familiar schoolgirl still peeped out. Would she ever be able to charm anyone, she wondered fearfully. She watched this new face closely, but could feel no confidence in it at all.

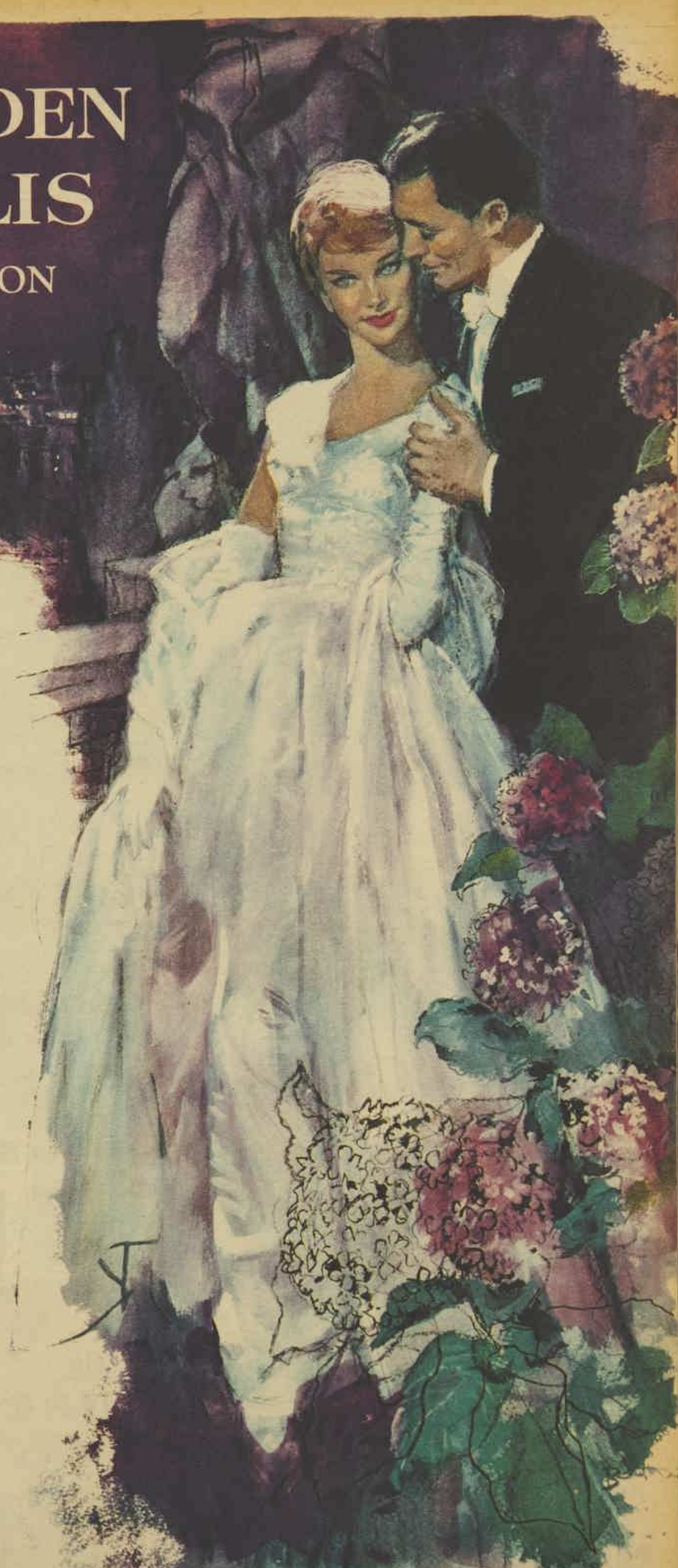
Madame Clotilde's conception of a wardrobe for a young girl was refined, but heavy. Sabina's dresses, which were sent home in huge cardboard boxes, were made to last.

They were a maze of linings and interlinings, and had a quantity of inside belts, fastenings, and extra plackets and straps. Madame Clotilde had two workers who did only embroidery, so several of the dresses were decorated with sequins and beads.

Sabina's ball was fixed for the middle of May, two days after her birthday, the fifteenth of May to be exact. Her cousins were coming. They were three girls, quite different in appearance, but all three equally plain. Bianca, who was twenty-three, Althea, twenty, and Kiki, who was Sabina's age, eighteen.

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On the terrace Gherardo tenderly put his arm around Sabina's shoulders.





A new strategy

GIVING the washing-machine one last vicious kick, Nancy Harmon hopelessly regarded the mountain of Saturday wash and then, making a cup of her hands, called for help. Almost immediately John Harmon appeared at the top of the stairs with a black tool bag dangling from one hand and wearing what Nancy called his doctor, it's-an-emergency expression.

"It's the washer again," Nancy said.

"Sorry, honey, but I promised Bud Kimball I'd check his mower for him and Marge Evans has a sprinkler that isn't working." He grinned disarmingly. "Promise I'll see to it this afternoon, though."

Nancy groaned. "That's what you always say. You said it last week when the oven burned out and the week before when the toaster gave

up and the week before that when . . ."

"Okay. Okay, I'm guilty," he laughed, clapping his free hand over his ear to shut out her rush of words. "But I really will get to it this afternoon, honey. After all, these people are our neighbors."

John ran a small electrical repair shop and ever since they had moved to Lakewood Heights his weekends had been a whirl of repair trips to the neighbors while their own appliances fell apart and Johnny's toys stayed broken and the ancient washing-machine refused to run.

"What about me?" Nancy snapped. "I suppose I'll have to take my things and stand in line at the shop."

"This afternoon, I promise." John backed up the stairs, talking as he went so Nancy couldn't carry on her angry tirade. "If you really need the clothes why don't you take them next door to Mrs. Potter's? Bet she would be glad to let you use her machine."

"You mean the one you fixed last weekend?" Nancy shouted, but the stairs were empty and John was gone.

Defeated, Nancy slumped down on the steps and regarded the mound of clothes. Take them to the neighbors. Well, why not? After all, it was the neighbors' fault her own machine was on the bottom of John's repair list along with Johnny's skates and the toaster and oven and coffee-maker.

SUDDENLY Nancy straightened up. Turning her back on the pile of clothes, she disappeared up the stairs and into the kitchen where she picked up the phone and dialled her friend, Joan Clark. When she came down to dump the wash in her basket, she was smiling purposefully. Later in the morning, when John called, she was still smiling.

"Sorry, honey." His voice came cautiously across the wire. "Bud's mower took longer than I expected and then Ann Jones dropped in at the Evanses . . . well, anyway, I'm fixing her toaster now and she's made a sandwich for me so I won't be home for lunch . . ." His voice trailed off uncertainly, but Nancy reassured him.

"I don't mind honey," she said sweetly, "but I have a message for you. Joanie Clark wants to know if you have time would you look at her steam-iron. I said I just knew you'd be happy to."

She replaced the phone in its cradle before her astonished husband had time to answer and then, humming to herself, dialled another number.

When John stepped into the kitchen late in the afternoon Nancy, wearing a cool grey dress and broad smile, greeted him warmly.

"Hurry up, dear. The Jamisons are waiting."

"The Jamisons?"

"You know . . . the new people you fixed the dishwasher for a few weeks ago. We're having a barbecue with them tonight."

"How'd that happen?" John asked suspiciously.

"Well," Nancy shrugged. "I got ready to put our steaks in the grill and then remembered it didn't work so when I saw Mr. Jamison building a fire in their grill I called and . . ."

"You mean you invited us?"

"Well, I guess maybe I did,"

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Nancy realised it was time to intervene—a short story

By LORETTA STREHLOW

Nancy said, innocently, "but it will be a chance to get acquainted and they didn't seem to mind. Come on now, Johnny is already over there."

She swept past him, carrying three paper plates and some steak. "Is that all we're going to have to eat?" John asked, hurrying to keep up.

"Of course not," Nancy laughed. "Marge Evans is bringing dessert, and Jane Kimball the coffee, and oh yes, Joan Clark's making potato salad."

John brightened. "Oh, a neighborhood party."

"Well, not exactly," Nancy started to say, but John was already ahead of her, reaching out to shake hands with Mr. Jamison. Nancy walked over to flop the steak on the fire and then whispered conspiratorily with Mrs. Jamison.

THE Clarks and the potato salad were next to arrive.

"Thank you, Joanie," Nancy said graciously, taking the salad with one hand while introducing the Jamisons with a wave of the other.

The Kimballs, with Jane carrying a steaming pot of coffee, were the next to arrive, and Nancy repeated the process of acceptance and introduction.

When Mrs. Potter delivered a freshly folded wash via the back fence, John began to eye Nancy uncertainly.

He tried to corner her, but she was busy introducing each new neighbor who dropped by, all of them, John noticed, carrying either food or strangely familiar equipment that they delivered to a smiling Nancy.

By the time John finally trapped his wife at the picnic table the whole neighborhood had converged on the Jamisons' backyard.

"All right, Nancy. What's it all about?"

"What do you mean?" Nancy asked.

"I mean why are all these people delivering food and coffee and steam-irons and . . . you know." He shook his head at the pile of toys and appliances heaped beside Nancy on the grass.

"Well, I thought about what you said when you left this morning . . . about taking our wash to the Potters', I mean, and so I did. Then when the oven wouldn't work and the coffee pot went on the blink, I thought of Marge Evans and Joanie . . ."

"Whoa. Slow down." John's forehead wrinkled. "You mean you called and asked all these people to cook our dinner?" he asked incredulously.

"And wash our clothes and make our coffee. Yes, I did," Nancy answered proudly. Her voice trailed off as she looked at her scowling husband. "Well," she backtracked, "I didn't exactly ask . . . I more or less hinted . . . about how you're always off somewhere fixing someone else's things and how ours just never seem to get taken care of and they seemed to get the idea."

Nancy rushed on, picking up enthusiasm as she went. "And it worked out just fine. The Jamisons are getting acquainted and I got some of my things fixed . . ."

John had stopped listening. He was poking, instead, through the stack on the ground.

"I fixed these roller skates for

Bobby Evans this morning and the iron for his mother and the coffee pot . . ." He sat back on his heels and looked at his tiny wife. "Why, you sneaky, little . . ."

"Underhanded manipulator," Nancy finished gaily.

"I spent most of the day working on my own appliances," John exclaimed.

"And all it took," Nancy grinned mischievously, "was a few phone

calls and some very nice neighbors, but," she held up one hand and began counting off on the fingers, "that still leaves the oven and the washer and . . ."

"And one very nosey wife to take care of," John grinned across the table, but Nancy didn't hear him. She had her arms outstretched toward the chocolate cake Marge Evans was holding out to her.

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From the fashion world of Kayser International

THE OLD MODELS

By IDA JOHNS

The antique car was
the old lady's special
pride and joy...
a short short story



STRAIGHTENING her old shoulders as much as possible, Miss Peabody watched young Jed attach her antique car to his tow truck. If only she could drive the old Model T down to Jed's garage under its own power instead of having it hauled away!

There'd been other cars in her life, but the Model T had been her companion long after her family and most of her friends were gone. It was like watching someone she loved taken to the hospital in a wheelchair.

"I may have to scrounge around for parts," Jed told her cheerfully, "but I'll see what I can do. Who knows? You may be driving her to the Antique Car Dinner this year same as you always have."

"No, I won't."

"Why not?"

Jed shared her interest in antique cars and he knew how much the yearly affair meant to her.

"I'll be 75 next Friday," she said. "On account of the accident and my age, they've taken my driving licence away."

"You know more about cars and driving than most people ever learn!" Jed protested.

Miss Peabody kept her face stiff.

"If they are going to be sticky," he said, "you can get me — or somebody — to drive you and Lizzie here to the dinner."

"No," she said gruffly, "if you can fix it up, sell it for whatever you can get. No point in keeping a car I'm not allowed to drive."

"They made them better in the old days," Jed grumbled as he climbed into his truck.

Miss Peabody watched him haul her old friend away, then turned into the house. She was a sentimental old fool, Miss Peabody told herself, to want to keep a car she couldn't use. But she resented the implication that she and her old Model T were too ancient to be on the roads.

As a spirited young girl, she'd owned one of the first cars in the village. Her mother had been horrified at her unfeminine interest in the car's insides. It had been years since Miss Peabody had done any work on the Model T herself, but she'd known enough about repairs to pick good mechanics like Jed. That was why the Model T had lasted so long.

The accident really hadn't been her fault. She no longer clipped corners or speeded as she'd done in her reckless youth. She drove carefully, slowly — maybe too slowly. The light had changed in the middle of the intersection — that young idiot had crashed into her. By good luck, nobody was hurt, but they'd taken away her licence just the same.

The police had sent for a tow truck from a strange garage, but she wouldn't trust her Model T to anybody but Jed. Shaken up as she was, she ordered them to tow the old car to her house. In her upset state, she had a wild idea she wanted to check the damages and nurse the poor old thing back to health herself.

Once she was home, she realised her joints were far too stiff to crawl under a car again. She managed to get the bonnet up, but her glasses fell off when she tried to look inside. She'd slammed the bonnet and done nothing.

The crack the policeman made about old people driving forewarned her that her licence might be taken away. She'd waited until she heard it officially before she sent for Jed, and did what had to be done.

It was lonely without her car, even though these last years she never drove it far. With so many crazy young drivers on the road, Miss Peabody told herself she was better off walking. The exercise back and forth to the post office and stores would do her good. But, without the old car, her days were as empty as the garage.

She missed her sessions with young Jed over the Model T. Though she and young Jed were far apart in years, they shared an enthusiasm for antique models. He put as much love as she did into keeping the old car in shape. Whenever he tinkered over it, tightening screws and tuning up the engine, he always let her watch.

Now she no longer had an excuse to hang around Jed's garage, talking shop. No longer could she scoff with Jed at the flimsy structures of modern automobiles.

The Model T had stood up remarkably well in a crash that would have wrecked a modern car, but it was pretty badly damaged. Could Jed possibly fix it? Sternly she kept herself from going down to Jed's garage to find out how he was doing. Why should she go soft over a car she wasn't allowed to drive?

It was high time she took up the needlework her mother had forced her to learn. She went down to the store and bought an embroidery hoop, needles, and floss. She put material on the hoop, stuck her finger once — and then couldn't go on with it.

She was haunted by a vision of the Model T she'd always kept so shining rusting away at the town dump. Maybe she, like her antique car, was useless, too old to be any good for anything any more.

On her birthday, she woke up reluctantly. There was nobody left to remember she was 75 and she didn't want to remember it herself. As efficiently as always, she did her morning chores, then sat down and forced herself to play solitaire. She didn't enjoy it. At last she stacked the cards neatly and sat there doing nothing.

At midday, she cooked herself a meal, but it was like putting gas and oil into a car that couldn't run. She kept to her routine and lay down for her afternoon nap, but she couldn't sleep. What was the use of taking such good care of old bones that creaked? After all, hadn't a young whippersnapper crashed into her, grounded her while he sped the highways, endangering people's lives?

With defiant indignation, she dressed up in her best clothes and walked down to the Inn. Other people — other cars — might give in, but she and old Lizzie were made of sturdier stuff. She'd treat herself to supper and celebrate her 75th birthday by herself! In style!

After supper, the hostess at the Inn offered to call a cab to take Miss Peabody home. Miss Peabody refused. She pulled back her old shoulders and set off.

"Happy Birthday! Happy Birthday!" she heard someone shout from a car — and then the car stopped and young Jed was walking up to her.

"Congratulations! Happy Birthday!" Jed shook her hand. "I've got good news. Old Lizzie's in good shape and one of the Antique Car Club officials will give you 950 dollars for her."

"More than I paid for her."

"She's worth it. And he wants you to be a judge at the Antique Car affair," Jed went on. "He says you know more about old cars than most anyone."

Miss Peabody refused Jed's offer of a lift, but agreed to supervise the final tune-up of the Model T at the garage before it was handed over to the new owner.

"Worth more old than new," Miss Peabody savored the compliment to her old car and herself.

Her step was brisk. Her shoulders straight as she marched home, telling herself they didn't make cars or people nowadays the way they made the old models.

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 17, 1965

Betty
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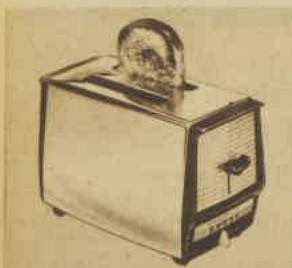
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• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Play now and pay later?

CHANCES are, "Uncertain Mother" (N.S.W.), that your children won't be happier in later life because of their higher-than-average positions. But also, the chances are that if you don't see they have the best education, they would be poor and also unhappy later on, and would blame you for not insisting on their studying and encouraging them to work now. Whatever you do, they may blame you for not doing the opposite. Just do the best you can, and don't blame yourself.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Elizabeth Middleton, Barrymore, N.S.W.

AS long as your children are able to study and absorb that study they should be encouraged as much as possible in their education and cultural hobbies. They may not appreciate the advantages now, but later on they will be only too glad of an education giving them an advantage in life.

£1/1/- to Miss Z. Reggett, Ouse, Tas.

YOUR children's future riches or poverty will not affect their real happiness. This lies in individuality. Finding one's level through freedom of choice in hobbies and profession leads to contentment, and a contented person can usually cope with anything.

£1/1/- to "Another Mum" (name supplied), Home Hill, Qld.

FROM personal experience I would say there is no need to fear that the children, in middle-age, will be resentful of the parties missed because they were encouraged to study and pursue intelligent hobbies. Middle-age is a period of adjustment. We are no longer in the youthful swing of things, yet we are not THAT old. If one has the satisfaction of security, a good position, and worthwhile hobbies, life can be full and immensely rewarding, making a few lost youthful pleasures insignificant by comparison.

£1/1/- to E.A. (name supplied), Adelaide.

ENCOURAGE them to study, but do not constantly egg them on. My elder son left school after the Intermediate, and in his five years of technician's work hasn't failed an exam. My younger son decided for himself he would go for the Leaving and do well. (Got three As and three Bs.) Find out what is really in their minds, and respect it.

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. Mann, Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

Jobs for children

I SHOULD be pleased to hear what other mothers consider suitable jobs for a boy and a girl, aged seven and a half and six years, to do before and after school.

£1/1/- to "Chores" (name supplied), Blackburn, Vic.

Don't always appreciate your luck

DO you have any special sayings in your family? Whenever either of our two small boys gets into mischief, my husband or I remarks, "You're lucky to have him!" It all started with the son of a friend, Johnny, who loved matches. When the couch he had set alight had been pushed into the garden, neighbors gathered to watch the excitement, and Johnny disappeared. "Wait till I catch him!" exclaimed his furious Dad. "Never mind," consoled his Mum, "you're lucky to have him."

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. M. Bednal, Ryde, N.S.W.

Moo-ve over

HOLIDAYING recently on a farm, my two-year-old daughter was rather awestruck at the cows that followed us around. One day a loud moo issued forth from one of them following us up a path. Quietly, but with some urgency in her voice, my daughter said, "Mummy, we'd better move out of the cow's way, didn't you hear him blowing his horn." We moved and allowed "him" to pass.

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. Slade, Parkdale, Vic.

Ever see a bald monkey?

NOTICING my husband's hair was thinning very rapidly, on the advice of a friend I began massaging his head with coconut oil bought from a chemist. Lately his hair seems to be getting thicker and stronger. I hope I am not imagining it, but monkeys live on coconuts—and one rarely sees a bald monkey.

£1/1/- to Mrs. S. Howard, Bunbury, W.A.

Cake from outer space

WHEN a cake sinks in the middle and makes conventional decoration impossible, make a Moon Cake. Cover the cake with white icing, and use the sunken centre for a crater, making it as jagged and bumpy as you like. Make a few smaller, shallow craters round the edge. Stand a miniature rocket in the large crater—you can make it from icing or use a plastic toy. Failing this, devise your own moon monster. Even if the family realise the reason for your unusual decoration, they'll still admire your ingenuity.

£1/1/- to "Midge" (name supplied), Brighton, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

ON the bookshelf in our living-room is a measuring-glass full of water.

Two books — *Inside Africa* and *Well Done, Secret Seven*—have been pushed back to make room for it.

Visitors sometimes look puzzled when they see this glass of water. We explain that it is kept for putting in the steam iron.

Behind it lies the story of the decline of the living-room to an ironing-room.

Years ago this room, if not exactly gracious, was presentable. Some people listened to the radio there. Others played snakes-and-ladders on the floor.

Then the TV revolution came, and the place was changed into a theatre.

Constant sitting eroded the coverings of the sofa and the father's chair. Bits of curry and other snacks, served during the *Three Stooges*, fell on the floor and chair arms (until a stop was put to TV dining).

The living-room began to show its age. But it retained traces of

IRONED OUT

elegance until the ironing-board moved in.

An ironing-board is a sad, orphan-like contraption. Nobody loves it. It is ugly to look at. It has no home of its own.

Time was when our ironing-board



used to stretch its ungainly legs in a bedroom. Then in winter it migrated to the warmth of the kitchen.

The kitchen got too crowded, and the ironing-board felt the lure of television. One day it sneaked into the living-room when *I Love Lucy* was on.



• A pamphlet prepared for American travel agents who will meet in Hong Kong in September urges them to visit Australia, adding: "There's no tipping, few service charges, and interminable sunshine."

No tipping in Australia! By all means try it, mate, And then go back and find the cove who engineered your fate, Some wandering Australian who dreamed of home afar—

I'll wager that you met him in a European bar So many yarns he told you! Were any of them true—

Those kangaroos in Collins Street, goannas at the 'Loo?

"And no one wants a tip," he said, "unlike this grasping mob.

Our blokes would be offended if you offered them two bob."

No tipping in Australia! The tales that get around!

Some day you might catch up with him, that homesick, lying hound, And ask him while you're at it (no need to do him harm)

How come you never could locate his parents' emu farm?

— Dorothy Drain

Potato for indoor elegance

LOVERS of indoor plants should try growing sweet potato plants in bowls and vases. A piece of sweet potato, placed cut-end-down in water, will send forth attractive greenery which can be trained over supports, or used decoratively as any other indoor plant. And they cost practically nothing.

£1/1/- to Mrs. V. Kellon, Gladstone, Qld.

A chukka of bowls

PLAYERS at the ladies' lawn bowling club to which my mother belongs heard this conversation between two small boys who were leaning over the fence. "What are they playing?" "Polo, but they're too old to get on horses." That bowled the ladies right over.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Pamela Taig, Wentworthville, N.S.W.



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The magazine of brighter reading **16** **Everybody's**



There are some things about which you must be quite sure...

You must know how your present insurance dovetails in with:

Your mortgage repayment programme.

Social Service provision for widows' and old age pensions.

Death Duty requirements.

Family income and cash needs.

You must have all the facts on these and other related points. You must be quite sure that everything adds up correctly.

You can be sure if you arrange to have an A.M.P. FAMILY SECURITY CHECK-UP.

4

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- 2 Check the extent of your needs—what would be required if your family had to live without you—what you will require on retirement or to take advantage of long service leave.
- 3 Check to find if the provisions you have made are adequate.
- 4 If they are not, your A.M.P. man will show you a family security plan tailor-made to your precise needs and circumstances.

An A.M.P. Family Security Check-Up costs you nothing but a little of your time—involves you in no obligation except to those you love. All you have to do is to call in your A.M.P. man or call the nearest A.M.P. Office.

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Why won't husbands say "I love you"?

... Asks Miroslava Kramer, a Sydney reader who claims that most Australian wives are starving for a few words of affection from their menfolk

● As I sat beside her in an air-conditioned sightseeing coach I was amazed that this well-dressed woman who so casually mentioned having an expensive home unit with ocean view, Indian carpets in the hall, and a genuine Dobell on the wall was actually starving.

YET she told me so herself, in a voice that would be a great asset to any receptionist in a funeral parlor, and I realised that most of our women suffer from the same hunger: Although their husbands love them, they never say so.

In our culture, men are trained from early childhood to repress their emotions, because they are considered unmasculine.

Tenderness is confused with weakness; emotion is dismissed as the province of women.

In sharp contrast, women put tenderness in first place among the qualities wanted in husbands. To live without it is for them like trying to live in a world without flowers and music and the warmth of fire.

To try to understand this problem more fully, I asked five happily married women and five just-as-happily married men (not their husbands) for their opinions.

As I promised to disguise their names, they spoke quite candidly. What they said is typical.

KATHERINE:

I KNOW that my husband loves me, but he never says so. I was always a bit romantic, and that is why I so often cry in pictures when I see a celluloid husband presenting his wife with a bunch of roses and a neat little card, saying: "For My Favorite Wife" or "With All, Absolutely All, of My Love."

I know I should be really grateful, as John has many fine qualities and is quite generous, and recently bought me a new washing-machine although the old one was still quite good. But how I long for him to say he loves me and for a gift of a few flowers!

I know that if I would die today he would put heaps of them on my grave, but I would be more happy if he put a few of them in my hands right now, so I can smell them, arrange them in a vase, and be thrilled every time I look at them as I do my daily chores.

It is true that he brings me sometimes a box of chocolates, but he gives it to me with a smirk on his face like an emperor tossing an emerald to a slave girl. My husband is just not capable of sweetness.

CAROL:

MY chances of hearing my husband say "I love you" without prompting are as remote as my being the first woman on the moon.

There is a great magic in those three words and I would prefer to have less material possessions, if only I could hear them now and then.

I can be made happy by little things like a touch, a kiss, a flower, an unexpected gift.

MARY:

I TELL Jim often how much he means to me, and when he is sometimes late I picture traffic accidents and office-building fires and acute appendicitis.

Yet when I came home from a two-week visit to my mother, he was playing golf while I walked into an empty house. There wasn't even a note for me to read.

Of course, I know Jim loves me in his own queer way, but I would like to hear it for a change. He apparently expects that along with my other qualifications I am a clairvoyant.

I can scrub our place spotless without attracting his notice or praise. He reads the paper while he eats and never even looks at what is on the plate.

Nevertheless, I still love Jim and I never regretted that I married him. He gives me a lot of presents, but I would be more happy if he was able to give and receive love openly and without embarrassment.

I certainly wouldn't take him for a cissy if he were on occasions moved to tears like Sir Winston Churchill or any other great man.

MARGARET:

MY husband never says anything nice to me and blames me for everything from falling hair to the traffic congestion.

Although he is a great eater and usually polishes off nearly everything on the table that is edible, he never says I am a good cook or expresses appreciation by giving me a little peck on the cheek or by stroking my hair.

He does well in his job and earns more money than most men of his age, because, as his boss often says to me, he understands human nature and can get from people in his department the best work they are capable of by handling them with a psychological insight.

Yet he never uses his knowledge of psychology to handle me better, his own wife. He never says "I love you" and never compliments me on a dress or a hairdo.

I might spend a tidy sum on a new perm and different color rinse (he gives me a generous personal allowance) and feel it was not worth the trouble to sit a few hours at a hairdresser's and under a dryer if all the compliment I receive is: "What did you do to your hair?"

AMANDA:

WE are not well off, but I keep our house as attractive as it is possible to be kept. I dust every day and make sure all our cracked ornaments stand with cracks facing the wall and nobody sees how poor we are.

"It's stupid to state the obvious," say the men

I cut our children's and my husband's hair, as I am a trained hairdresser, but my husband, instead of being thankful and proud of me, never mentions this and doesn't allow me to mention the fact to our friends.

If Eric would show more love and appreciation, the cleaning, sewing, and cooking wouldn't be such a drudgery, and I wouldn't be envious of other people's possessions. I could show off a possession far more precious: my husband's love.

CHARLES:

OF course I love my wife. I told her so when I asked her to marry me 18 years ago. If my feelings had changed, I would have told her.

I would like to compliment her on her cooking, but I don't dare. When I say she made excellent rice custard, it means rice custard today, tomorrow, and next year.

When I complimented her once on a green dress, she wore it till it almost fell off her back. It taught me to keep my big mouth shut.

JOHN:

MY wife never gets tired of talking about romance and ideal marriage, and when we see some romantic film she is bursting into tears at the most trivial lines.

She goes to bed with pin-curls and cold cream and serves my breakfast in an old-faded dressing-gown and slippers that the dog wouldn't chew, but she expects more compliments from me than if she were a film star.

She wants me to tell her that I love her and I oblige, because she is not a bad wife as wives go. But when she wants me to assure her that she is just as attractive as Sophia Loren or Elizabeth Taylor, I just won't say it, because I might not be a perfect husband, but I am not a hypocrite, either.

I appreciate her cooking, but I wish she would cook less, as we both are greatly overweight and could do without her mouth-watering cakes and pies.

I don't give her flowers, because I reckon that ten bob

spent on flowers is ten bob frittered away. If you use the same amount for buying a lottery ticket, you have at least a chance to win a few pounds. But Edna doesn't see it my way, because like most women she doesn't use her brains.

ROBERT:

I HAVE given my wife a lovely home and beautiful furnishings. I have given her a car. I give her enough money to buy fashionable clothes, and if she would wear jewellery I would give her even that. Isn't it enough proof of my love?

After 14 years of marriage and three children she should be willing for us to act as a settled couple and not a pair of romantic teenagers. Hugging and kissing are for kids.

Anne thinks I don't love her enough, because I insist on going out once a week on my own. I think any man should be allowed one night out if he feels a need of male companionship. If he has his mother or mother-in-law living with them, he should be allowed two nights.

Anyway, my wife would be bored to death if she listened to our discussion on sport or politics. She is the type of woman who when asked what she thinks of Red China is likely to reply: "I suppose it's all right, if it doesn't clash with the color of a tablecloth."

TOM:

THE mere idea of holding hands with the woman I am married to makes me feel uncomfortable, insincere, and stupid.

I am an ex-serviceman and I had some rugged combat in the Army, but I would rather face combat than sit in front of visitors on the sofa beside my wife, hold her hand, and laugh at her jokes. It is abnormal.

People who do it are just putting on a show to trap some single friends into a marriage.

I dislike displays of affection in public and I am sure I am not alone. Contrary to popular opinion that "all the world loves a lover," most people prefer quarrels, fights, and misunderstandings.

If you don't believe me, observe audiences during some romantic film. While the hero and heroine are scratching and fighting, people are spellbound.

When all obstacles are cleared away and they fall into each other's arms and start to kiss, what does the public do? They pick up their hats and overcoats and make a beeline for the exit.

LESLIE:

MY wife should know that I love her, because I tell her so on every anniversary. Why talk constantly about the obvious? If I didn't care for her, she would learn it the way the wives of some straying husbands do.

I never saw my father kissing my mother, but they lived together for 48 years till he passed away. He didn't need to tell her that he loved her, because she was smart enough to know that a man wouldn't support a woman year after year if he hated her.

We were always an undemonstrative family. When I came home from the war after six years' absence my mother just looked up from the stove and said, "Hello, Leslie." She didn't even stop stirring the stew.

She didn't need to say she was pleased to see me, because I took it for granted. I believe every wife should take for granted that her husband loves her, unless he obviously prefers another woman and asks for a divorce.

The conclusion:

FROM these comments it is obvious that Australian husbands, even more than average husbands around the world, don't understand their wives' deep need to be constantly assured of love.

I beg all husbands: please, don't let your wife starve. Don't hide your tenderness. Tell her you love her without being asked.

And when she draws your attention to a picture of a beauty contestant, try to say something like: "I suppose I am like the French. I believe a woman has to be a bit older to have real charm."

You will see the lights in her eyes go on and she will repay you with dividends of devotion that make those property-share cheques look mean.



IN GREECE... ALL OVER THE WORLD... SO MUCH MORE TO ENJOY

Wherever you go, whatever you do, wherever life is fresh, vital, elegant, you meet Peter Stuyvesant, the cigarette with the international flavor—a wide new world of taste. For that deep down enjoyment of rich, choice tobaccos—plus the miracle filter—light up a Stuyvesant, you'll be so glad you did. **Peter Stuyvesant, the international passport to smoking pleasure**

RABBIT—succulent and substantial

From our LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

● Rabbit can provide a substantial and savory meal for a family at a price that is still comparatively low. It is versatile and can be used for a variety of dishes.

RABBIT can be stuffed and baked; or it can be made into a casserole with alternate layers of onions, fresh tomatoes or other colorful vegetables and a pinch of herbs, and simmered in a lightly flavored wine sauce until tender and succulent.

To improve the flavor and color of its flesh, soak the raw rabbit for several hours in cold, salted water before using.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all recipes in this feature. Quantities will serve four to six.

RABBIT CREOLE

One large or 2 small rabbits, 2 cups white wine, 1 chopped onion, 1 bayleaf, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch grated nutmeg, seasoned flour, 2 tablespoons butter and 2 tablespoons oil for frying, 2 rashers bacon (chopped, rind removed), 2 tomatoes (chopped), 1 green pepper and 1 stick celery (chopped), salt, pepper, 1 large white onion, extra salted water, 1 dessertspoon butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar, parsley.

Soak rabbit several hours in salted water; drain, cut into joints. Combine 1 cup of wine, chopped onion, and seasonings, pour over rabbit, stir together, and marinate about 4 hours, turning occasionally. Drain off liquid and reserve. Cover rabbit pieces with seasoned flour, fry in heated butter and oil mixture until golden brown all over. Place in casserole with chopped bacon, tomato, green pepper, celery, and scrapings from frying-pan. Season well with salt and pepper. Add the wine strained from marinating mixture. Cover, bake in a moderate oven about 1 hour. Add remaining 1 cup wine, cover, continue baking until rabbit is tender (about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour). Meanwhile, quarter the large onion, boil in little salted water until tender, drain, add butter, sugar, and little seasoning; stir over heat until well glazed. Serve rabbit in casserole with the glazed onion and parsley to garnish.

ENGLISH BAKED RABBIT

One large rabbit, 2 large tomatoes, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 3oz. soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dried thyme, 1 shallot (chopped), 1oz. melted butter, 1 small egg, salt, pepper, 2 bacon rashers, 3 tablespoons fat, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup stock.

Soak rabbit in salted water several hours. Prepare stuffing: Chop tomatoes, mix with lemon rind, breadcrumbs, parsley, thyme, shallot, and melted butter. Season lightly, mix in egg. Stuff rabbit with this mixture,



CURRIED RABBIT, garnished with gherkin and lemon slices, makes an appetising dish for the family. Serve with hot rice.

truss it. Melt fat in baking-pan, add rabbit, brown well all over. Top with bacon rashers, add stock. Bake rabbit in moderate oven, basting occasionally with liquid until tender (about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours). Remove bacon for last 10 minutes of cooking. Serve hot with gravy made from pan juices, adding the crumbled bacon. Tiny carrots and green broccoli make a nice accompaniment.

GOURMET RABBIT

Two rabbits, seasoned flour, 2 or 3oz. butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brandy, 1 clove crushed garlic, 1 bayleaf, 1 cup ham cubes, 1 pinch thyme, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 12 small white onions, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sliced or small whole mushrooms, 1 cup dry white wine, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon each of butter and plain flour (blended together), extra chopped parsley.

Soak rabbits in salted water, drain, and dry; cut into joints. Place flour in paper bag, add rabbit pieces 2 at a time, shake bag to coat them evenly. Melt butter in pan, brown rabbit pieces. Heat brandy in small pan, pour over rabbit, put a lighted match to brandy, and flame it. When flames die down, add garlic, bayleaf, ham, thyme, parsley, onions, mushrooms, wine, and seasoning. Cover and simmer until rabbit is tender (about 1 hour) or turn mixture into large casserole, cover, and bake in moderate oven about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Discard bayleaf. Add butter-flour mixture, little by little, to gravy, stirring constantly to avoid lumps. Taste, correct seasonings if necessary. Serve piping hot topped with chopped parsley.

RABBIT HOTPOT

One large rabbit, salted water, seasoned flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. potatoes, 2 medium-sized onions, salt, pepper, 1 packet thick vegetable soup, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups water, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley.

Soak rabbit about 1 hour in salted water; drain, dry, cut into sections. Toss in seasoned flour. Peel potatoes and onions, cut both in thick slices. Arrange layer of sliced onion over base of casserole; season. Place rabbit on top, then potatoes, and remainder of onion; season. Blend soup with water, pour into dish. Sprinkle with parsley. Cover, bake in moderate oven about $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours or until rabbit is tender.

RUSSIAN RABBIT

One young rabbit, 4 shallots (chopped), 2 tablespoons oil, 1 cup white wine, 1 tablespoon vinegar, salt, pepper, 1 clove, pinch ground cinnamon, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 tablespoons cream.

Soak rabbit in salted water $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, drain, cut into neat pieces. Heat oil in pan, add rabbit and shallots, brown lightly. Add wine and vinegar and seasonings. Cover closely, cook gently until rabbit is tender. Blend flour with cream, stir into rabbit stock. Stir until thickened, remove clove, re-season if necessary and serve piping hot.

CURRIED RABBIT

One rabbit, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon plain flour, 1 dessertspoon curry powder or to taste, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint stock, 1 chopped apple, 1 dessertspoon chutney, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, salt, pepper, 1oz. sultanas, 1oz. blanched almonds, 1 dessertspoon desiccated coconut, 2 tablespoons cream or milk, lemon and gherkins to garnish.

Wash, dry, and joint rabbit. Heat butter in saucepan, brown rabbit, remove from pan; add onion, cook until browned. Add flour, curry powder, cook few minutes. Stir in stock, bring to the boil. Add rabbit and all ingredients except cream. Cover, simmer gently about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, adding little more stock if necessary. Add cream or milk; reheat, do not boil. Serve hot garnished with lemon and gherkin pieces.

RABBIT IN MUSHROOM SAUCE

Two ounces butter or substitute, 1 large rabbit (which has been soaked in water, drained, and cut into sections), 3 tablespoons plain flour, 3 cups water, 1 tablespoon tomato paste, 1 clove garlic (crushed), 6 medium-sized whole onions, 1 tablespoon snipped parsley, salt, pepper, 1 bayleaf, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon thyme, 1 can sliced mushrooms.

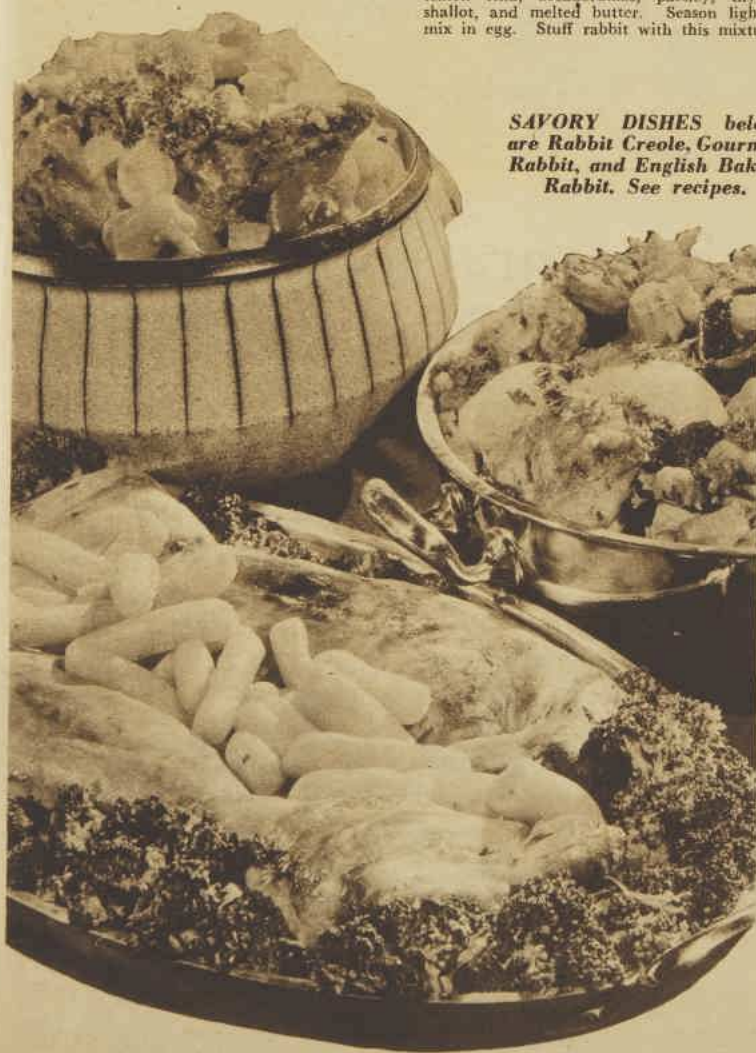
Melt butter in pan, add rabbit pieces, and brown all over, turning frequently. Blend in flour, stir in water, and tomato paste. Cook 2 or 3 minutes, stirring constantly. Add whole peeled onions, garlic, parsley, salt, pepper, bayleaf, and thyme. Cover and simmer $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, until rabbit is tender. Add mushrooms, heat thoroughly.

HASENPFEEFER

Two rabbits, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups white vinegar, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups water, 1 cup red wine (claret or burgundy), 2 cups sliced onions, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon freshly ground black pepper, 8 whole cloves, 1 bayleaf, salt, pinch mixed spices, seasoned flour, 3oz. butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 cup sour cream, buttered noodles.

Soak rabbit in salted water, drain. Cut into sections, place in large bowl. Add vinegar, water, wine, onions, pepper, salt, mustard, cloves, bayleaf, and spices. Cover, refrigerate 24 hours or longer, turning rabbit occasionally. Remove rabbit, dry pieces well, dust with seasoned flour. Brown in heavy saucepan in heated butter. Strain marinade, add to rabbit. Cover, bring to the boil, lower heat, and simmer until tender (about 40 minutes). Arrange rabbit on heated platter. Add the sugar to the broth, correct seasonings. Blend flour with little water, stir into broth, and cook, stirring, until thickened. Just before serving, stir in sour cream. Reheat, but do not boil. Pour over rabbit, serve with buttered noodles.

SAVORY DISHES below are Rabbit Creole, Gourmet Rabbit, and English Baked Rabbit. See recipes.





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Folk singing is one of Olivia's favourite pastimes. Here, at the Little Reata, she sings to an admiring audience. Thanks to Angel Face Liquid, 'Natural Angel' (one of their 8 shades), she knows her skin looks soft and dewy under the revealing light.

Page 42

Window shopping on the way home, Olivia is as fresh and beautiful as when she started her day. She touched up with Angel Face powder and it never gets caked or streaky. Angel Face will do pretty things for you too. Try it. You'll see.



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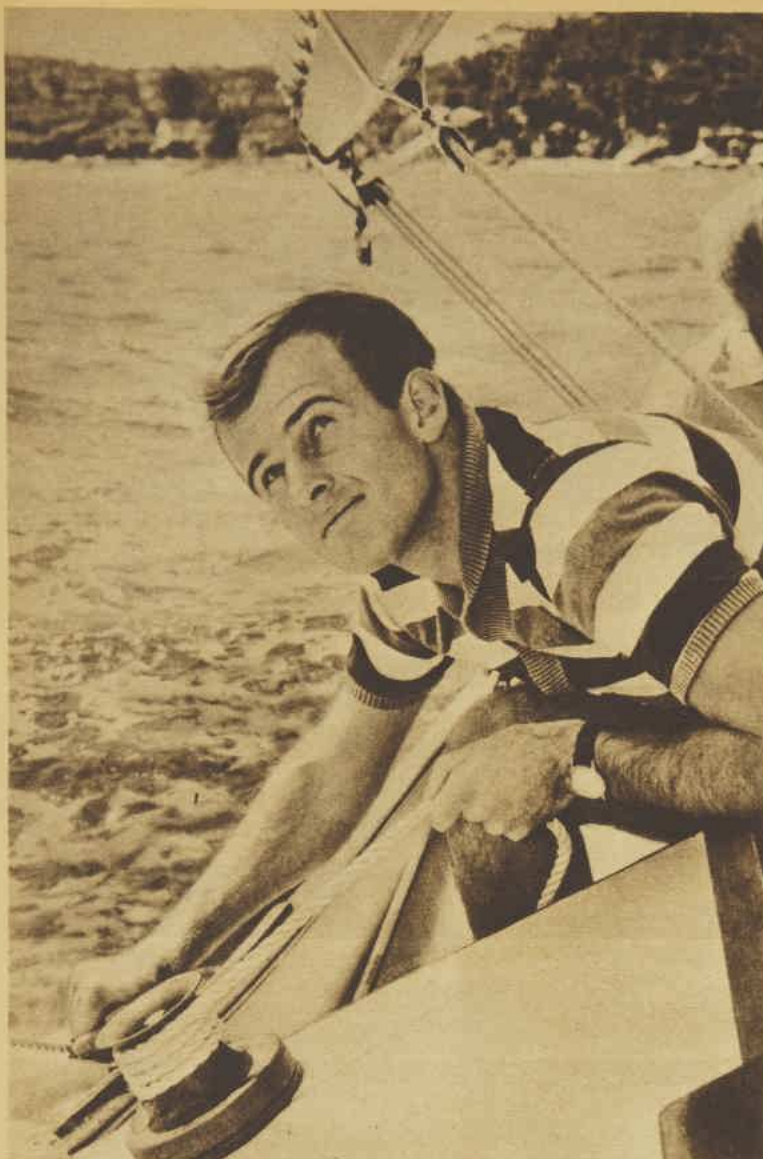


Picture by Mrs. K. Dietzel, North Sydney, N.S.W.

Burrinjuck Dam

● A holiday camping reserve on the shores of the Burrinjuck Dam reservoir, on the Murrumbidgee River, in the Northern Riverina district of New South Wales. The dam supplies the rich soil of the Murrumbidgee Irrigation Area with precious water which has changed grazing lands which once carried one sheep to every four acres into fertile plains maintaining a population of 27,000 people. Since the first storage section of the dam was built in 1912, the area has yielded dairy products, fat lambs, rice, fruit, and wine worth £150 million. Production last year totalled £11,500,000.

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Young salesman—and weekend sailor—Warwick Wilson, of Charles Street, Castlegreg, N.S.W., is another healthy young Australian who always enjoys All-Bran for breakfast. Read why!

How All-Bran helps me enjoy life more

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A rushed life. A successful sales representative's life is a busy one. Meals are snatched on the run, hours can be irregular, it's hard to make sure of a well-balanced diet. Warwick Wilson's problem was how to avoid the fatigue, irregularity and general "below par" feeling resulting from his rushed life.

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we all need for regularity," he says, "but it's got such a terrific taste I enjoy it right apart from the health angle! Ever since I've followed this breakfast plan I've felt great — completely fit and regular."

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ALL-BRAN made by **Kellogg's**
by far the nicest way to stay regular

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K965

RABBIT—succulent and substantial . . .

from page 41

RABBIT WITH ONION SAUCE

One large or 2 small rabbits, salted water, juice $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, 2 onions, bouquet garni of thyme, bayleaf, and parsley, 18 small white onions, 3oz. butter, 2oz. plain flour, 2 egg-yolks, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, salt, pepper.

Soak rabbit in salted water $\frac{1}{2}$ hour; drain, cut into sections. Place in saucepan, cover completely with well-salted water, add lemon juice. Put in the 2 whole onions and bouquet garni. Bring to boil, skim well. Cover, simmer about 1 hour. When tender, remove from heat, take out rabbit, strain liquid into basin; reserve. Heat 2oz. butter in saucepan, saute the small white onions (which have been halved) about 8 minutes, without browning. Remove from pan. Add remaining butter to pan, allow to melt, mix in flour, stir over heat 1 minute. Slowly add rabbit stock, stirring continuously so sauce is smooth and free from lumps; simmer 5 minutes. Combine egg-yolks and milk, pour into sauce. Add rabbit and onions and chopped parsley. Reheat, stirring, but do not allow to boil. Taste, adjust seasoning, if necessary, before serving.

HAM AND RABBIT SAUSAGES

Eight ounces cold cooked rabbit, 4oz. ham, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, salt, pepper, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2oz. plain flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, seasoned flour, egg-glazing, breadcrumbs, fat or oil for frying.

Mince rabbit and ham finely. Add well-mashed eggs, parsley, salt and pepper. Melt butter in saucepan, add flour, blend well. Stir in warmed milk, bring mixture to the boil, stirring constantly. Add rabbit mixture, remove from heat, spread out on flat plate to cool. Form into sausage shapes, roll in seasoned flour, dip in egg-glazing, then cover with breadcrumbs. Fry, preferably in frying-basket, in deep hot fat or oil until golden brown. Drain, serve piping hot.

CURRIED VEGETABLE AND RABBIT LOAF

Three cups hot mashed potato, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 finely chopped onion, salt and pepper to taste, little milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced cooked celery, 1 cup cooked peas, 1 cup diced cooked carrot, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 1 cup thick white sauce, 2 cups diced cooked rabbit.

Into hot mashed potato beat butter, onion, salt, pepper, and little milk. Spread over base and sides of well-greased loaf-tin, reserving enough for topping. Combine celery, peas, and carrots, place half in tin. Blend curry powder with sauce, mix in rabbit, spread over vegetables. Add remainder of vegetables, top with remainder of potato. Bake in moderate oven about 45 minutes. Turn out on serving-dish, serve with hot green vegetables.

SCALLOPED RABBIT CASSEROLE

Two ounces melted butter, 4 medium-sized potatoes (thinly sliced), 1 large rabbit (soaked in salted water, drained, and cut into sections), salt, pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika, 1 clove crushed garlic, 2 large tomatoes (sliced), 2 medium-sized onions (sliced and sauteed in little butter), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour cream, paprika, breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mushrooms (sliced and sauteed in butter), parsley.

Pour a little melted butter into base of casserole. Arrange layer of potatoes, then layer of rabbit pieces on top. Sprinkle with part of the salt, pepper, garlic, and paprika. Arrange layer of tomatoes and sliced sauteed onions. Drizzle over a little more butter, add more seasonings. Repeat layers until casserole is filled. Pour over sour cream, sprinkle with breadcrumbs and paprika. Cover, bake in moderate oven about $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours or until rabbit is tender. Arrange sliced mushrooms on top of casserole and bake, uncovered, 5 minutes longer in hot oven. Serve very hot garnished with parsley.

RABBIT WITH WHITE RAISIN SAUCE

Two rabbits, salted water, 4 cups boiling water, 1 onion (halved), 1 parsnip (cut in halves), 2 sticks celery (chopped), 1 bayleaf, salt, pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white wine, $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon (sliced), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dry sherry, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, hot buttered noodles.

Soak rabbits in salted water, drain, and dry. Place in large saucepan, pour over boiling water, add onion, parsnip, celery, bayleaf, salt, pepper, and wine. Cover, simmer

gently about 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours or until rabbit is tender. Remove from stock, cut into sections (reserve $\frac{1}{2}$ cups of hot stock for the sauce). Keep rabbit hot while preparing sauce.

Combine thinly sliced lemon in saucepan with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, the raisins, sherry, and sugar. Simmer until raisins are plump (about 10 minutes). Meanwhile, in another small saucepan melt butter, blend in flour until mixture is smooth and creamy. Stir in reserved stock, a little at a time, blending until sauce is smooth and free from lumps. Continue cooking over low heat about 5 minutes. Combine with rabbit sauce; blending well, simmer further 3 minutes.

Place rabbit in warmed serving-dish, pour over hot rabbit sauce. Serve at once with hot buttered noodles.

RABBIT AND BACON STEW

One large rabbit, salted water, 1 large onion, 1oz. fat, 1oz. plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, little salt, 1 pint stock or water, 3 rashers bacon (rind removed), 1 carrot, 1 white turnip, 1 stick celery, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, pinch nutmeg, finely chopped parsley.

Cut rabbit into pieces, wash in salted water; dry well. Peel onion, slice thinly. Heat fat in saucepan and fry rabbit pieces until brown, lift out. Add onion to pan, cook lightly, mix in flour, pepper and salt, and allow to brown. Pour over the stock, stir over heat until sauce boils and thickens. Add rabbit and finely chopped bacon. Peel vegetables, cut into strips or rings, add to saucepan with lemon rind and nutmeg. Cover, simmer gently about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours or until rabbit is tender. Add more liquid if required. Serve hot, sprinkled with parsley.

HUNGARIAN RABBIT WITH CABBAGE

One large or 2 small rabbits, 3 tablespoons butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dry sherry, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup stock, salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shredded almonds, extra 3oz. butter or substitute, 1 finely chopped onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ head cabbage (chopped), 1 red apple (sliced), 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon caraway seeds, pinch pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika.

Soak rabbit in salted water, drain, and dry, cut into sections. Heat butter or substitute in pan, fry rabbit on both sides until golden. Heat sherry and stock, add to rabbit, season with salt. Cover, cook gently about 1 hour. Add shredded almonds.

In separate pan, heat extra butter or substitute, saute chopped onion. Add cabbage and sliced apple, cook until cabbage is wilted. Add lemon juice, sugar, caraway seeds, and pepper. Cover, cook 10 minutes. Transfer cabbage to buttered casserole, arrange rabbit and almonds on top, pour over pan juices. Cover, bake in moderate oven about 20 minutes or until rabbit is tender. Serve at once, sprinkled with chopped parsley and paprika. If necessary, to prevent dryness, baste rabbit with little stock.

RABBIT AND ALMOND CASSEROLE

Four cups cooked rice, 2 cups cooked chopped rabbit, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup blanched shredded almonds, 1 small onion (finely chopped), 1 chopped red pepper, 1 cup rabbit broth, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint well-seasoned medium-thickness white sauce (made with 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk), 2 thickly sliced tomatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, salt, pepper.

Combine rice with rabbit, almonds, onion, red pepper, and rabbit broth. Make up white sauce, fold through. Fill into greased casserole, top with sliced tomatoes. Season with salt and pepper, sprinkle over grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven about 50 minutes or until thoroughly heated and vegetables are cooked. Serve piping hot, topped with chopped parsley.

RABBIT MARENGO

One young rabbit, salted water, 2 tablespoons oil, salt, pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mushrooms (sliced), 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato sauce.

Soak rabbit in salted water $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Drain and cut into medium slices. Heat oil in pan, add rabbit slices, salt and pepper. Cook, turning occasionally, until tender. Cook rabbit from pan, keep hot. Add sliced mushrooms, saute 5 minutes. Mix in parsley, tomato sauce, and enough seasoning to taste. Simmer until mushrooms are tender. Serve rabbit, and pour over prepared sauce.

NOW IS THE HOUR



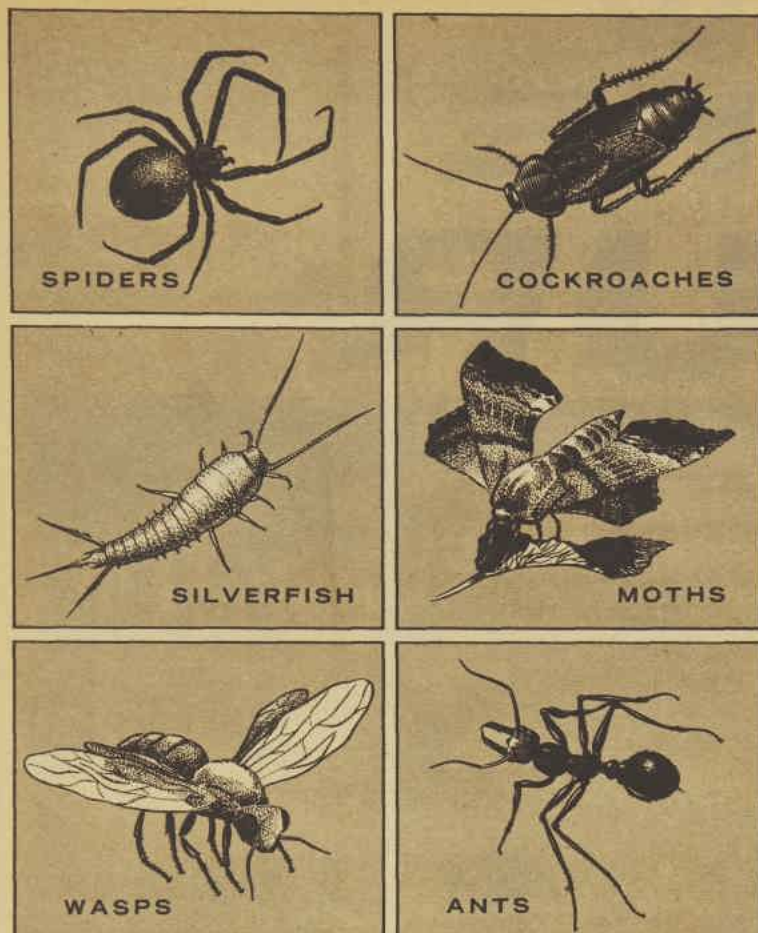
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Continued from page 31

THE GOLDEN CHRYSALIS

There was a great dearth of young men in all branches of the Montecirio family; a fact that made people say how sad it was that yet another of these old families was doomed to die.

Sabina was an only child, and her cousins had no brother, so when their mother, Aunt Irmgard, wrote to say that she was bringing with her a distant male cousin, Sabina's father, the Count of Montecirio, was elated and dubious at the same time.

However, he knew a great deal about heraldry—it was his hobby. Indeed, you could say that his only occupation was reading the story of his family and tracing the progress of his ancestors through Italy's history and bloody wars.

He sat up late into the night consulting family trees and archives, until finally at lunch one day he placed in front of his wife an elegant little diagram which showed that the cousin was what he termed a co-lateral.

That is to say he stemmed from a marriage in the late eighteenth century between a Montecirio and a daughter of the Boscho Nero family of Milan, whose only child, a girl, had in the late eighteenth century married a Ceri of Parma, but had kept the Montecirio name.

Sabina's mother frowned majestically. She could trace her noble German ancestry back to the Crusaders. Her great-great-grandmother had been a Hesse... This, for her, was very small beer, indeed.

Kiki's dress for the ball turned out to be pale pink, diaphanous, and lovely. Bianca and Althea were to wear, respectively, green and blue.

Sabina, holding out her dress beside Kiki's clouds of chiffon, saw that hers was dowdy. It was scoop-necked, white satin, full-skirted, and the bodice, encrusted with pearl and silver embroidery, could stand alone. It enclosed her like a straitjacket, and the stiff under petticoat worried her ankles, only her arms felt free.

After they had looked at their dresses, Bianca and Althea and Kiki—who was round and tended to giggle—sat on the end of Sabina's bed and talked about Gherardo, the newly found cousin, late into the night.

"He's smashing!" they told Sabina. "You should see his eyelashes! They must be an inch and a half long at least, and thick. Of course, he's over thirty. Frightfully old for any of us."

They fell silent, thinking of his age regretfully. Yet at the same time they were aware that maturity has its attractions. How wonderful to be steered through the intricacies of dancing by an experienced dancer, instead of by a coltish boy who stamps on your toes, and then apologises!

May in Rome is summer at its softest and most glorious. It is everything green everywhere, bursting intensely into flower. It is crowds lounging, forgetful now of the bitter-

ness of winter, shouting across the narrow streets and filling the nights with noise. Weeds bloom in crevices on the housetops, and stately terraces are curtained with a kind of mauve wisteria fringe.

On the terrace of Sabina's house, which was an old palazzo, there were geraniums, but for the Ball these were supplemented by pots and pots of azaleas and hydrangeas, making it seem like a little thicket, almost a small wood.

On the morning of the Ball, too, gifts of flowers—roses, carnations, lilies—streamed in from distant relatives and friends. Sabina, instructed by her mother, went round and carefully detached the cards that went with them. Later on, when everything was over, she must sit down and write dull little notes of thanks.

In the meantime, the air in the old rooms was sweet and heavy with perfume. Men in shirtsleeves ran about setting up trestle tables and carrying trays of refreshments on their heads.

At seven in the evening, the hairdresser came and put up Sabina's straight, touchingly virginal hair and fixed it in place with many pins and half a bottle of spray. Then he did the same for Althea and Bianca. Kiki's was left down, for only Kiki had naturally curly hair.

P

PATIENT under the hands of the hairdresser, Sabina feigned indifference, but beneath a calm exterior she was nearly stifling with excitement. "Soon," she told herself, "I shall see him. Soon Gherardo will be here!"

Sabina's mother, an overweight Rhine maiden, in pale aquamarine satin, received guests at the head of the stairs. The Count, dark and short, stood by her. Sabina was near.

The first to arrive was Sabina's godmother, an intimidating lady of eighty-two. She was followed quickly by others, and soon dozens of people were flowing up the stairs. Ladies, bright as sunbeams, as summer flowers, as prisms shot through with light, they seemed in their brilliant colors, and each one accompanied by a darkly dressed gentleman, like a sober exclamation mark.

There seemed no end to the fresh arrivals. Sabina's fingers felt crushed by the pressure of so many hands. She wished now that it could be all over. She wished that she could be safely in bed.

Suddenly, her father was pulling gently at her elbow. "Allow me to present to you my daughter," he said to a gentleman standing by him, and then: "Sabina, this is our cousin, Gherardo Montecirio."

He spoke grandly, aware that he was being magnanimous in omitting the "dis-

tant."

Sabina, blindly, shook hands. She did not dare to raise her eyes, but she saw beautifully creased trousers, and shoes that were highly polished. How ever did Kiki discover his eyelashes were long, she wondered hopelessly.

When he moved away a moment later, she could see him more distinctly. He was not very tall, but he moved with assurance. He danced well, too, and was assiduous in paying court to the older ladies. After mother, he danced with Aunt Irmgard, then with an elderly great-aunt, and finally he led out Sabina's godmother in a cautious, trembling waltz. Then he turned his attention to Sabina.

But even if she was afraid to look up at him, now she could be sure of his charm. The hand that guided her as they danced together was in the right place.

For the first time in her life it occurred to her that dancing was thrilling, and not just one of those things, like tennis and riding, that one simply had to get through.

"What a crowd!" exclaimed Gherardo, who was perfectly easy. "Isn't there somewhere else where we could go?"

"The terrace," said Sabina in a low voice. She felt her happiness might snap like a thread if she spoke too loud. And the next minute they were standing behind the huge pots of azaleas, and Rome, noisy and brightly illuminated, lay at their feet.

"This is your very first ball?" Gherardo asked. Sabina nodded. She was speechless.

"Why, how very young you must be," Gherardo continued carelessly. And putting his arm round her shoulders, he drew her unbidden pink lips to his.

For a moment Sabina thought she must be fainting. The air swam in blackness. The lights of Rome went out.

Gherardo brushed her mouth with his, lightly, then sighed and let her go. "How incredible to be eighteen!" he exclaimed.

Sabina opened her eyes. Rome was illuminated again, and a little chill breeze was blowing. "I wish I wasn't!" she cried, hating her youth.

Gherardo laughed. "You adorable goose. You don't know how lucky you are. Everyone wants to be eighteen again. You make me feel old and done for."

"Oh, no!" Sabina said fervently. In her earnestness she looked at him closely. She trembled a little as she spoke.

For an answer, he kissed her again. "You're sweet," he said. "Sweet and unspoiled still. You give me hope."

"Hope?" she echoed. "Yes. That there are still a lot of sweet, unspoiled girls like you around."

"Sabina, you are neglecting your guests!" said a voice with a strong German accent sternly.

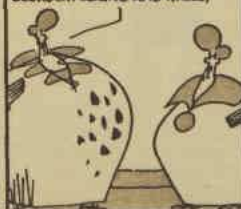
Sabina's Fraulein Schmidt

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

SO YOUR DAUGHTER PAINTED HER BEDROOM CEILING AND WALLS,



IS IT A GOOD COLOR SCHEME? NOT VERY,



BUT THE FLOOR HAS A WONDERFUL MOTTLED EFFECT!!!



VEAL HOTPOT WINS PRIZE

● A recipe for a delicious veal hotpot wins the £5 main prize this week for a N.S.W. reader.

THE tang of lemon and the crunchy texture of coconut combine to make an unusual sweet to serve warm or cold. This recipe wins a consolation prize of £1 for a Victorian reader.

All spoon measurements are level.

ITALIAN HOTPOT

One tablespoon oil, 1½ lb. veal chops, 1 stalk celery (chopped), 1 carrot (cut into rings), 1 onion (chopped), 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 clove garlic (crushed), 1 tomato (chopped), salt, pepper, 1 cup dry sherry, 2 teaspoons soy sauce, hot cooked rice, parsley.

Heat oil in pan, brown chops on both sides. Add celery, carrot, onion, parsley, and garlic. Cover, simmer in its own juices 10 minutes. Add sherry, seasoning, soy sauce, chopped tomato; stir well. Cover, cook another ½ hour or so until chops are tender, adding a little hot water or stock if necessary. Serve piping-hot on a bed of hot fluffy rice. Garnish with parsley.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. A. Langley, 2/216 William Street, Kings Cross, N.S.W.

LEMON CREAM CRUNCH

Crunch: Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, ½ cup stale

cakecrumbs, ½ cup plain flour, 1½ cups desiccated coconut.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar, add cakecrumbs, sifted flour, and coconut; mix well in. Use ½ of the mixture to cover base and sides of 9in. or 10in. pie-plate, pressing into shape with back of wooden spoon. Reserve remaining ½ for topping.

Filling: One pint milk, 1 cup sugar, pinch salt, 1-3rd cup arrow-root or cornflour, 2 eggs (beaten), ½ cup lemon juice, grated rind 1 lemon, 1 tablespoon butter.

Heat ¾ of the milk with sugar and salt in saucepan. Blend arrow-root with remainder of milk. Add to heated milk, stir over heat until thickened; simmer 2 minutes. Add beaten eggs, lemon juice, rind, and butter; simmer 1 minute longer. Pour into prepared shell, crumble over topping. Bake in moderate oven about 40 minutes. Serve hot or cold with custard or cream.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. P. Light, 16a Kerford Street, East Malvern, Vic.



ITALIAN HOTPOT wins £5. Recipe at left.

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HOME HINTS

● Readers win £1/1/- for each of these useful household hints.

WALL tiles remain glossy if you give them a thin coating of laundry starch after washing. Let it dry, then polish with a soft, dry cloth. — Miss H. Benn, 33 Beatrice St., Barndon, Brisbane.

★ ★ ★
If you have doors on your bookshelves, remember to leave them open periodically to allow books to air thoroughly. This will prevent books, especially leather-bound volumes, from becoming mildewed. — Mrs. F. Snell, 12 Norfolk Ave., Oakleigh, Vic.

★ ★ ★
Don't throw out left-over tea. It can be used in several ways. Soak prunes overnight in cold tea, then add juice of lemon, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, and simmer until tender. Try adding 1 cup cold tea to a steamed fruit pudding mixture for a delicious flavor. — Mrs. G. Stunden, 43 Mary St., Grafton, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
Cut a slot in a large sponge and use it as a pocket for small pieces of soap—ideal for the bath. — Mrs. Mack Young, 54 Hanley Lane, Gundagai, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
Fold bath towels twice, then roll sausage fashion—you will find when you stack them in your cupboard that they will take up less space. — Miss M. Edwards, P.O. Box 35, Wembley, W.A.

★ ★ ★
To give a Continental flavor to grilled steak, sprinkle it with a few drops of claret and a little ground ginger. Grill quickly and serve with a little butter and a sprinkling of salt. — Mrs. F. Amos, 4/82 Millswyn St., South Yarra, Vic.

★ ★ ★
In summer when washing children's cotton socks in the washing-machine, pin each pair together with a safety pin. This saves a search for missing socks. — Mrs. J. Trevitt, "Sandon," Uralla, N.S.W.

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3' mattress £12 19 6 Matching Boxspring £12 19 6



SIMMONS "SLEEP KING"

with 264 exclusive "King-rest" coils

3' mattress (illus.) £17 0 0 Matching Boxspring £17 0 0
4' 6" mattress £21 10 0 Matching Boxspring £21 10 0



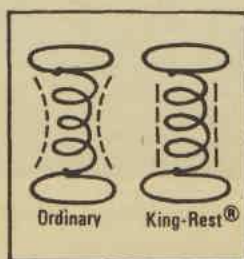
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3' mattress (illus.) £19 10 0 Matching Boxspring £18 10 0
4' 6" mattress £24 10 0 Matching Boxspring £22 10 0

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HERE'S WHY "KING REST"® COILS GIVE MORE COMFORT!



Simmons team of scientific sleep research experts have revolutionized mattresses with this entirely new coil construction. "King Rest"® coils are designed to give you more comfort plus 27% greater load carrying capacity and double mattress life. Compare "King Rest"® with ordinary coils. Ordinary Coil (illus. left). Notice how every twist in the coil is similar in proportion. When you lie on an ordinary mattress the coil is pressed down completely, each twist has a steady pressure so the coil sags right down. Constant

WHY YOUR MATTRESS NEEDS A BOXSPRING

A Simmons boxspring is as necessary to a mattress as underfelt under a carpet. You have double coil support to give double sleeping comfort. And a boxspring saves you money . . . because your mattress lasts longer. Don't ruin your mattress with an old-fashioned base.



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4' 6" mattress	£27 10 0	Matching Boxspring	£24 10 0
3' mattress	£22 0 0	Matching Boxspring	£19 10 0



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with 312 exclusive "King Rest" coils

3' mattress (illus.)	£25 10 0	Matching Boxspring	£22 0 0
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with 312 exclusive "King Rest" coils

3' mattress (illus.)	£27 10 0	Matching Boxspring	£24 0 0
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Prices slightly higher in some areas

pressure like this means that coils that carry the heaviest part of your body sag under the load and don't spring back into place.

"King Rest"® Coils (illus. right) are designed so that only the first two twists of the coil at top and bottom give under body weight. The centre of the coil is tensioned and balanced for extra stability. This is why you sleep so comfortably. "King Rest"® coils adjust quickly to your body weight and then firm-up to support you evenly. "King Rest"® coils don't sag under your weight, they give 27% greater load carrying capacity and double mattress life.

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Simmons also make Beautyrest—the finest mattress made.

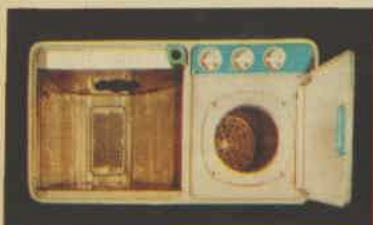
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THE GOLDEN CHRYSALIS

had stepped out on to the terrace, too. The delicious tete-a-tete was over. But Gherardo gave Sabina a smile of conspiracy. She returned it, glowing all over, and then, like an obedient child, went in.

They had one more dance together before the evening ended. Now the touch of Gherardo's hands had a deeper meaning. Once he danced her into a gloomy little ante-room and kissed her again.

It was dawn before all the guests had departed. Tumbling into bed, Sabina could not sleep. It had happened. This marvellous thing that the girls at Le Chateau had talked about endlessly had happened. Sabina wanted to shout out loudly that she was in love.

"Don't you think that Gherardo is just absolutely and tremendously attractive?" Kiki was in Sabina's room next morning. They were drinking their coffee and milk together. It was round about twelve.

"He's all right, I suppose. Nothing very special," said cunning Sabina.

Never before had she had a secret from Kiki, who was her favorite cousin, but now a new distrustfulness made her afraid. She saw a different Kiki, a different Bianca, a different Althea. They were potential rivals. With their noisy admiration of their cousin they could steal him

from her. From now on, Sabina could see, she must keep her own secrets.

The cousins left later that day.

Gherardo did not telephone, as Sabina hoped he would do, but he sent some flowers. A sweet tight bunch of gardenias tied up with white ribbon and a card which said: "An unforgettable evening. Thank you, dear little Sabina, for everything. Ever yours, Gherardo."

Sabina resolved that she would put one of the flowers, dried, as well as the card and the ribbon, into a leather box she had marked "Treasures."

IN the meantime, in the evening, under her mother's direction, she settled down to write her "thank-you" notes. She had finished them all when she picked up Gherardo's card. "What about this?" she asked artfully. "I don't know his address."

"He's staying at the Grand," said her mother. "Send a note there." So she wrote a formal little message, and then when her mother moved away, for she had been looking over her shoulder, added: "Please, please telephone me!"

He must have lifted the receiver the moment her message reached him, for the following day at half-past-eight in the morning Signorina Sabina was wanted on the telephone. She flew along

to the old nursery to take the call on the extension, kneeling on the floor by the bookcase full of her school books that smelled of ink.

"You see how obedient I am?" said Gherardo, in his attractive way.

"When can we meet?" demanded Sabina, who had not yet learned to be subtle.

"Oh, soon, I hope," he returned.

"Today, then?"

"Alas, no. I'm leaving Rome this afternoon, but I'll be back before long."

This was a blow. Tears of vexation stood in Sabina's eyes, blurring her sight. She wiped them away and said quickly: "When?"

"In a week or two," returned Gherardo.

"Will you telephone me then?"

"Of course I will. We'll do something together. We'll go to the Zoo."

"You promise?"

"I promise."

All that week, indeed for the next two weeks, Sabina's mood was beatific. Her mother had never known her so tractable and pretty, and even Fraulein, who had been against the whole idea of Paris, admitted that it had done Sabina good.

Then began a period of waiting. Waiting for the telephone to ring. Hurrying back from luncheon parties, from dressmaker's fittings, from shopping with her mother, with the same question always on her lips. "Was there a telephone call for me?"

The butler, Saverio, who guessed a thing or two, started to look at Sabina queerly. Her disappointment took on a sharper edge. At the same time, "I must be careful, or he'll say something to Mama," she told herself fearfully.

One day when Sabina and her mother were shopping in Via Condotti, Sabina heard herself say: "Have you had any news of Cousin Gherardo?" She blurted it out, twisting her hands in her pockets nervously to prevent herself blushing, and staring straight ahead so she did not have to meet her mother's eye.

The Countess stiffened, and her voice grew icy. "I think we shall not be hearing from him again," she replied, then she changed the subject quickly to handbags and scarves, gloves and shoes.

Sabina grew paler, then she caught a cold at a dance and started to cough a little.

Left at home one day to nurse her cold, she went into her father's study when both her parents were out. She looked through his correspondence, praying that she would find some address for Gherardo. There were bills and the usual invitations, and a long letter from Aunt Irmgard saying what fun the Ball had been.

Then Sabina caught sight of the little family tree that her father had shown to her mother. But it had been altered. Several things had been scratched out. Sabina studied it. Gherardo, it seemed, was not what her father had believed him to be. Instead he was descended from an illegitimate son of Achille Montecitorio, who died in nineteenth-century-and-three.

Sabina shivered. These things, she had been taught to believe, mattered. She sent a message that she did not want any dinner that evening, and went to bed. She buried her face in the pillow and said to herself: "Oh, what shall I do, what shall I do?"

When Fraulein Schmidt brought her a horrid concoction

of camomile tea and honey, she refused to take it and burst into tears.

Next day, her mother spoke to her father. She was seriously worried. Sabina's cough and her low spirits — were these the first symptoms of something more grave? It was unfortunate if she had to leave Rome in this season, and miss all the parties, but health was the first consideration.

Her father talked of the mountains, her mother pressed for the sea. Sabina cut short the discussion by begging to be allowed to go and stay with her cousins near Florence. It seemed a reasonable enough request, her parents agreed.

Sabina arrived in Florence late one evening. Kiki, Althea, and Bianca, jostling one another like plump puppies, came to the station to meet her. They pounced on her luggage and then ran with it out of the station, and whirled her off in the family car to their house, which was in the country about five miles away.

It was an old house, big, chilly, and handsome, with green plants in the damp courtyard, and a wild garden, half weeds, half trees.

But Aunt Irmgard's ideas were breezy and modern. Too modern, Sabina's father sometimes said. She liked her girls to run wild in the summer and just be healthy. So they played cards or knitted when the day was hottest, and bicycled up and down the drive, and round and round the weed-grown flower plots when it grew cool.

But in the autumn they would all go back to Rome, and Althea and Bianca would study languages, Kiki perhaps, too. Aunt Irmgard believed that girls should be capable of earning their own living.

To Sabina, it seemed that at her Aunt Irmgard's, she breathed freer air. In this house, where all things in reason were permitted, meetings between cousins, even if their ancestry was dubious, might be allowed. She felt a little ashamed of such devious thinking, but excited and hopeful as well.

AUNT IRMGARD found that Sabina looked pretty, but far too pale. She said as much at dinner. She said: "We must blow some roses into those pale cheeks." And even her voice as she spoke was cheerfully gassy. Sabina felt like a leaf in a bracing wind. "I don't know how your father and mother live the life they do," Aunt Irmgard continued. "All that society business and all that formality. It would kill me in a week, I do assure you." She broke off and helped herself liberally to spaghetti.

"Here we have our friends around us," she went on. "I know that many of them would not pass muster with your mother, but we have our fun all right."

That evening when she went to bed in her big brass four-poster, Sabina forgot to cough. In the morning, the cousins were up early. They left the doors open and ran in and out of the bedrooms calling to one another as they dressed. Then they all rushed in to wake up Sabina.

"Do you know you've come to stay at the right moment?" cried Bianca.

And Kiki almost shouted: "We're going to a wedding. Hooray!"

"When?" asked Sabina. "Why, this morning. This morning as ever is," said the cousins. "We didn't tell you about it last night, as we wanted it to be a surprise."

"But I haven't anything to wear for a wedding," Sabina protested. Her thought flew back to the dresses made by Madame Clotilde. All the

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To page 54

Page 51

AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting March 10.

- ARIES**
MAR. 21—APR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 5.
* Gambling colors, white, blue.
* Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
- TAURUS**
APR. 21—MAY 20
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, orange, red.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.
- GEMINI**
MAY 21—JUNE 21
* Lucky number this week, 8.
* Gambling colors, pink, black.
* Lucky days, Wed., Monday.
- CANCER**
JUNE 22—JULY 22
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, rose, yellow.
* Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
- LEO**
JULY 23—AUG. 22
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, black, jade.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.
- VIRGO**
AUG. 23—SEPT. 22
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, tricolors.
* Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
- LIBRA**
SEPT. 23—OCT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 1.
* Gambling colors, violet, grey.
* Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
- SCORPIO**
OCT. 24—NOV. 22
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, red, gold.
* Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
- SAGITTARIUS**
NOV. 23—DEC. 20
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gambling colors, green, tan.
* Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
- CAPRICORN**
DEC. 21—JAN. 19
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, blue, blue.
* Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.
- AQUARIUS**
JAN. 20—FEB. 19
* Lucky number this week, 8.
* Gambling colors, black, brown.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.
- PISCES**
FEB. 20—MAR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, silver, red.
* Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' inquiries about their interesting antiques.

THIS old gilt clock (pictured at right) belonged to my grandparents, who came to Australia from England many years ago. It is in a poor state of repair, and I would like you to tell me if you think it would be worth putting in working order again, and also having it regilded? — Mrs. A. Cashmore, Melbourne.

Your gilt metal clock under a glass dome is French.

It would have been made during the latter half of the 19th century, probably

about 1870. It is worth repairing, but I do not approve of the idea of regilding the clock unless it is in very poor condition, which is not apparent by the photograph.

Perhaps it needs only a special cleaning to restore its appearance. This can be ascertained on examination by an expert.

The clock is both of aesthetic and intrinsic worth, but I cannot give its monetary value because a great deal depends on the condition of the mechanism. I suggest taking it to a reputable jeweller who specialises in clocks.



● 19th-century French clock



● Medicine spoon

I LOVE collecting interesting silver spoons and I am wondering if I am right in thinking that this intriguing old tablespoon was designed as a "moustache protector" soup spoon. — Mrs. Cook Rudwick, Roseville, N.S.W.

No. It is not a moustache spoon but a medicine or castor oil spoon. The partly covered section was introduced to prevent unpleasant medicinal odors from reaching the nostrils. Such spoons are not uncommon. Yours was made of English electro-plate by Walker & Hall between 1890 and 1900.



● Shaving mug

COULD you tell me something about an old squat silver vessel which we have used in our family for many years as an attractive container for flowers? It has an ornamental handle and raised floral motifs on the sides. On the base there is a circle with the wording quadruple plate and also the number 991. The only cleaning it needs to obtain a lovely gleam is washing in warm soapy water. — C. Jenkin, Glenelg, South Australia.

It is an American quadruple plate on britannia metal shaving mug and would have been made in the late Victorian era — probably about 1880.

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new dresses with their head and sequin trimming left behind in Rome. With her she had only one or two of the plainest.

"That's all right. We'll find you something," they cried.

Bianca went out of the room and came back carrying a flowered silk dress of Althea's. She held it out.

"That's perfect for Sabina," said Althea fervently. "Try it on."

It was not at all bad. The colors suited Sabina's delicate features. Sabina's shining hair a great straw hat. The whole effect was unusual but very striking.

"If Gherardo sees Sabina, he'll fall in love with her," said Bianca innocently.

"Gherardo?" Sabina repeated, "Will he be there?" The words were out before she could stop them.

"I should say he will be there!" exclaimed Kiki, laughing. "After all, it's his wedding."

"Oh, I see," said Sabina in a soft shocked voice. But inside her something painful and wounded was bleeding. Oh, Gherardo, why couldn't it be me? Oh, Gherardo, my love, my love!

"You've gone awfully red," said Kiki looking at her face closely.

Fear of being discovered and fear of the teasing that might follow had suddenly given Sabina a vivid color. To hide her emotion, she pretended to have a violent coughing fit. "Oh, dear!" she said between gasps. "It's this cough that keeps hanging on. I've had it for ages. That's why Mama was so anxious that I should go away."

The cousins looked at her sympathetically. After a minute or so they went back to their rooms to get ready.

Continued from page 51

THE GOLDEN CHRYSALIS

Sabina, Oh, heavens, I wish that I could die now. Tears filled her eyes. She coughed a little. She thought, perhaps I shall . . .

It would be this way perhaps. The cough increases, now Sabina coughs up blood. She remains incredibly beautiful, for she is really dying of a broken heart. Her parents are frantic with remorse. "Anything," they say. "Anything you wish for, you only have to tell us."

"Yes," says Sabina, speaking faintly. "I want to see Gherardo again."

He comes, he kneels at her bedside, his voice is broken with tears. "Oh, my darling, my Sabina, forgive me. I had pledged my word

to marry, I had to go on. But all the time you haunted me. I could not get you out of my mind. Now my wife has been killed in a car crash, and I am free."

And Sabina, very gently, angelically says: "It's too late—"

"Let me stay with you." Gherardo is still kneeling. Sabina's breathing becomes fainter. At dawn, the sun, as it rises, shines on Sabina's dead face . . .

Sabina sniffed, and felt for a handkerchief. Without saying a word, the silent young man held one out to her. It was beautifully folded. Sabina took it and blew her nose.

Gherardo does not survive Sabina for very long. He goes about his

business, of course, but quite without interest. Somehow the spring has gone . . .

"They're coming!" cried Bianca, on tiptoe. Kiki bounced excitedly up and down. And sure enough the bride and her bridegroom had turned away from the altar and were coming down the chancel steps.

I shall have to face him now. Oh, heavens, thought Sabina, nervously pressing her hands together. Then she raised her eyes slowly.

Gherardo looked both insignificant and uneasy. He was much shorter than she had remembered, and he had an uncertain, slightly silly smile. The bride was self-conscious and dowdy. Ah, in this

harassed, much married-looking man there was nothing of the hero of Sabina's imagination, nothing at all of the Gherardo she had dreamed.

She was not in love, and never had been. Suddenly she saw it, and the relief nearly made her laugh out loud. Happiness bubbled up inside her. She was not tubercular and she was not dying. She had the remains of a cough that some of Fraulein's syrup, of which she had two bottles in her suitcase, could cure in a day. Reprieved, and it was June, and she was staying with her cousins, where life was fun and ideas were unrestricted.

She stole a look at her silent neighbor. He was very attractive, she decided, in a reserved, distinguished way . . .

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FROM THE BIBLE

● *The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever.*

— Psalms 19:7-9.

Left to herself, Sabina sat down, leaning her elbows on the dressing table. "I can't go on," she said out loud. "I'll die if I have to go." She paused, and took her hands away from her eyes, where in her anguish she had pressed them. Suddenly, she caught sight of her face in the looking-glass. The schoolgirl had disappeared. She was pale now, but certainly beautiful. The soft green of the hat did something wonderful to her eyes. She looked at herself almost in wonder.

To go to this wedding would be an exquisite torture, a refinement of suffering, like pressing one's finger into a sore. At the same time, Sabina was not averse to presenting this new Sabina—this striking looking girl with all the usual hesitations shed away.

They were all dressed and waiting in the hallway. "We'll have to go in two cars so we don't get crumpled," said Aunt Irmgard to Kiki. "Bianca and Althea can come with me, and you and Sabina can go with Signora Lodi. Signora Lodi," she added for Sabina's benefit, "is a very dear friend."

"Oh, lucky, lucky you, Sabina!" exclaimed Bianca. "Signora Lodi has a blissful son!"

Signora Lodi arrived in a huge American car, bringing Stefano, her son, who Sabina could not agree was blissful, and a slender, silent young man. Kiki took charge of Stefano. Through the mist of her misery Sabina was faintly aware that the slender young man was good-looking. He stuck to her like a shadow. There was some comfort in that, anyway.

They arrived late at the church, the ceremony had started. Two figures, one black and shortish and one tall and vaporous and visionary, knelt at the altar rail. Soon he will turn and I will see him, thought



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I agreed. She was too brushed up, too bright, too expectant. She was Martha Blake, but we saw no more of her then because Bill and Marjorie Yang came along with their house guest, who was headed back to New York; and we joined the group to say goodbye.

Marjorie Yang had brought along a small bouquet of wild roses, and she explained that if the house guest threw the flowers into the water during the trip back to the mainland tradition had it that he would return to the island one day. The poor fellow looked as if he felt a little silly going aboard the mail boat, bouquet in hand, but he bore up under it and we all saw him heave the flowers overboard once the boat had cleared the strait.

The crowd at the wharf dissipated. Sam went back to his house to work on one of his magnificent

Continued from page 29

landscapes. I waited outside the post office until the mail was sorted. There was nothing for me, nor had I expected that there would be. But as I walked back to the house it came to me for the first time that I was indeed, and at last, alone.

Marian, who had been my wife, was dead. I had accepted this fact with shock but without question. A car accident, an inquest, a funeral, the solemn condolences of friends, the insurance form to sign . . . none of these had touched me with the impact of this one simple fact: There was no mail for me and there would be no mail — no hysterical postcards, no long, amusing letters, no peremptory notes. Now only silence. I sat on the porch for a

time and thought about this. Then I went for a walk.

My favorite walk was out to the headland of the island, where you can watch the Atlantic swells a hundred feet below end their journey against the upthrust of grey rock. There is a sense of isolation there on the headland; at the time, it suited my mood. I sat and watched a fog bank moving in, obscuring sea and sky alike. It was there that I first met Martha.

She had changed her clothes since her arrival. She wore slacks now and a bulky, hand-knit sweater, but she still gave that brushed-up impression that both Sam and I had noted. Perhaps she always would. There was about her a deli-

cacy, not of physique but of line — as if she had been composed, as Sam put it later, by the fine brush of a Japanese painter. I am an architect, not a painter, but I must accept and endorse Sam's imagery.

She smiled at me and said hello, and then she walked right to the edge of the cliff and stood there looking down. Even now I cannot say what it was that made me uneasy. I have no particular fear of heights, and many times I had stood as close to the edge as she was standing. But do you know the feeling when you see the matador go in over the horns for the kill and you don't want to watch but cannot turn your head away?

I said, "If you're thinking of

jumping, at least wait till I've gone."

She turned slowly, almost as if she had forgotten that I was there.

"I was kidding," I said. Was I?

She nodded then. "Do you have a cigarette?"

I gave her a cigarette and lit it for her. She thanked me, and walked again to the edge and sat down, facing the sea and the incoming fog, her back to me and her legs dangling free.

"Look," I said, "you make me uncomfortable."

She did not even turn her head.

"You could leave."

"I could, but I won't."

It was a ridiculous tableau. There was this girl sitting on the edge of a cliff; there was I perched on a flat rock ten feet behind her; there was the fog rolling in, and a solitary gull wheeling and screaming. Over on the point the foghorn started up. The girl turned her head toward the sound.

"It's a protest against your sitting there," I said. "The Coast Guard turned it on."

"Please go away."

"I was here first. And," I said, "you're smoking my cigarette, and that gives me a claim on you. Also I'm a taxpayer and part of my tax money supports the Coast Guard, and if they have to bring a small boat around to the foot of this cliff just because you . . ." I had her arm then. I said, "Don't make me feel any sillier than I do."

The foghorn bellowed, and the gull wheeled and screamed, and the first wisps of fog reached us there on the headland. A hundred feet beneath us a swell broke into foam against the rocks.

I HELD her arm and she watched me quietly. I led her back a few feet, still holding her arm.

"I'm sorry," I said.

"It doesn't matter."

"I'll walk you back to the village."

"Thank you."

She was staying at the hotel. We did not speak at all during the walk. The fog caught up with us and blotted out all the landmarks, but the path was familiar to me. Once she stumbled and after that she took my arm, but, as I said, we did not speak until we reached the hotel steps. There in the faint light that filtered down from the porch she said, "You've assumed the obligation." She smiled slightly. "The Chinese say that when someone saves another's life the obligation is on him, not on the one who was saved."

"You're making it worse and worse."

"I'm unlucky."

"And that is nonsense, pure and simple."

"Remember," she said, "I warned you." She was gone then, up the steps, into the hotel.

Sam Potter came around after dinner that night. We played some chess and then sat in front of the fire with a drink. He said, "How goes it?"

He was referring to Marian, of course—or, rather, to the fact that there was no Marian any more. I have known Sam for a long while. "It marches," I said. He merely glanced at me and nodded, and the subject was finished. It was then that I told him about the girl out on the headland.

He didn't laugh, as I had expected he would. Instead he said, "I think somebody put a wanga on her." A wanga is a voodoo spell. "You missed too many ships in Haiti," I said. "I told you the whole thing was silly."

"But you were scared she would jump."

"Embarrassed is the word. Now let's forget it."

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Notice to Contributors

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GARDENS AT THE SEASIDE



TALL FENCE keeps salt spray from "burning" the flowers in Mr. and Mrs. F. Marshall's very successful garden on the sea-front at Narrabeen, N.S.W. A lot of work and care has gone into it all.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 155

By R. H. ANDERSON

● Making a garden at the seaside is a challenge to anyone. It can be done well, and I know of one garden, right on the ocean's edge, where more than 200 species are being successfully grown.

COASTLINE gardening has its special problems, as conditions are generally unfavorable for ordinary methods and most plants.

Close to the sea the plants may sometimes be drenched with salt spray and blasted with sand, and in addition they contend with poor sandy soil which has too much salt and lime. Young growth is especially susceptible to salt and wind, and often the homeowner gives up the seemingly unequal battle.

Here and there, however, even in the most exposed situations, one notices attractive gardens of unusual character perched practically on the sea-front or cliff-face, subjected more or less constantly to wind and spray.

These teach the lesson that there is no need to be disheartened if you are prepared to modify ordinary methods, to be careful in choosing plants, and, of course, to provide the necessary hard work.

First of all, bear in mind that anything that will break the wind sets the cornerstone of success.

Plants will take advantage of any shelter offered. Solid fences or ones made of tea-tree or brushwood give wonderful protection, but don't allow them to interfere with worthwhile views or clash with the garden design.

Another way is to build a front-line defence of trees and shrubs that are

able to withstand the worst conditions. Once these are established, other plants can be grown in their shelter.

Where the land slopes abruptly to the sea, such protection is best provided at the higher levels near the house, allowing the development of an interesting garden close to the dwelling.

The lower slopes can be left to rugged ground-cover and hardy herbaceous or shrubby plants.

For the first line of trees I suggest *Metrosideros excelsa* (New Zealand Christmas Tree), *Pittosporum crassifolium*, *Pittosporum tobira*, *Pinus pinaster* (Cluster Pine), and, of course, *Araucaria heterophylla* (Norfolk Island Pine) where a tall tree is required.

The most resistant shrubs include: *Coprosma repens* (Looking-glass Plant), *Westringia fruticosa*, *Tamarix pentandra*, and *Raphiolepis umbellata*. *Acacia longifolia* (Sydney Golden Wattle) can also be grown as a small tree or shrub.

Because coastline soils are so sandy, put in as much organic matter as possible.

This can take the form of animal manures, compost, tanbark, spent hops, lawn clippings, or even seaweed from which the salt has been hosed.

Some people go to the length of removing the sand to a depth of 18 in., providing a false bottom of old bricks,

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 156

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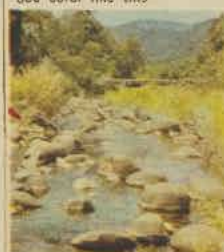
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KH179

MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

CORNER of a sandy sea-front garden at Coogee, N.S.W. Plants, from left, are *Gazania rigens*, *Limonium arborescens*, *Euonymus japonicus*, and *Coprosma repens*. "Picturata."



CLOSE-UP of *Limonium arborescens* (formerly called *Statice*; common name, *Sea Lettuce*). It puts up a good fight against adverse seaside conditions and is one of the more reliable plants.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 157

tin, or even newspapers, and filling in with good garden loam.

This is too expensive and troublesome for most gardeners, and is not really necessary provided fertilisers are added regularly at fairly short intervals.

One of the most successful gardeners I have known under difficult seaside conditions has used pieces of rock to cover the soil as completely as possible.

The stones hold the sandy soil in position and act as a mulch in retaining moisture. The plants are in open places surrounded by stones.

In maintenance, the two most important things are watering and fertilising.

It is necessary not only to provide moisture for the plants but also to wash off any salt deposits on the foliage which have accumulated from the sea breezes. Hosing down the plants is particularly important immediately after heavy storms, for the spray could burn them badly.

Because of the frequent watering in such gardens, it is necessary to replace the plant foods which have been leached out. One of the main essentials for seaside gardens is the frequent application of a good general fertiliser, the golden rule being a little and often.

Add fertiliser to the plants every two weeks or so in spring and autumn, a little less often in summer, and practically none in winter except for winter-growing plants.

Here is a list of trees, shrubs, herbaceous plants, ground-cover plants, and annuals suitable for seaside planting, apart from those already given:

TREES

Casuarina equisetifolia (Coast She-oak), *Lagunaria patersonia* (Norfolk Island Hibiscus), *Corynocarpus*.

SHRUBS

Hebe speciosa (Blue Gem, previously known as *Veronica*), *Euonymus japonicus*, *Phoridium tenax* (New Zealand Flax), *Elaeagnus pungens*, *Podalyria sericea*, *Melaleuca hypericifolia*, *Carissa spectabilis*, *Hydrangeas*.

Somewhat less hardy shrubs, requiring a little protection and therefore suitable for second-line planting, include: *Spartium junceum*, *Leptospermum laevigatum*, *Melaleuca armillaris*, *Eriostemon myoporoides*, *Hibiscus*, *Feijoa sellowiana*, *Escallonia*, *Buddleia* species, *Lavandula*, and *Citrus*.

Oleanders don't mind wind, but are apt to burn badly from spray, and therefore are relegated to the second-line.

PERENNIALS

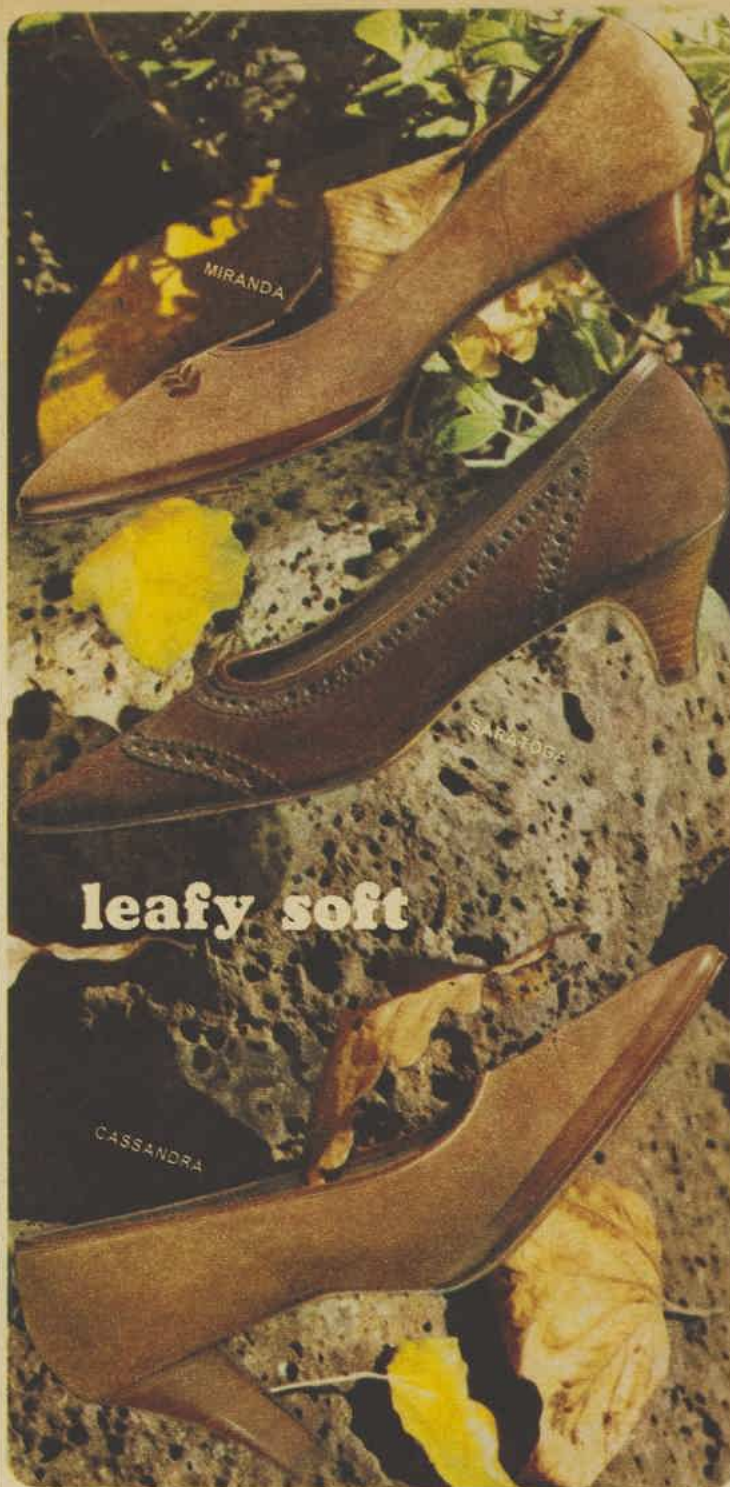
Low-growing plants are most useful, as they are not so affected by windy conditions. *Pelargoniums* and *Geraniums* are indispensable. *Dimorphothecas* and *Gazanias* are heady and colorful. *Clivias*, *Agapanthus*, and *Vallota Lilies* are readily grown.

Many succulents, including *Euphorbias* and *Stapelia*, are very reliable. *Anigozanthus flavidus* (one of the Kangaroo Paws) and *Acanthus mollis* (Oyster Plant) add a touch of variety.

Limonium (formerly known as *Statice*) is most useful in the seaside garden. Carnations and other species of *Dianthus* are grown with little difficulty, and bulbs such as *Jonquils* and *Snowflakes* and annuals like *Petunias* and *Antirrhinums* complete the garden picture.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 158

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Continued from page 55

THE ISLAND

Sometime during the night the wind shifted. I awakened with an uneasy feeling that I could not understand for a few moments. And then I did—the foghorn had stopped. Sudden silence can be every bit as startling as sudden sound. The night was clear; the stars in the black sky glittered like jewels. Distantly I could hear the rhythmic mutter of waves breaking, and I remember smiling to myself when I thought of that ridiculous episode with the girl. I went back to sleep.

It was the fire siren that awakened me the second time. It was still dark and clear, but from the bedroom window I could see the small red glow beyond the hotel. Then as I watched, a small

tree went up like a torch, and I could see figures running and hear shouts. I turned away to throw on some clothes, because the island is small and isolated; when an emergency arises, everyone falls to.

Henry Sims was more or less in charge by the time I arrived. Henry is a lobsterman—a bull of a man with a stentorian voice. Small hoses had been rigged, and a bucket brigade was forming under Henry's bellowing. I took my place in it, passing with one hand a full pail forward and with the other an empty pail back.

Morris Kastner was in front of me in the line and Bill Yang was there, and Sam came grunting up and moved in beside me and began

to swear monotonously as we passed the pails back and forth. Once I heard him say, or I thought I heard him say, that the ti-fi should have kept her wanga to herself, but when I turned to look at him all he said was, "Eyes on the buckets, boy." And in truth we were too busy in that half hour or so even for random thoughts.

In the end, the shed behind the store was totally destroyed and a few trees were gone, but the store itself and the house next door were merely scorched. It was a close thing, though, and when the crisis was over and the bucket brigade no longer needed we all stood around talking with that feeling of camaraderie that comes from sharing an emergency. I could think only of a sudden wind shift that had cleared away the fog, and wonder what might have happened if the sea breeze had held and driven the sparks and flames into the heart of the village.

The consensus, stated with some profanity in Henry Sims' loud voice, was that the fire must have started in that triple-damned generator that gave the store electric lights and electric refrigeration. It was one of only two generators on the island. Henry said that he, for one, was just as happy it was gone, because although he didn't mind the sound of an engine when he was out in his lobster boat, when he came ashore he liked his peace and quiet.

Somebody produced a bottle, and we had a drink and then scattered to our houses for what was left of the night. I looked for Sam before I left, but he had already disappeared. I am not sure precisely what I had in mind to say to him, but I did want to make sure that he did not spread around that silly business about a wanga, even though, of course, nobody would take it seriously.

THE morning was bright and clear—altogether a day on which it was good to be alive. The truth of the matter was, I think, that from that moment at the post office the day before I had begun to accept a life alone. I do not know how to explain it more fully than that. I had known perfectly well that Marian was gone—finally, irrevocably gone; and yet, perhaps I had not believed it.

Death is never easy to believe. If Marian, alive and whole, had been waiting in the apartment when I returned from her funeral, I do not think my immediate reaction would have been shock. I think it would have taken a moment or two for conscious realisation to break through the habit of believing her alive. Somehow yesterday's episode, the mere fact of no mail, had changed all this, and the result was a feeling almost of relief—not that Marian was dead but that at last I realised precisely where I stood.

After breakfast I tidied up the house, and then strolled down to the store to survey the fire damage and exchange gossip with whoever might already be there. On the way I had to pass the hotel. Martha Blake was waiting on the hotel porch; she wore mustard-colored Capri pants and a blue-green short-sleeved blouse knotted at the waist—suitably dressed for St. Tropez, perhaps, but not for the island. "I've been waiting for you," she said.

"Well," I said, "if I'd known that..." But I couldn't finish. Any ending would have been too flippant, and, despite the Capri pants and the bare midriff, she was in no mood for flippancy. Her eyes were the trusting eyes of a child with a broken doll holding out the pieces, confident that the damage would be miraculously repaired. I said, "There was some excitement last night, and I slept late."

She stood now at the top of the porch steps. "Will you take a walk with me?"

"I'm on my way down to the village," I said. But the pieces of the broken doll were too obviously extended. "All right," I said, "Let's walk."

To page 62



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So we retraced the path we had taken last evening, but in bright sunlight now instead of fog. We came out on the headland. The sea was blue this morning instead of yesterday's grey. I stopped by the flat rock. "We sit here," I said. "Not on the edge."

When we were seated I gave her a cigarette and held a light for her. It was then, as she bent toward the flame, her hand holding the cigarette to her lips, that I saw the faint white line of a scar on the inside of her wrist.

"I had a dream," she said. "Do you believe in dreams?"

"That all depends," I said.

"It awakened me. The night was black and still and horrible. It was . . . empty. The fog was gone."

"The wind shifted," I said. "It blew the fog away and the foghorn stopped. It awakened me, too."

"But then I heard screams," she said. "And there were shadows on the wall. They were red—"

"The store generator

Continued from page 60

caught fire, and the screams you heard were shouts. That was all."

She was silent for a moment, staring out to sea. "Were you there?" she said.

"Yes. And a lot of other people, too." I told her about Morris Kastner, and about Henry Sims and Bill Yang, and about Sam's swearing monotonously in three languages. I tried to make it light and amusing; she listened, her eyes on my face.

She finished the cigarette and carefully ground it out. "I told you I was unlucky."

"So you did," I said. "But your dreams didn't make the generator catch fire, they didn't cause the wind to shift, and they didn't stop the foghorn." I had the feeling that I was talking to myself, and I wanted to reach her. I took her hand and turned it over, palm up. I traced the faint white scar with my finger. "What's this?"

THE ISLAND

She was silent.

"Did you do it?"

Still silence.

"You asked me to walk with you," I said. "Doesn't that give me some kind of claim?"

"I did it," she said. "With a razor blade." She said no more.

So she had tried suicide once and failed. And yesterday? I thought. What about then?

HER hand still lay in mine. Her eyes were on my face and she seemed to be waiting. "Well," I said, "we came for a walk. Let's be about it." I remembered that I smiled at her as I stood up. I remember, too, her answering smile; it was real, whereas mine had been false. I kept her hand in mine as we walked.

I know the island well,

every path, every spring, every hill — information accumulated while I was doing a sketchbook of line drawings of the island's flora — the sketchbook Marian donated to the island library. As Martha Blake and I walked I chose paths that led us away from the sea.

We left the area of rock and low brush and came into the evergreens — a forest in miniature with a carpet of needles soft beneath our feet, and ferns scattered here and there in the golden light that filtered down through the branches. There is a cathedral hush here, and the slim, vertical lines of the tree trunks lend a Gothic touch.

We stopped, and sat on a fallen log to rest.

"It's lovely," she said at last.

"Peaceful?"

She looked at me and hesitated; then she smiled and nodded.

"You know," I said, "I don't even know your name. Mine is Rod Parsona."

"Martha Blake." And we shook hands gravely and said how-do-you-do, and then got up and walked on.

Three or four times we came to branching paths that would have taken us back to the village. At one of these I stopped and asked if she was tired; she was not, so we went on. I do not want to give the impression that I was playing Good Samaritan; I was not. I had been touched by her appeal back at the hotel and I had been affected by that faint white line on her wrist; but the fact of the matter was that I enjoyed walking and she was a pleasant companion, and there was no more to it than that. We made a large circle, past the old mill and the fresh-water pond where the gulls come to bathe, and came at last into the village from the far side.

The mail boat had come and gone, and the crowd had broken up and gone their various ways. I went into the post office to pick up a newspaper, and when I came out Sam Potter was standing talking to Martha.

Sam was saying, "The water is cold, which is why the lobsters are good." And then, to me: "Question of swimming." He shivered.

I said, because by now Sam would have collected all the gossip, "Was it the generator that started the fire?"

"So they say." He had had his noonday break; now back to work. "Take care," he said, and walked off.

"You know him?" I said.

"We met. In Haiti."

I did not pursue it. We walked back toward the hotel. At the store we stopped to look at the blackened ruins of the shed that had housed the generator.

"This is what caused the shouting and the shadows on your wall," I said. I looked down at Martha, and she nodded.

The wood ashes were still damp and pungent, and I remember thinking that almost anyone, awakening suddenly in a strange room in darkness to flickering red shadows and the sounds of confusion, might very well have found dream and reality merged and been unable to shake the immediate feeling of terror. Marian had had her nightmares, too.

We were at the foot of the hotel steps.

"Look," I said, "Sam is right. The water is cold."

"I'll be careful."

"Look," I said again, and there I stopped. In a sense she had been right after all — whether I liked it or not I was under a kind of obligation,

although I really could not have said why. "I'll go with you," I said. "I'll come down and pick you up. Mid-afternoon."

I watched her climb the steps in those tight Capri pants, and I felt a little guilty at the vague stirrings that appeared in my mind. My wife had been dead for only a little time and I was not, after all, a satyr. Nevertheless, I watched her until she disappeared through the hotel doorway.

I felt something else, too, besides guilt—a vague, protective uneasiness. It said quite plainly that in accepting any sense of obligation toward Martha Blake I was being foolish and wrong and would have cause to regret it. But if there is a protective warning mechanism there is also a temptation to defy warning, to play with forbidden fire. I was merely temporising by going around to the hotel kitchen to talk to Lavinia Hunt.

Lavinia owned the hotel and treated it as if it were a home. She wore a perpetual air of mild astonishment that so many nice people would come all the way to the island to stay with her and eat her cooking, and she fussed over them as if they were indeed honored and invited guests. Even when they, as I, had in a sense graduated from the hotel into an island house, Lavinia retained her open affection and would go to any lengths to make one's stay on the island pleasant.

She had heard of my trouble, of course, and she told me how sorry she was about Marian. As she talked she stirred the contents of this pot and that, peeked into the oven, and kept an eye on the three waitresses.

I said, "You have a Martha Blake staying with you, Lavinia."

"A lovely girl, dear."

"Did she write ahead for a reservation?"

"Why, no, she just arrived."

"Would her home address be on the register?" I asked.

"Oh, my," Lavinia said, and it was plain that while she was all for romance she was not quite sure that my interest was in good taste so soon after my wife's death. But she wiped her hands on her apron and went off, and when she came back she handed me a slip of paper with an address in the East Sixties in New York City.

When I got back to my house Sam was waiting for me, drinking a can of beer.

"What's on your mind?" I asked. Sam was a hard worker, one of the hardest I have ever known, and what had drawn him away from his studio while the light was good had to be important.

"Look," he said, "That ti-fi. I knew her once."

"In Haiti," I said. "She told me."

"She was staying with Jean and Charlie Robertson, out Cote Plage way, you know."

I did know. Marian and I, too, had once stayed with Jean and Charlie.

"A real scandal," Sam said. "Ti-fi used one of Charlie's razor blades on her wrist and bled all over the bathroom floor. Charlie wasn't any help at all. Jean coped. She got ti-fi to the hospital. The next day ti-fi's father flew down from New York and scooped her up and took her away."

I said, "That was what you meant when you talked about a wanga."

He nodded slowly. I said, "I said it before—you missed too many ships when you were in Haiti."

He nodded again. "None of my business," he said.

"You're right. It isn't."

"Man loses his wife," Sam said, "he sometimes turns susceptible."

To page 67

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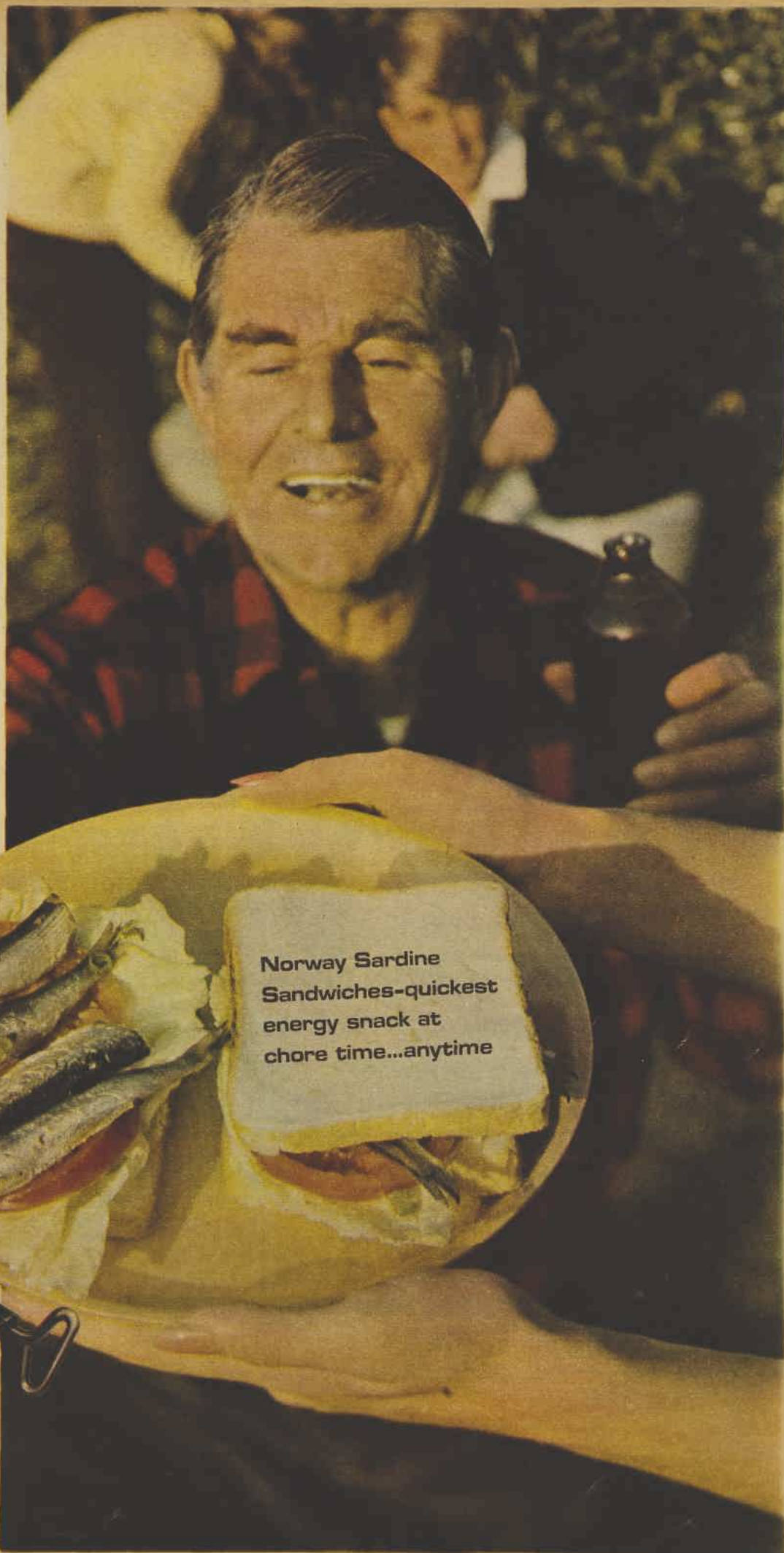
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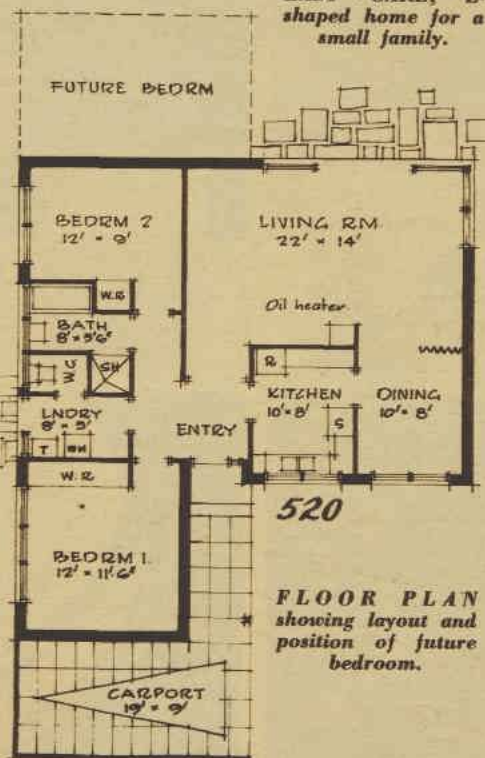
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"That's none of your business, either, Sam."

"Right." He stood up. "Just thought you'd like to know. Ti-fi was engaged to some bird. He killed himself racing a sports car a week before the wedding."

"So?"

"She had a twin brother. He did his service in the paratroopers. He landed in a lake—a training accident."

"How do you know all this?"

"Jean told me. When she warned me off. I was there during the razor-blade bit. Ti-fi and I had been getting along fine. Just the way you seem to be."

The small beach was deserted that afternoon. "The technique," I said to Martha, "is to lie in the sun for a while and work up your courage before going in."

She wore a bikini, brief as the law would allow, but the effect was of innocent sensuality. With one hand she began to dig aimlessly in the sand. "You've been talking to Sam?" she asked.

It would have been futile to deny it.

She looked at me. "That was over a year ago. Since then—" She stopped, and while I waited for her to continue I watched her hand, still digging in the sand. The faint white scar line was plain. "Maybe you'd better leave me alone," she said.

"Do you want me to?"

"I warned you."

"You told me you were unlucky," I said. "That's nonsense."

"Is it?" She had stopped digging in the sand now. "Everything I touch," she said, "everything I have anything to do with—" She shook her head. "The boy I was engaged to told me I was a living soap opera. He laughed at me. He made me laugh, too, because I believed him." She paused. "Until he spun out on a corner and turned over and caught fire."

She stood up then. "You don't have to go in," she said. "I won't do anything foolish." She was gone, running lightly down to the water, launching herself in a flat dive through the first small breaker. When she surfaced beyond it I expected her to stand up and turn and come running back, or at least to give some sign of the numbing shock of the cold water, but she did not even hesitate; her arms began to flash in a sturdy crawl and she swam straight out to sea.

I followed. What else could I have done? The water was even colder than I remembered; the first shock took my breath away. But when I came up, there she was, thirty yards ahead of me, still swimming, and I set out in pursuit.

I caught her. By this time we were well beyond the line of breakers; how much water

Continued from page 62

there was beneath us I have no idea. As soon as I touched her shoulder she stopped swimming and turned, treading water, smiling with more animation than I had yet seen. "It's glorious," she said. "It shocks you alive. It—"

Stomach cramps always before had been merely a phrase to me. I know now what the phrase means. It means paralysis, sudden and complete, a gasping for breath and the choking taste of salt water, pain. Above all, it means fear that is panic and terror rolled into one. I was choking and trying to cough, and I knew perfectly well that I was drowning and there was nothing I could do about it.

I was lying on my back. My legs were still in the water—the cold advanced and receded in a kind of rhythm. There was a roaring in my head, and when I tried to move it I found that I could not. My mouth was open, held open, and my nose was clamped shut. When I opened my eyes the sun was blinding.

MARTHA was kneeling above me, her mouth pressed tight to mine. With one hand she held my jaw forward, with the other she pinched my nostrils closed. The advancing and receding rhythm of the cold water on my legs was merely contrapuntal now to the warm rhythm of her own breath forcing air into my lungs. I think I must have waggled my head weakly then, because she lifted her mouth from mine and looked at me as if from a great distance. I managed to draw one breath on my own, and another; then I rolled over weakly and began to cough in the sand. I felt her fist hammer my back between the shoulder-blades.

Now Martha placed her hands beneath my arms and helped me move back until I was free of the water. She brought a towel from our pile of clothing and knelt beside me and dried my hair and my face.

She left me, and how long I lay there, soaking in the sun, the warmth, life itself, I have no idea. But when I sat up and rolled over on to one knee and started to stand she was there again, helping me, and together we walked over to the pile of clothing. I sat down once more.

She sank to her knees. Her hands fumbled clumsily and came up with a cigarette and lighter. All the while, her head was bent and her face hidden from me. She took two long drags of the cigarette before she raised her head, and then I could see the tears rolling down the sides of her nose.

"Now do you see?" she said. "I'm . . . damned!"

We walked slowly back to

the hotel. At the foot of the steps we stopped, and I tried a feeble witticism. "By Chinese standards the obligations are a little tangled now, aren't they?"

"Don't," she said. "Please." She started up the steps, but I caught her arm.

"Not this way," I said. "Don't you see? It had nothing to do with you. The water was too cold . . . maybe it was too soon after I had lunch . . . maybe . . ." I had run out of possibilities, and still she watched me. "Today we walked," I said.

I WAITED, but she gave no response. "And nothing happened," I went on. "Isn't that true?"

She nodded with slow reluctance.

I said, "You have the whole thing turned around. They give medals for lifesaving. In-

stead you're trying to blame yourself. It doesn't make sense."

"Maybe not." She was not agreeing; she was merely avoiding argument.

I said then, "If you're thinking of leaving, you can't, you know. Not until tomorrow's mail boat." Whether it was the right approach or not I had no idea, but it was all I could think of to say or do. "And until the mail boat comes in I can't very well let a scourge like you run loose on the island, can I?"

I saw the faintest lift to the corners of her mouth, and I felt a sense of elation because it was going to be all right, at least for now. "You'll go in and shower and dress, and then you'll walk up that path to that house and we'll have a drink. I'll show you how superlative I am at broiling lobsters. Yes?"

She took a deep breath. "Thank you," she said.

THE ISLAND

I cheated a little and had a drink as soon as I got to the house. It eased the knot in my stomach and pushed away the memory of panic. By the time Martha arrived I was showered and dressed and reasonably normal.

Over a drink we sat on the porch and watched the sun sink into a low fog bank. The foghorn started up, and I wondered if she was remembering the previous afternoon. "Cold?" I asked. "Without the sun . . ."

"No." She was silent for a few moments. The fog had already swallowed up the far point and was moving to engulf the anchorage where the lobster boats lay at their moorings. "Fog brings quiet," she said. "I like quiet . . . solitude, sometimes. Do you?"

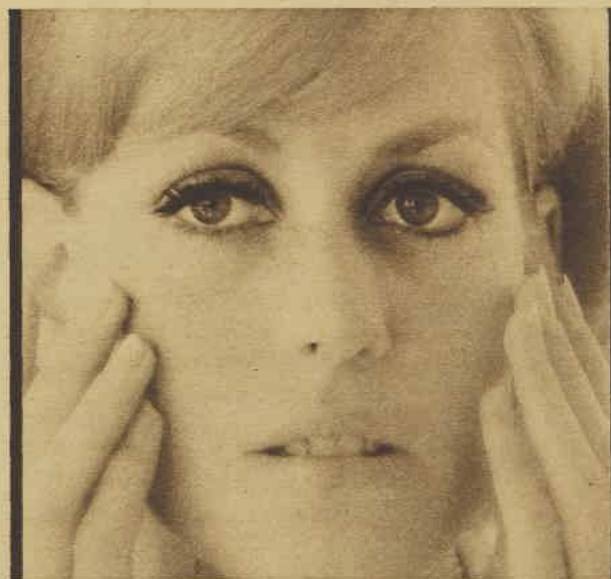
"I'm part hermit," I said. "It was one of my wife's major complaints." It was, I think, the first time I had ever spoken of Marian that way, in the past tense and

To page 68



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G346

LULUBELLE

"Guess what! . . . I'm a perfect 22-22-22!"

Eloa

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



Continued from page 67

without conscious effort or—and this came to me with sudden startling force—without any particular feeling, either, which seemed scarcely possible.

Martha was watching me in silence.

"My wife is dead," I said. "She was killed in an automobile accident." Bring out the rest of it, I thought—say it aloud. "Luckily," I said, "the two people in the other car weren't badly hurt, because my wife had been drinking and the accident was her fault." I stopped. She still watched me. I said, "I don't know why I told you that. It's not a very pleasant subject. I'm sorry." But the fact of the matter was that I was not sorry at all.

The mere act of saying it aloud had made everything seem more distant and less important, less guiltily important.

Over our second drink we started the charcoal grill and cooked potatoes and had a long discussion about whether we should have white wine or beer; we settled at last on the wine. Together we broiled the lobsters and then sat down to them.

I don't remember that we spoke much during the meal. Once I found myself looking across the small table at her, watching her frown of concentration as she worked with a nutcracker on a claw. And once she looked up and caught my eye, and the sudden brilliance of her smile was startling.

THE ISLAND

I said, "All your exercise today has given you an appetite."

For a moment I thought I had gone too far, but then the smile rallied. She nodded. "You don't know how heavy you are," she said. "You tow all right, but you're hard to drag."

And that, I thought, puts me in my place. I was happy to be there.

After dinner we cleaned up the dishes. I built a fire and we sat in front of it with coffee. Out on the point the foghorn spoke mournfully to the night.

"Why did you come here to the island?" I asked. I was remembering Sam's comment down at the wharf.

"Because I'm out of place?" She was smiling—not broadly but with real amusement. "But I'm out of place anywhere."

"That is nonsense," I said.

"Where do you fit?" She was watching me, still smiling, but the quality of the smile was changed.

"Well," I said, "I'm an architect. I have a partner. We're . . . reasonably successful." There was no reason except embarrassment for the limiting adverb; Bernie and I were successful, period. "I have an apartment in New York, friends," I spread my hands. "What is there to say? The question has no meaning." But it did, and I knew that it did; it had a great deal of meaning. It was merely that I couldn't answer it.

"When I was growing up," she said, "I knew that there was nothing, absolutely nothing, I could not be or do if I wanted."

I SMILED and said, "I think most kids feel that."

"Did you?"

"Of course. I was going to be Michelangelo and Rembrandt rolled into one, and I was also going to play pro football and win a Nobel Prize in mathematics, among other things."

"I was going to be a Mata Hari," she said, "if another war came along to give me the chance. In the meantime I was going to be—she stopped and turned to look at me. "Anything but afraid," she said. "And afraid is all I am. I shouldn't say that, should I? They keep telling me I shouldn't say it."

"They?" But the question was rhetorical. "They" had to refer to doctors, analysts of some sort, and I began to wonder just what I had let myself in for. My wonder must have showed.

"I'm not violent," she said, "if that's what you were thinking."

"I wasn't."

"It's all right," she said. She finished her coffee and stood up. "Thank you for—"

"No," I said. "Not like this." I was standing, too. The top of her shining head came not quite to my chin. "Look here, Martha Blake." Her head came up slowly, and I had the illusion that I could see far into her eyes. "Very strange things are going on," I said. "I don't quite know how, but you and I seem to have got ourselves entangled."

"No."

"Yes."

It was then in the silence that there was a knock on the door. When I opened it and saw Sam standing there, I was tempted to slam the door in his face. Of course, I did nothing of the kind.

"I thought maybe some chess," Sam said, and then he saw Martha. "May I intrude?" he asked, and walked inside.

Martha turned slowly away from the fire. "I was just leaving, Sam."

"No, you weren't," I said.

Sam looked at Martha and then at me. He said, "I'll walk you back to the hotel if you like."

"Yes," Martha said. "Thank you, Sam." She came away from the fireplace and held out her hand to me. "Good night, Rod." Then they both were gone. Sam with merely a nod in my direction. I am a civilized creature, in most circumstances, and unless I'd made a scene there was nothing I could do.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 17, 1965



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Continued from page 68

I carried the coffee cups out to the kitchen. While I washed them and put them in the rack to dry I found myself wishing that I knew more about that episode in Haiti, because although it was too early to tell for sure it looked to me as if whatever had been between Sam and Martha was still there, and this time there was no Jean Robertson to break it up.

In the morning my stomach muscles were quite sore from that cramp, and the news on the portable radio announced that a tropical storm named Clara was heading north to threaten the Carolina coast. I was just finishing breakfast when the hotel roustabout hammered on the kitchen door to tell me I had had a call on the island's only phone.

The message was from Bernie West, my partner; I called him back and caught him at home. It was not a full-blown emergency yet; this was merely an alert. An industrial client of ours in San Francisco was beginning to make angry noises, and Bernie said, "If I have to fly out to hold his hand, somebody ought to be here to mind the store, with the work beginning to pile up."

I agreed. We left it that he would call me again if he could not placate San Francisco by telephone.

I found Martha at breakfast in the dining-room. She looked fresh and rested. I said, "Whatever Sam had to tell you last night seems to have agreed with you."

She smiled. "I was full of lobster and I slept well."

I sat down across the small table from her. "Did you know Sam was here on the island? Is that why you came?"

"No."

"Does anyone know you're here?"

"This time she hesitated."

"Will they worry if they don't know where you are?"

"Perhaps."

THE ISLAND

I said, "I don't think you're a selfish person, Martha Blake."

"You don't know me." "I'm beginning to. I told you last night that we seem to have got ourselves entangled." Her mouth was open to protest. I said, "I won't press it. I promise."

She relaxed a little. "Yesterday when we came back from our . . . swim, you were going to leave as soon as you could, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"And now?"

"I . . . don't know."

"Don't leave yet," I said. There—the die was cast; I wondered why it had seemed important that I say it aloud.

IT is possible sometimes to look back and find a turning point, a watershed, in human affairs. That moment, sitting across the small table from Martha, was mine. If the power to see ahead had been given me that morning, I do not think I would have behaved at all differently. Given that second chance we sometimes wish for, I doubt that many of us would actually change. No, I emphasise that moment merely because afterward nothing was ever quite the same.

We strolled out on to the porch of the hotel. The water of the anchorage lay bright and blue and sparkling; the breeze, out of the west, was pleasant. I said, "A walk?"

"Rod . . ." She hesitated.

"All right," I said. "Let's clear up a couple of things. Sam, for one."

And the question came easily; on this morning it did not seem at all out of place. "Are you in love with him?"

"No." And she was silent for a few moments. "I thought I was once. In Haiti. You know about that."

Not nearly enough, I thought, but I said, "Yes."

And I added, "So it isn't Sam now?"

She shook her head. "I said, 'If I promise to stay out of the water and away from cliffs, and if I don't pick on you—' I stopped. 'It isn't bright and witty. I'm not Cary Grant. I'm not even used to what was once called badinage.'"

She was still silent, still watching me.

"I'd enjoy your company on a walk," I said. "That's all."

She nodded then. "I'd like that, too."

We took a different route that day, down to the water of the anchorage and past the small landing piled high with lobster traps.

Henry Sims stopped us. I introduced him to Martha and he seemed pleasant enough to her, but he really wanted to talk to me.

"George Tate," he said. "He talked to you yet?"

George owned the store where the fire had been. I said that I hadn't seen George.

"Well," Henry said in that voice that could be heard almost to the mainland, "he wants you to sketch him a new shed to put a new generator in to stink up the landscape and keep a man awake nights."

"It's called progress, Henry," I said, and forgot all about it as we walked on.

WE climbed the hill to the old lighthouse and from there the view is unobstructed. On one side is the mainland, low-lying in its vast sweep; on the other, the open Atlantic stretching to Europe. I pointed out the headland where we had first met. "All else aside," I said, "that is the first spot of the United States the sun touches when it comes up in the morning. Are you impressed?"

I got a smile for an answer.

We walked down the far side of Lighthouse Hill and for a time watched the swells pound and swirl against the rocks.

Martha said, "May we walk—back through the woods?" And I wondered what was in her mind, but I did not want to ask. I led the way in silence back up the rocks and through the low scrub growth and past the stunted trees that had faced down winter gales.

We came to the place where we had stopped yesterday. This time we did not sit down. She looked around, turning slowly, her head raised. Then she pointed. "The rose window should go there," she said, and she looked at me to see if I understood.

I did because it was my province she was invading—seeing, as I did, the Gothic cathedral atmosphere of this particular spot and merely arranging it in imagination for architectural completion. "I'll see to it," I said. "Then the nave here, and the transept there." I watched her. She nodded, smiling. "Late Gothic," I said. "Slim, delicate." Still watching her, I thought that the word applied to her as well as to the structure we were imagining. "Delicate," I said again. "Strength through design, not through brute massiveness."

"Of course."

And I smiled at that, because if some of her thoughts were hidden from me, at least this one concept of mine concerning her delicacy of line was hidden from her. I said, "An organ? Placed there? Then the choir loft there?"

She frowned as she considered these suggestions. Then she was nodding, smiling. "Yes."

"It shall be done, your Majesty."

She stood silent, looking around, and then said suddenly, "Don't try to draw it, Rod. Please. Not ever."

"No?"

She shook her head decisively. "Things are spoiled when they become real."

This I could understand, too. Dreams set down on paper are no longer dreams because words, lines, colors, destroy the ability to soar weightless and without limit.

We left our cathedral and walked on. The path was clearly marked. In the places where it was narrow, I followed her—unlike yesterday, when I had led all the way. I do not know why I did this.

At one point she said, "What was she like?"

We were walking abreast here, and she could look up to watch my face. She was asking, of course, about Marian, and I felt a small measure of guilt that I did not find the question objectionable. "She was very pretty," I said. "And gay, exuberant." Sometimes bitter, too, but bitterness was merely the other side of exuberance, and where there was one there had also to be the other. I said, "I think I knew her too well to see her clearly, or at least to be able to reduce her to words."

She looked down at the ground then. "I'm sorry."

"I wasn't finding fault with you," I said. "Maybe with myself, I don't know." For reasons entirely beyond my understanding, I was suddenly angry, and I did not even know at what. "She was my wife," I said. "She was."

Martha's voice was gentle. "You don't have to tell me anything."

"You're wrong," I said. "You saved my life, didn't you? Then you accepted the responsibility. If I want to tell you about my wife, you damn well have to listen." What I said was childish and I knew it, and the inexplicable anger remained.

"She was all the things I am not," I said. "She was light and laughter and love of people. She flew, and I'm the earth-bound type. She knew immediately, and always, precisely what she wanted. I have to think about it, and even then sometimes I'm not sure. She always ran at full throttle. My pace is an economical cruising speed." Strangely, the anger had not dissipated as I had expected it would. It seemed, rather, to feed on the thoughts I was putting into words. We had stopped walking, and Martha stood quietly looking up into my face.

"Did I love her?" I said. "Were we happy? Do I miss her?"

"I didn't ask. I wouldn't ask."

"I know that. The questions are mine," I said. "I've been asking them for a long time, and not answering them. It's time I did."

She shook her head then, suddenly, decisively. "I think that it's better you didn't," she said. "You've asked them. That's enough." Her voice changed. "We were walking."

The anger was gone now, as suddenly, as inexplicably, as it had come. I felt a kind of awe that it was so, and a sense of relief as if I had been purged. "So we were," I said, and we started off again.

The mail boat had come and gone. I stopped at the post office to pick up a newspaper. Martha did not even come inside, and I remembered that I had asked and

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THE ISLAND

she had told me that no one knew where she was, so there would be no mail for her either.

Sam was sitting on the porch of the hotel. He saw us and he waved. I looked down at Martha. "Is he waiting for you?"

She shook her head in ignorance rather than denial. She was frowning faintly.

Sam got up as we climbed the steps. "Hi, folks. I looked for you at the wharf at mail-boat time."

"We went for a walk—" I began, and there I stopped, in delayed reaction not to what he had said but to the way in which he had said it. "Is that supposed to mean something, Sam?" I asked.

Sam spoke directly to Martha. "Last night you told me you were leaving. I showed up to say good-bye."

"That was last night. Besides," I said, "you show up at the wharf every day." I paused. "Did you bring flowers today, Sam, a little island bouquet for Martha to throw on the water to make sure that she'd come back?"

He ignored the question. He was looking at Martha. He said, "I just talked to your father."

There was a silence that grew and stretched. I watched the girl; only the faintest tremble of her lower lip showed that the words had had any special meaning. She said at last, "Did you, Sam?" You called him in New York?

"I thought he might be worried," Sam said. "He was. He was grateful for the call. He'll be on the mail boat tomorrow."

Martha turned away and walked quickly into the hotel.

I said, "Sam, you interfering—"

"I was there for the razor-blade bit," Sam said. "You weren't." He paused. "If she had taken that boat today, I wouldn't have meddled; but she didn't."

"I persuaded her not to," "Yes," Sam said. "So it's up to you to cope until mail-boat time tomorrow."

He paused again. "Ti-fi herself warned you. I warned you."

Martha was not in the lounge. I had not expected that she would be. Lavinia Hunt was undoubtedly back in the kitchen busy with lunch, so I took the liberty of going behind the desk and consulting the register for Martha's room number. It was number four, on the second floor, front corner. I knocked, waited, knocked again, and then rattled the doorknob. "Martha," I called. "It's me, Rod."

It seemed a long time, although I do not know if it was, before the door opened and she stood there facing me. I had somehow expected tears, but there were none. There was instead a kind of resigned acceptance that was almost palpable, and far worse than tears. I said, "Can we talk?"

"Of course," She spoke with not only resigned acceptance but automatic obedience.

"Not here," I said. "Out on the headland, where we can sit and watch the sea and the sky and maybe a gull."

She hesitated. "I'll be ready in a few moments."

I went down the stairs and out on to the porch. Sam was gone. I sat on the railing and waited for the anger to subside, and thought that I had indeed accepted a responsibility that was frightening and more than likely foolish. I was an architect, not a psychiatrist, and what in the world did I think I

might accomplish? And why did I even feel involved? Sam had known the girl longer than I, and Sam obviously did not feel any sense of obligation.

But here my anger began to rise again because I was rationalising my refusal to face the basic fact that Sam was Sam and I was I and there was very little similarity between us. For the present, then — at least until tomorrow's mail boat — I was indeed, as Sam had pointed out, my sister's — not my brother's — keeper.

It was while I waited in this uncomfortable mood that George Tate approached me, just as Henry Sims had warned that he would. George, as I have said, owned the store. He had spent some time on the mainland and accumulated a wife and some money, and come back, as island men are likely to do. Until George set up that generator that had burned, there had been no electricity at all on the island. He wanted a sketch for a new generator shed, something a little better than run of the mill.

I had one eye on the doorway, watching for Martha. I said, "Henry Sims won't like it."

"Henry can lump it," George said. "Henry don't like lots of things."

I had a smile. "He's against progress, you mean?"

"Yeah. Henry had his way, be no mail boat every day, no summer visitors, no folks like you an' Bill Yang or Sam Potter." He paused. "No pretty girls in skintight pants for the rest of us to admire."

I could see Martha coming down the stairs. I had believed her when she said she would not be long, and yet I felt a measure of relief that she was now where I could actually see her. I said, "I'll do a sketch or two for you, George."

"Well," George said, "much obliged." And then as he saw Martha coming toward the doorway: "A real goodlooker." It was meant, I think, as a compliment to my good taste.

MARTHA was unsmiling, entirely tractable, as if she had not deliberately placed herself in my hands, suspending all judgment of her own, surrendering all right of decision.

The headland was our goal. We walked the last hundred yards through an area of meadow grass; here and there, almost hidden, we could see small clumps of tiny wild iris, whisper shy. We did not speak, Martha and I. It was as if each of us approached this confrontation not with dread but with a solemnity that to someone else would have seemed out of all proportion. Precisely what her thoughts were, I could not know; but mine were confused, even distorted, by the events of the past twenty-four hours, by my periods of inexplicable anger and by my equally inexplicable periods of insight.

We sat side by side on the cat rock where I had been perched that first afternoon. I provided cigarettes and lit them, and then held her hand. Idly I turned it palm up. It was the wrist with the faint scar. I said, "How do I reach you?"

"Why do you want to? Tell me that."

"We've been through that," I said. "The Chinese —" She was looking straight at me, her eyes searching mine, and my words were no longer light or amusing, merely silly. "I'm not sure why," I said then, "but I want to reach you."

"Tomorrow—" she began.

"This is today. Now."

"My father is coming to get me. It sounds like a child being called for at school, doesn't it? And he used to call for me when vacation time came at school. And he came to get me in Haiti..."

"I know about that."

"Yes, Sam told you." She was silent for a moment. "He came to get me in South Carolina, too. Did Sam tell you that? It was a public display, a mass . . . drop, they call it. The air was filled with parachutes."

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

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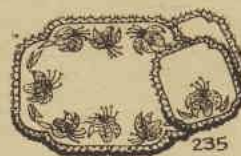
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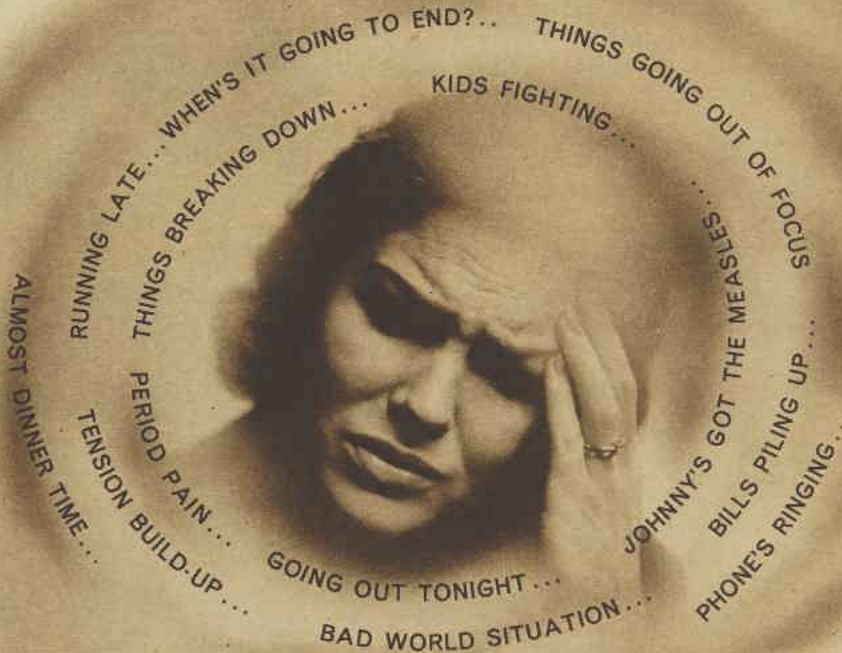


235



236

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NLS 190/64
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 17, 1965

THE ISLAND

"Yes," I said. "Sam told me."

"Four of them landed in the water," she said. "The other three were saved."

"Nothing to do with you. No, that isn't what I mean. It was no fault of yours. Not then, not the other time, wherever it was—the road race. Not night before last when the generator caught fire. Not yesterday when I caught a cramp..." I was not getting through, that much was plain.

I tried another direction. "Am I to blame because my wife killed herself by driving when she should not have been driving?" I asked.

She was looking out to sea, and her answer came slowly. "I don't know," she said at last. "Are you?"

"I don't think so. Oh, I've thought of it. Sometimes I think that there must have been something I did or failed to do, perhaps over the whole seven years we were married, something continuing..."

I shook my head. She was watching me, listening; it was easy to talk to her. "But most of the time I know better. There was no panacea, no instant cure, or even a long-range cure, for what we had, or didn't have. You see, I wasn't needed. I was there, and sometimes I was useful as a husband or as a man, but I wasn't necessary to her. I had not thought of it in quite that way before, but it was true."

Martha said, "Was she necessary to you?"

I had never faced this particular question either. "The answer has to be no," I said. "She was sometimes companionable, sometimes exciting, pleasurable, sometimes even comfortable and familiar. There were times when I took great pride in her. Perhaps she took pride in me, too." This was something else I hadn't thought of. "But necessary to one another..." I said. "No. That we were not. By that much perhaps I am culpable, if only because I didn't try to force the issue."

"I don't think so," Martha said.

We sat for a long time then in silence. Beneath us, but hidden from our view, swells shattered themselves against the base of the cliff with a faint booming sound. A gull appeared, soaring. He hung for a few moments right at our cliff-top level, peering at us, and then he banked away, screaming. I looked at Martha and she was looking at me, and we both smiled.

"He's gone to tell the neighbors," she said.

We had come out here to talk about her. Instead she had comforted me; this was the strange thing. I did not know then, nor do I know now, whether at that moment she was aware that what she

had given me was, in effect, the absolution I had not even realised I was seeking. But it was. By her statement that she did not think me culpable in the matter of Marian, Martha Blake had lifted from my shoulders a load of guilt I would have denied carrying. And it was only now, with the weight removed, that I understood how heavy the load had been.

"You are quite a person," I said. "Do you know that?" I was suddenly aware that I still held her hand. I lifted it and kissed the faint scar—in gratitude, I think, and possibly with some vague notion of returning the absolution.

She drew her hand away, not quickly, but with firmness. "Don't do that," she said.

"Don't touch you? That's what you mean?"

"That's what I mean."

We were silent again, but the relaxation was gone between us.

I said at last, "I haven't had any lunch, and you haven't either."

thing at the house or we can ask Lavinia to fix us a picnic. You haven't seen the far tip of the island. If you can stand more walking."

The only answer I got was a smile. It was enough. It will be a long time before I forget that picnic.

The easternmost tip of the island is low-lying, sloping gradually to the sea. It is an area of meadow grass and low shrubs extending right down to the shingle. The day was warm, with little wind. I took the bottle of white wine we had brought and dug a hole for it in the rocky beach so that the swells lapping up would cover it not quite to its cork. Then we strolled idly, by tacit consent in no hurry for our meal.

And then we met a meadow mouse, and all three of us froze and studied each other. After a little time the mouse twitched his whiskers and turned away and went about his business without a backward glance.

Martha said, "Now that we

her defences aside; I liked what I saw. She was half-smiling to herself as her fingers worked. No tension showed in her face or in her shoulders, no weight of care. In those few, unconscious moments she could have been a child without a worry in the world, weaving a garland of flowers—which indeed was precisely what she was doing, except that the flowers were long strands of meadow grass.

She was aware at last that I was awake and watching. She held up the grass ring. "A crown," she said. Her eyes were filled with tiny lights, and she came forward and with both hands placed the grass circlet on my head. Then she sat back on her heels and studied the effect. "Just right," she said.

"Call me grass-head. Did I snore?"

"Should I tell you?" She shook her head. "I think not. Better to keep you in doubt."

"You probably don't even know," I said, "because you slept yourself."

Again that headshake. "I kept watch," she said. She got to her feet. "Show me where you put the things for our friend. Maybe he's already found them."

Someone had and I hoped it was the mouse. The cookie half and the cheese were gone, and only a few seeds and a stem remained of the apple cores. Martha clapped her hands and laughed aloud. I could understand and share her joy.

We explored a bit. It was low tide, and on the sea side of the island areas of shingle lay uncovered at the base of the cliffs. The walking was a little damp but not difficult. We took off our shoes and trudged along barefoot.

I kept a wary eye on the state of the tide. With any kind of caution, of course, there was no danger; but I would not choose to be caught between the cliffs and rising water, even though in places the cliffs were scaleable and there were actually two or three caves partway up large enough to give shelter if shelter was necessary. The sensible course was to watch the swells as they broke onshore, and when they began to advance perceptibly we turned back.

There at the picnic spot we dried our feet with grass as best we could, giggling like a couple of children, and put on our shoes. I picked up the paper bag and the wrappings of our meal and the empty wine bottle.

Martha said, "Don't take it back."

"No?"

She shook her head. "We'll send a message in it."

"To whom?"

She lifted her eyebrow. "A grammarian, yet. To whom it may concern."

"And what will this message say?"

"Hello."

"And after that?"

"That's all. What else is needed?"

And so with the tip of a burned match I printed our one-word message on a scrap of paper and stuffed it into the wine bottle, replaced the cork, and heaved the bottle as far out to sea as I could. Silly? Of course, but my mood was not to indulge but to share her slightest whim; the sight of her happiness justified any kind of foolishness.

She took my arm and we started back. One moment she was light and gay; in the next she was frozen, and the hand on my arm trembled as it tightened. "Look!" She was pointing.

I saw, but I did not at first comprehend. "It's only a cat," I said. "They're all over the island. They—" I stopped and looked down at

To page 76

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her. "Stop it," I said. "Don't even think it."

"Why not say it?" she said. Her voice was unnaturally calm. "He's hunting our mouse. Because of me. I told you I was—"

I wanted to shake her until her teeth rattled.

I saw the blur of motion out of the corner of my eye as the cat charged and struck, and simultaneously I heard the mouse's shrill squeak. Martha turned toward me, away from the scene of slaughter. I gathered her in and held her tight, and found no words to comfort her.

She clung to my hand all the way back. We did not speak. There was nothing to say, or so it seemed. And then I realised that my silence was in a sense an endorsement of that fixation of hers, or could and would be so construed; and so there was nothing to do but try to talk her out of it, even though I knew I would not succeed. "It wasn't our mouse," I said. "Our mouse is too smart. Besides, with all that food inside him, our mouse is tucked up in his nest, sleeping it off."

She did not believe me, but she nodded.

"Also," I said, "I think you're entirely too cocky about this alleged power of yours. I don't think your whammy is all that great, but if it is let's see if we can't find a way to use it. Suppose we get you friendly with a member of the stock exchange. Could you tell me in advance when the catastrophe would hit? We could sell short and clean up."

The tears were uncontrolled now, but she was trying to smile, too, and suddenly I could no longer watch. "Come here," I said, and for the second time I held her tight, that shining head just beneath my chin. I said, "You're pretty silly, aren't you?"

Her head bobbed slightly, and that was all.

"I'm glad," I said.

Yes, it will be a long time before I forget that picnic.

LAVINIA was delighted that we had found the picnic satisfactory. I think she was already reconciled to the concept of romance between Martha and me, and I did not bother to disabuse her. And while she beamed upon us and explained that the hotel dinner that night was roast beef and I would do well to stay for it, she was digging into the pocket of her apron and coming out with a slip of paper that said I was to call New York. "Such a nuisance, I know, dear," she said. "But there it is."

It was Bernie, of course. "I'm sorry, boy," he said. "But I'd better get out to San Francisco and hold a hand and pat a head."

"Right," I said. What else was there to say?

"If I could see any way around it . . ." Bernie said.

"Stop worrying about it. I'll come back." Tomorrow's mail boat, and then a four-hundred-mile drive.

"I'll be in the day after tomorrow," I said. I hung up and came out of the booth.

Martha had already gone up to bathe and change for dinner. We had agreed that I would eat Lavinia's roast beef dinner with her.

Now things were changed, and I could not have said precisely how. I was returning to New York tomorrow — but most of today had passed with the knowledge that tomorrow's mail boat was bringing her father for the obvious purpose of taking her back to New York, too, just as he had taken her back from South Carolina where she had watched her brother parachute into a lake and drown; and, presumably, taken her back to New York from wherever the road race was held where she had watched her fiancé spin out on a turn and flip over and catch fire; and back to New York from Haiti, where she had used Charlie Robertson's razor blade on her wrist. So what, actually, was changed? But something was.

I went into the hotel and up to her room and knocked several times before she finally appeared.

"Is something wrong?" she asked.

"Not a thing. But the hotel doesn't serve drinks, and I'd like a drink before dinner, wouldn't you?"

Continued from page 75

She seemed to relax. She smiled and nodded.

I said, "Come up to the house when you're ready."

In the liquor closet of the house there was still the bottle of champagne I had given Elliot and Louise for some forgotten occasion. I tucked it into the freezing compartment of the gas refrigerator before I went upstairs for a quick shower. I dressed in a hurry and had a few minutes before Martha arrived to open a small tin of truffled pate and a box of crackers. I was as ready as I could be when she came up the path.

She wore a silk dress, simply cut, and it left her arms and shoulders bare. Her eyes watched my face and

seemed to be waiting for judgment. "Satisfactory," I said.

A hint of a smile touched the corners of her mouth.

We sat on the porch and watched the red-winged blackbirds darting in the meadow beneath us. The evening fog bank swallowed the distant point, and the foghorn started up in protest. Presently the sun sank into the fog, orange at first and then fading into a faint glow. We sipped the champagne and ate crackers with truffled pate, and if we talked at all I do not remember what we talked about. It was a pleasant, quiet time without strain, without trouble. And when it was over we walked down to the hotel for Lavinia's roast beef dinner.

THE ISLAND

It was very good, and no doubt the champagne helped. I said nothing of my having to leave the next day; we did not even mention her father's arrival.

When the meal was finished, I said "Coffee here? Or in front of a fire?"

She put down her napkin without a word, and we both rose and walked out into the night. She took my arm as we walked up the path to the house.

I put coffee on to perk and then built a fire. She stood behind me, watching, saying nothing, but I was wholly aware of her presence. I said, "If Sam comes knocking at the door tonight . . ."

"He won't."

Her voice made me turn from where I knelt on the hearth to look up at her. She was looking not at me but at the fire. She said, "He said all he had to say last night. What he said today was just repetition."

"He warned you last night? He told you he'd call your father if you didn't take today's mail boat?"

"Yes. Sam was in Haiti, Rod, when I—"

She looked at me now. "He and Jean were responsible for getting me to the hospital."

"Is that an excuse?"

She shook her head slowly. "I don't know. I thought I was in love with Sam."

"You told me."

"And he thought he was in love with me. Maybe he was." She paused. "Maybe he still is. That

To page 77



would make a difference." She turned her head to look at me. "Don't you think?"

"I think that the coffee's ready. I'll get it."

When I came back she was still standing, still staring into the fire. "Sit here with me on the sofa," I said. And when we were seated and the coffee poured, I said, "I've asked you two or three times, but you've never really answered. Why did you come here?"

"I don't know." She hesitated. "Sam had told me about the island. I kept it in mind." She turned her head to look at me then. "I think everybody has an island he thinks of sometimes, don't you?"

"Perhaps."

"No electricity," she said. "No cars. A . . . secret place. Can you understand?"

"I'm trying."

Continued from page 76

She spread her hands. "That's all."

"And you didn't tell anybody where you were going . . ." It had started as a question, but before the words were out the answer appeared, plain enough. "Because then it wouldn't have been a secret place. Is that it?"

"You do understand, don't you?"

"I don't know." At that time I wasn't sure that anyone could understand the workings of her mind.

"An awful lot of thinking," she said.

I said, "Tomorrow—"

She shook her head to interrupt.

"When I spoke of tomorrow, you said this was today. You're not being fair, having it both ways."

She paused, and in that little silence she seemed to gather herself. "What of tomorrow?" she said then. "My father is coming, a man named Robert Blake, a very dear, very sweet man. He lost his wife when I was born—did you know that?"

I could only shake my head. In that moment it was almost possible to believe that the girl did indeed exist under a curse—how else could one explain the chain of catastrophe? And yet it was ridiculous.

"My brother was several hours older than I," she said. "He caused no trouble at all. I—"

I took her hands in mine. "Don't say it," I said. "It doesn't do any good to say it, and I don't care."

THE ISLAND

You told me not to touch you unless I meant it. Well, I mean it. Don't think of yourself as alone any more."

I kissed her gently and found that the spark that had been lacking between us was lacking no longer. It was hard to release her. It was harder still to stand up and say, "I'd better walk you back to the hotel. Now."

It was not until I was back at the house picking up the coffee cups that I realised I had not said a word about my having to go back to New York tomorrow. I had started to tell her, but she had interrupted, and after that I had been thinking of other things.

Well, I would tell her in the morning. There would be time.

I was up early the next day. With breakfast I listened to the news on the portable radio. Hurricane Clara had apparently changed her mind and altered course to the north-east. Tides two or three feet above normal were to be expected from Cape God to Eastport, but unless the storm altered course again Hurricane Clara would be heard of no more. I took steel tape and notebook down to collect some dimensions for George's generator shed.

It was still early, and although I thought about stopping at the hotel to see Martha I decided it would be better to wait. She might still be sleeping, and there was really plenty of time . . .

I was merely rationalising. I had a wild hope that when she was up and ready she would come to me.

I cleaned the ashes from my shoes and tidied up the house, turned off the refrigerator and the water heater, had a shower and made up a laundry bundle. Then I dressed in going-home clothes—flannels and loafers and a polo shirt with a light jacket. The morning had worn on and there was no longer all the time in the world before the mail boat arrived, so I locked up the house and carried my gear down to the store and left the house keys with George. Then I went over to the hotel.

Lavinia was behind the desk. She said, "Ah, there you are, dear. Did that nice girl find you?"

"You mean Martha Blake, Lavinia? I haven't seen her. I came here to find her. Do you know where she went?"

"Why, she went to find you, dear. When I told her you were leaving she seemed surprised—it wasn't a secret, was it?"

"No secret Lavinia. Did she say she was going to find me?"

"Why, no, dear. But she started off, and what else was I to think?" She was frowning again. "Henry Sims had no right to say what he did, no right at all, and I told him so. It was just that he was still upset about George's generator."

"Lavinia—Henry said something? To Martha Blake? After you had told her I was leaving today?" I watched her nod in answer to each question. "What did he say to her?"

"Well, now, dear," Lavinia said, "he didn't have any right to say it, but those pants are skintight, you'll have to admit, and sometimes Henry is pretty outspoken."

"Did you see which way she went, Lavinia?"

She nodded. "I was so furious with Henry I almost didn't notice, but I did. She went out toward the headland, dear. I thought maybe she would meet you there."

I was well past the Yangs' house, walking as fast as I could, but afraid to admit that much panic, when the mail-boat whistle blew for the landing. I did begin to run then, along the dirt road and across the field of meadow grass, although I could see already that the headland itself was empty.

When I reached the rock where she and I had sat only yesterday, I stopped and looked for some sign and found none. Then I made myself walk to the edge and look down. As far as I could see in both directions, there was nothing, no one.

To be concluded

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

THE MOLE is trapped in the tunnel with Mandrake following. The thief manages to fix his equipment and blasts his way to freedom, leaving a stunned Mandrake. NOW READ ON...



IN THE MUSEUM CELLAR—

WHAT WAS THAT NOISE? MANDRAKE, WHAT'S—

SHH—LET ME TALK TO HIM. MANDRAKE, CHIEF SPEAKING. ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

I'M DIZZY—HALF-DEAFENED BY THE NOISE—HALF-BLIND BY THE FLASH—HALF-SUFFOCATED BY THE HEAT—

—OUTSIDE OF THAT, I'M ALL RIGHT.

UNDERGROUND—AS THE 'MOLE' SPEEDS THROUGH BEDROCK!

I'M FOLLOWING OUR THIEF—WHOEVER HE—OR SHE IS—BUT I HAVE TO WAIT—THE ROCK IS HOT—

AHEAD THE 'MOLE' ZOOMS ON, THEN ARCHES TO THE SURFACE.

TIME TO GO UP— THIS SHOULD BE THE PLACE—

WHO'D LEAVE A HIGH-PRICED CAR LIKE THIS AT THE DUMP?

LOCKED—NOBODY AROUND—MAYBE I CAN SWIPE IT—

UH—HIS CAR—UH—

ANOTHER ONE?

HEY—WAIT—

CONTINUED—

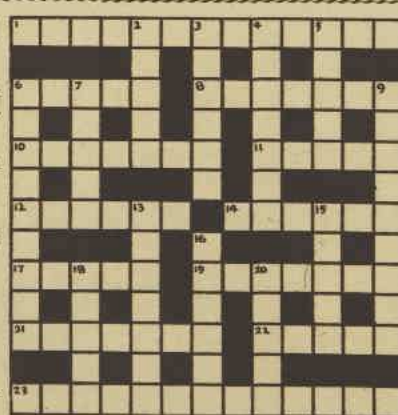
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Being not the first refreshing drink, it cannot be the same thing (5, 3, 2, 3).
- Wheel in a spur (5).
- According to the legend Tell killed him (7).
- Undergo a reward (7).
- Made a mistake and appears to blush at the end (5).
- Estimate, mostly of donkeys (6).
- Stick to with a header (6).
- End of the Greek alphabet (5).
- Pitches tents (7).
- Before a tiny thing becomes an anchorite (7).
- Stakes put up at poker (5).
- Quarrelsome existence with pets (3, 3, 3, 4).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Governed, probably by straight lines (5).
- Pressing, short gentleman from Abraham's birthplace (6).
- Sad note (anagr., 7).
- Doorkeeper of certain lodges (5).
- Fit mother with a stage part to make a rambling discourse (9).
- Plants not wanted in a garden (5).
- Sets right and puts on other clothes (9).
- I sat not at the place where the trains stop (7).
- An ant (5).
- A traditional story has its end after a limb (6).
- Vertical (5).
- Sharp, ringing sound produced by pedantic languages (5).



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Around the world in 1080 days

Teenagers' WEEKLY

● One of the highlights of Warwick Stanton's 8000-mile hitch-hiking trip through Asia was a lift with a rich sheik who insisted that Warwick be his V.I.P. guest while he was in Iraq.

"It was great," said Warwick, 23, of Randwick, Sydney. "Suddenly the poor old Aussie hitch-hiker was being treated like a king."

"I stayed at his country mansion for a couple of days, and when I left he put me in a taxi and paid the fare for the whole day's trip to the border."

"He even wanted to give me one of his three prize desert gazelles that were kept in the orchards," he said. "I had trouble convincing the sheik that it would be rather a difficult souvenir to take home with me."

Warwick, a display artist in one of Sydney's leading department stores, recently returned to Australia after three years' working and hitch-hiking around the world.

"I had only £80 apart from my fare to England when I left home, but with a lot of luck I survived and had a marvellous time," he said. "But I don't think I'd be game enough to bank on luck again."

"My advice to young travellers is to take half as many clothes and twice as much money — I learnt that the hard way."

On his way to London, where he worked to save money for trips to Europe and Asia, Warwick spent a month hitch-hiking around Greece, then visited Crete, Rhodes, and Germany.

"From Munich I took a train to London and arrived there almost flat broke," said Warwick. "But I soon found work in one of the many department stores I worked for in the West End to gain experience for display work."

"In the weekends I washed cars and cleaned windows so I could save some money — it's hard in London, because you don't make much," he said. "But about six months later I had enough to buy a second-hand motor-scooter, and with about £15 in my pocket took a Channel steamer to France for a ten-day trip to Spain."

For the next two years Warwick followed the same pattern — working, saving, and spending on short sight-seeing trips all over England and Scotland until he had saved £80 for a three-month tour of the Continent.

"I doubled a friend on the scooter and, sharing the petrol expenses, we budgeted on £6 a week," he said.

"We went everywhere — to Holland to see the tulips, to Belgium, down through France to Spain to see the bullfights, then to see Portugal, Morocco, and Italy, where everything went wrong for me."

"My scooter was stolen outside a hostel in Rome one night (I heard recently — 18 months later — that the police have found it) and later I lost my bank book."

"With no money I had to sell a few clothes and hitch-hike, taking odd jobs wherever I could," he said.

"I got some funny jobs. One as a water waiter serving water in a restaurant, then washing dishes and windows, teaching English, and once I joined up with a Swedish boy who played a guitar and we went around restaurants in Rome, singing and collecting money in an old hat."

"It was hilarious — I'd never sung in public in my life before, and as we knew only one song, '16 Tons,' we had to sing it over and over again."

"We didn't make much money, but enough to keep us in food for a few weeks."

In Athens, Warwick landed a job as an extra in a Greek movie, "The Red Lamps," in which he had to sing (in English) and dance in a crowd scene in a restaurant.

"After working hard in London again I had £95 for the 88-day trip home through Asia—probably the most exciting part of my trip overseas," Warwick said.

"I hitched through Egypt, Lebanon, Syria, Jordan, Iraq (where I met the sheik), Iran, Pakistan, India, Nepal, Thailand, and Malaysia."

"I was astounded with the hospitality of the Arab people, strangers who gave me lifts and invited me into their homes to meet their families, have a meal, and often stay a night or two."

"Some of the homes I stayed in were just shanties, some mud huts, and one a hut of straw belonging to a poor shepherd. I often had to sleep on the floor, but they made me welcome."

"With so many lifts in cars, trucks, bullock-carts, boats, and river steamers, I averaged spending about £1 a day—although I've heard of people doing it for less I thought that was cheap enough for me."

—KERRY YATES



HITCHING a ride in a horse and cart, called a "tonga" and driven by peasants, in Pakistan.



WARWICK stayed with these Arabs in their mud hut in Jordan. They were tobacco farmers.



IN GIBRALTAR on one of his trips to the Continent, bearded Warwick looks toward Africa.



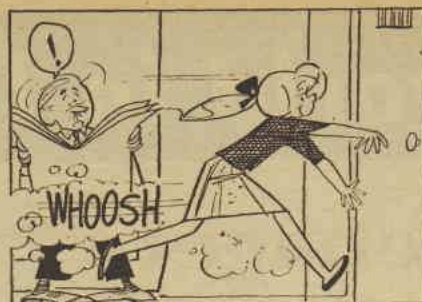
GREEK girls in national costume. Warwick met them when he sailed to the island of Rhodes.



POSING in the Temple of Bacchus, Balbech, Lebanon, with all his "luggage," just one pack.



ARABS around a water well in Isfahan, a town set in the middle of the scorching desert in Persia.



Letters

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

Fashions from history

ANY girls interested in individual, way-out dresses could do as my girlfriend and I did during the holidays. Using history books, we went back through the centuries as far as the 17th and made sketches of the fashions.

We took the sleeves off one sketch and the skirt off another and so on, and when we had finished we had some fantastic fashions. For the designs that we thought successful we bought very cheap, plain material and made it up. Another good idea is to unpick some old dresses and remake the material.

We have had many compliments about the clothes we made. It is a good way to fill in any spare time and also improves your sewing and wardrobe. — Jill Williams, West Beach, S.A.

Apprenticeships

A SIGNIFICANT fraction of teenagers reaching the intermediate level of education leave the academic life to begin an apprenticeship in a chosen trade.

Technical college courses in the trades, geared to the ability of the average student, make no provision for the brighter ones who show an aptitude for their trade and a willingness to learn.

The average length of an apprenticeship is five years, and under present conditions all must serve the full period, though many have the ability to achieve the required "ticket" standard in four and, often, three years.

For such people the extra years of apprenticeship represent a waste of time and money. A preliminary test, administered by the college authorities after, say, the first year, would determine those who showed promise, and these could then be transferred to an advanced course.

A similar procedure has been adopted successfully by several American colleges. — Leigh Manne, Rosalie, Qld.

Easter box

BEFORE each Easter, Mum puts out a money-box so we can put into it the small change we bring home from town. We save this money to buy Easter eggs to give to children at an orphan's home. If other families were to do this, what a lovely Easter some of the less fortunate would have. — "Maureen," Dubbo, N.S.W.

Holiday hopes

SINCE my brother left for a holiday on a cattle station in Queensland, I have realised more and more that to acquire such a holiday I must work.

When my brother was working on his paper run, and still coming top of his form at school, I kept saying to myself that it couldn't be worth it. But I was wrong. From his letters he seems to be doing everything he has ever wanted to.

So I have started early this year for my goal of a holiday paid for solely by myself, and with a part-time job am endeavoring to earn as much money as I can.

I think I will enjoy my holiday more knowing that I have earned it myself, and I advise other people to start now. — H. Paterson, Brighton, Vic.

Speaking English

A LARGE percentage of migrants entering Australia can speak only a few words of our English language. This situation, I think, should be changed.

Migrants should not be permitted to enter Australia without knowing at least the basis of our language. If this

were so, then the migrants would not feel so strange in a new country and they could acquire friends more easily. — "Language Link," Maryborough, Vic.

School staff

HERE are a few more suggestions for staffing the perfect school: Perhaps The Beatles could be the biology teachers. Maybe The Rolling Stones could teach geology. The Invaders sound suitable for teaching history. And, lastly, The Four Pennies would probably be able to teach maths until the change-over to decimal currency. — Alyson Pitman, Broomehill, W.A.

Safety points

AFTER hearing a recent proposal that motorists might soon have to pay for such services as having their windscreens washed and air in their tyres, I wondered if this would raise the accident rate.

Surely some people are not going to be bothered to pay for such things. Yet a dirty windscreen, a flat tyre, or a faulty part which has not been checked could easily lead to a serious accident.

Some teenagers who save all their money to pay for petrol are not going to pay for their tyres to be checked, telling themselves it can wait.

As the service-station owners claim these services take up valuable money-making time, perhaps the Road Safety Organisation

BEATNIK



"Hi, Bernie, enjoying the fruits of your labor?"

could influence the Government in providing a compensation for the money car-owners would lose. — "Safety First," Gilberton, S.A.

Hepcat mum

AS the mother of two teenage boys, ardent fans of The Rolling Stones, I listen to an endless chain of their records day after day. Although, at first, I detested the sight of them, I have grown to appreciate their deep, warm music — so much so that when my sons are out somewhere I secretly listen to some of their records and I thoroughly enjoy them.

So you parents who think The Rolling Stones and other long-haired groups just play trash, sit down one day and listen to some of them and I'm sure you'll grow to understand just how much there is in that sort of music. — "Hep Cat Mum," Port Pirie, S.A.

Rocker's views

I ALWAYS read T.W. and in recent weeks have seen letters from both a surfer and a mod. As I am a rocker, I think it is time a rocker spoke up.

I'm wrapped in: Rock-'n-roll records, Elvis, The Beatles, speedway racing, motor-bikes, leather jackets and gloves, bright-colored slacks, camping out with a crowd.

I hate: Smart surfies, tough policemen, formal parties, unfair judgment, people who seem to think the world owes them something (we must all do our own share), hair-sets.

The older generation, I'm sure, claimed their parents didn't understand them (which, I'm sure, they didn't). And I realise that I will criticise my children's actions and trends in fashion.

This rocker life is one big cycle of which we are all part. — Elaine Scott, Woolahra, N.S.W.

THE CLASSICS

FRENCH PIANO MUSIC

THERE are certain qualities about French music that seem to cling through all periods and changes of style — restraint, wit, clarity, and a sort of coolness which does not exclude sensitivity.

There have, of course, been exceptions to this, the most notable being the big and romantic style of Berlioz; but all these qualities are present in different mixtures in a series of French piano works recorded on one RCA disc by that tireless veteran Artur Schnabel—and beautifully played, too.

The composers range from 19th-century Chabrier to Francis Poulenc, who died about a year ago.

The greater part of the disc is taken up with music by Ravel: the "Valse Nobles et Sentimentales"—in which the "noble" and "sentimental" traits are tinged with typical French irony—and his picturesque "Valley of Belles"; some pieces by Poulenc: three witty little "Perpetual Motions" written before he was 20, and two more serious and poetic Intermezzi written many years later; a lyrical Nocturne by Faure; and a gay "Scherzo-Valse" by Chabrier.

—MARTIN LONG

NEXT WEEK

• Color pictures of the new season's wool hits available now in the stores in the gay, gaudy colors that will be fashionable this winter.

Reader Joan McHugh, of Sawyer's Valley, Western Australia, wrote this story of her misery as a glasses-girl and of a happy decision that changed her life.

Life looks rosy through corneal lenses



JOAN McHUGH wearing corneal lenses.

• I am extremely shortsighted and anything farther than ten yards away is a formless blur. I wore my first pair of glasses at the age of eight — round goggles with wire earpieces that unmercifully pulled and chafed at my ears and looked ghastly.



Beauty in brief: SMOOTH FOUNDATION

YOU can make your lipstick and eye-shadow last longer by copying an easy little trick used by some model girls: This is to film lips and eyelids with foundation or make-up base when starting your ordinary make-up.

The foundation that covers and protects your face adds glow to your complexion and makes a firm base to which make-up can cling and last longer. It also does a smooth job for lips and eyes.

Don't ever try, though, to do a patch-up — it just won't work.

Foundations come in jars, bottles, compacts, sticks, and cakes applied with a sponge. All of them aim to cover and protect the face, add a certain amount of glow to the complexion, and provide a base to which make-up can cling.

A minimum of foundation, no matter what kind you happen to use, is most flattering to everyone from 17 to 70. So make it a point to apply it smoothly with a light hand.

—CAROLYN EARLE

NO BIZ LIKE SHARE BIZ!

ROUND ROBIN

• I see that The Beatles are now a public company and shares in them are now listed on the London Stock Exchange.

SO there really is no business like show business. The Mersey boys have always professed a liking for fish and chips.

Now they can have fish and blue chip stock.

They have always had links with the share business, of course.

Any girl would surely say that Paul McCartney would be good holding company!

For that matter, all The Beatles have been girl-edged security for Brian Epstein.

But now, I suppose, the financial world will completely take them over.

Their records and shows will probably be reviewed by Finance Editors.

And remember how people sold as souvenirs tiny squares of bed sheets The Beatles slept on?

Will fans now be offered cuttings from their balance sheets?

The attitude of many previously anti-Beatle "oldies" must change now, too.

Old financiers will go to Beatle concerts and, according to the screaming, will order their brokers to buy or sell parcels of shares.

Will other groups and solo artists follow in The Beatles' financial footsteps? They could.

The Ink Spots could become Spots, Inc.

The Animals would be at home among stock exchange "bulls" and "bears."

And what about a company called Freddie and Debutures?

P. J. Proby seems a natural for this sort of thing.

After his trouser-splitting gimmick his property is limited.

—Robin Adair

FOR the next ten years, as my eyesight progressively deteriorated, I got a new pair of glasses about every six months. The third pair were plastic-framed and bright red, and I loved them.

During my high-school years glasses were just another contributing factor to an already monster-size "different" feeling. I had reached my full height (5ft. 4in.) at 12 and weighed between 11 and 13 stone — a fact not helped by boarding-house diet (potatoes, rice, and "stodge").

Throughout high school I wore clear plastic-rimmed specs with a brown bar on the top, calculated, I thought, to make the glasses disappear into my face — but actually having the opposite effect!

At this period I utterly shunned having photographs taken, but the few I did have to submit to (family groups, for example) are absolutely horrifying! If ever there was an example of the type that prompted the old saying (you know it, so I won't quote it) I was it.

School play

In fifth year I was cast in the school play and had to do without glasses on stage. In the cast photographs I looked utterly different. I began to wonder if glasses were necessary and went to a party or two without them. I soon found out they were.

After not recognising my best friend from across the room and spilling hot cocktail sausages down HIS best shirt, because I couldn't see his feet, I conceded that they

were necessary and wore them again.

Then came the period of experimenting. Every article I came across that mentioned glasses I read to see if I could improve my looks. I slathered on make-up and was quite elated when I read that "girls who wear glasses are fortunate, since the lens has a magnifying effect and makes the eyes appear larger and more brilliant."

That is, I was elated until I tried and realised that the pebble-like lenses of MY glasses had quite the opposite effect, reducing my already small eyes to pin-points!

"I'd had enough"

At this stage I decided I'd had enough.

The Leaving results came out, I enrolled at Teachers' College and University, and I went to see the optician about corneal lenses. I knew next to nothing about them, but I did know that I would no longer wear glasses.

The optician showed me the corneal, or micro-lens, which is made of very fine, light plastic, is about the size of half a little finger-nail, and fits over the cornea, or colored part, of the eye. It was this sort that I bought.

He tried plain ones in my eyes first to see if I would be able to tolerate them. Apparently I could, though at the time I didn't think so!

My eyes were streaming, my nose was streaming, and I blinked uncontrollably.

It was exactly like having some object, such as a hair, in both eyes!

The lens is, of course, a

foreign body and the eye has to be educated to accept it.

Then I had to learn to put them in and take them out. I could do this at the end of the session, so I was allowed to take them home to start wearing them — half an hour a day at first.

I was very lucky — I could wear mine 14 hours a day after six weeks. The usual rate of progress is not so rapid — most people take between two and three months to advance to this stage, and some never do.

If you are considering these lenses you must be prepared to really work at getting used to them. Unless you are prepared to put up with a quite painful time while you are educating your eyes you will never succeed with them.

Once you have succeeded, however, the result is well worth the time and money you have spent on it.

Expensive

The money is quite a big factor. Mine cost 36 guineas nearly five years ago, and I believe the price is higher now. But your optician would probably agree to your paying (as I did) a certain amount each month.

There is one small snag. You can wear your lenses in the bath or shower, but it is not really advisable to wear them swimming.

I have invested in a pair of prescription sun-glasses for the beach and put up with low visibility in the water.

I hope that one happy lens wearer of five years may have helped someone make up his or her mind.



JOAN with glasses.

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Louise
Hunter

Here's
your answer

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Doubtful love

"I HAVE been going with a boy for five months, then one night I asked him if he really liked me, but all he said was: 'I don't know.' I asked him a few more times after this, but he just kept saying 'I don't know' or 'I suppose so.' But then when he took me home he hesitated to let me get out of the car. The other night I met another boy, and when he took me home the boy I liked never entered my mind. Do you think I only have a crush on the 'new' boy who took me home? Which one do you think I really like?"

"Mixed Up," N.S.W.

I don't think you "really" like

anyone — I think you are just anxious to have a boyfriend.

It is always a mistake to ask someone if they "like" you or "love" you. Most boys hate to be pumped about their feelings, and even if they say "yes" there is always the uncomfortable feeling that they might have done so just to keep the peace.

Be a little more exclusive with your feelings and don't be so ready to grasp new friends like a clinging vine.

Make a break

"I AM a girl of 20. I am quite pretty, or so I have been told. I like a man of 26 who is married, but is, I believe, near to separa-

tion from his wife. Do you think I am wrong in going out with him?"

M.D., Vic.

Yes, you are wrong. You should be grown-up enough at 20 to realise that you are playing with fire. Make a break from this man now.

Parent problem

"I AM 16½ years old and my boyfriend and I are not allowed to see each other because my parents consider we are too young. I have tried to talk with them, but they won't listen, and try to change the subject. I have written to my boyfriend, and we both agree this is ridiculous. Could you please tell me what to do?"

"Parent Trouble," S.A.

It sounds as if your parents might object more to the particular boyfriend than to your going out with boys. Persist and find out exactly what reasons they have—whether it's boys in general or this particular boy. Perhaps you could ask their permission to join a club, where you'll not only see this boy but lots of other people your own age.

Possessive Mum

"I AM a boy of 18 and I have been going steady with a girl of nearly 16 for well over 12 months, and yet I have never actually taken her out alone. This is due to her mother's over-possessive clutches. She won't allow her out with boys until she turns 17. I have suggested group and even family outings, but nothing makes any difference. My own mother has even invited this girl over to our place for a day (we both live on properties about 20 miles apart), but this has failed, too. We only see each other at club functions once a month, and at an occasional dance, and for someone who occupies my mind three parts of the day this seems very inadequate. I would like to meet her mother personally, but even this is impossible, because I could never find a good enough reason for going there. As things stand, this will be going on for another 16 months, which is 16 months too long. How can I gain her mother's confidence?"

"Anxious," N.S.W.

Couldn't you get your mother to make a social call on your girlfriend's mother and go along with her?

I do agree that this girl's mother does seem a bit hard in not even allowing her daughter out on group dates and family outings, but perhaps your own mother could have a word with her and assure her that her daughter will be quite safe with you.

If she agrees, concentrate on those group and family outings until your girlfriend does turn 17.

Afraid of dark

"I AM 13 and absolutely terrified of the dark. I have the wildest imagination and I think of all the murders in the news lately. When I was young I had been told about 'bogey men' and 'ghosts.' I have told Mum and Dad, but they just laugh at me. How can I overcome this fear of darkness?"

"Afraid," S.A.

You can only really overcome your fear yourself, but I feel you should have another talk with your mother and father and impress upon them that you are quite serious in your fears.

Your imagination will probably simmer down, too, as you get a little older.

In the meantime, couldn't you sleep with a small light burning in your room until you overcome your fears?

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The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY
 Beauty Book

FACIAL ISOMETRICS

Everybody in New York is
 pulling faces — it's the
 new way to banish wrinkles.
 Here's how to do it.

March 17, 1965



Picture by Mrs. K. Dietzel, North Sydney, N.S.W.

Burrinjuck Dam

● A holiday camping reserve on the shores of the Burrinjuck Dam reservoir, on the Murrumbidgee River, in the Northern Riverina district of New South Wales. The dam supplies the rich soil of the Murrumbidgee Irrigation Area with precious water which has changed grazing lands which once carried one sheep to every four acres into fertile plains maintaining a population of 27,000 people. Since the first storage section of the dam was built in 1912, the area has yielded dairy products, fat lambs, rice, fruit, and wine worth £150 million. Production last year totalled £11,500,000.

**BEAUTIFUL
AUSTRALIA**

'Face-lift' without surgery

- This book gives you a practical, easy-to-follow, and non-time-consuming method for revitalising the muscles of your face so that you may look and feel years younger.

THE step-by-step programme will help you, if you follow it conscientiously, to rid your face of "middle-aged sag," decrease wrinkles round the nose, eyes, and forehead, and eliminate that double (or even treble) chin.

How will this be done? By isometric exercises alone. The following pages give a detailed set of isometric exercises which need not take you more than five minutes a day to do and which can be performed almost anywhere.

They put no special strain on any vital organ of your body and therefore can be done by anyone of almost any age and health condition.

Why a face sags

As you will see, these exercises use principles that have been tested for many years. But this type of exercise has never before, as far as we know, been applied to the face in a systematic way.

For those readers who wish to apply isometrics to the body, there is an additional set of seven basic exercises.

The first part of this book will explain exactly what isometric exercises are, how they differ from other types of exercises, and why they are more effective than other exercises for the development of muscle tone.

It also explains why a face sags at and after middle life, what part the muscles of the face play in this deterioration, and

how the situation can be helped by isometric exercises.

The second part of the book gives directions for the exercises themselves, accompanied by pictures. Most of these exercises can be done by you without any special practice. A few will require particular concentration and effort, using muscles you never knew you had. Nevertheless, these, too, can be done (and eventually done with ease) if you are determined to master them.

Look at your face in a mirror or, if you prefer, study someone else's face. What do you see? A forehead, two eyes and ears, a nose, mouth, and chin, and, of course, the facial skin.

What you cannot see are the different muscles of the face and neck. These muscles are the ones that you will be working with in this book—most of them are muscles that you have used only rarely before.

Perhaps you have noticed that some new lines are creeping into your face, or that for some reason your face doesn't look as young as it did even a few months ago.

Famous society beauties, movie stars, and many other men and women spend thousands on "face-lifting" plastic surgery. The exercises in this book, if mastered and done with persistence, may take the place of the surgical "face-lifting" job.

Look at your face again. Place the fingers of each hand just below the temples on each cheekbone. Now press the skin upward about an eighth of an inch. Notice the difference this makes in your face; yet all you did was "lift" it by a

fraction of an inch. Isometric exercises can "lift" a face without the expense and discomfort of surgery. And remember, the exercises can be done in less than five minutes a day.

The author, Mrs. Clara E. Paterson, is a registered nurse who trained in one of the large New York hospitals and nursing schools. She has had extensive experience in teaching therapeutic exercises of all kinds, particularly to the physically handicapped.

A MUSCLE-MAN? NO!

- Unlike some workouts, isometric exercises are not too strenuous, nor will they make you develop a muscular appearance.

WILL isometric exercises make my face look too muscular?

The answer is a definite no! You have all seen pictures of so-called "muscle-men." Few women want to develop muscle volume to the extent that it appears unsightly and masculine, however, there is no fear of such extremes in the face and neck.

If you have any other slight fears, please realise that this programme can be stopped at any point. After that, doing the exercises every two weeks will maintain the volume, tone, and strength gained, according to recent research.

Are isometric exercises safe?

One of the great advantages of isometric exercising is that it puts very

little strain on the heart and blood-vessels. The exercises can be performed without risk of doing damage by practically everybody, regardless of his or her general health. This claim cannot be made for all forms of exercises.

Isometric exercises are particularly safe and practical, because they require no equipment or apparatus and no second person to help.

If in doubt about your ability to perform these exercises, we strongly advise that you consult your physician. Those with severe heart, lung, or vascular derangements might do well to speak to their doctor before performing these exercises, even though they put a minimum of strain on your cardiovascular system.

**Athletes, skaters (and skiers, too) do it
— even lions and tigers in the zoo do it**

Let's do isometric exercises

● There are three types of exercises: isotonic, proprioceptive-facilitation, and isometric. Don't let the long words bother you; it is easy to explain the difference between them. All of us at one time or another have done some of each type.

THE usual kind of exercise is called isotonic and consists of movements that go through the full range of motion of a joint repeatedly in a rhythmic manner. These are the exercises that you did so laboriously in gym class at school, the kind that are also referred to as setting-up exercises.

Isotonic exercises are admirable for improving the circulation and for increasing and maintaining full range of motion. Range of motion decreases with age and also with various musculoskeletal disorders, such as arthritis and rheumatism. These diseases cause shortening of fibrous tissue structures, limiting the normal range of motion. Isotonic exercises also improve strength to some extent, but not nearly as much as do isometric exercises.

It is important to maintain complete range of motion throughout life, and this can best be done by performing isotonic exercises. Endurance is produced by repetition of isotonic exercises to the point of stress, together with psychological conditioning to withstand discomfort. The champion long-distance runner, for example, must be inured to pain. He gains endurance by taxing himself to his limit. Such exercises can put considerable strain on the circulation as well as on the heart and lungs.

Exercises to increase agility (called proprioceptive-facilitation exercises) consist of setting various patterns of movement through constant training. For example, golfers speak of being "in the groove." This

means that they have practised their swing so that their ability to swing properly has increased.

There are many other sports, like tennis and bowling, where athletes practise the same motions time and again in an effort to achieve perfection. These exercises may increase one's strength somewhat, but they are far less effective in this than isometric exercises.

The third type of exercise, the isometric exercise, increases both strength and volume of muscle. Isometrics do not help one maintain normal range of motion, nor do they lead to endurance and agility.

In isometric exercises the muscle is "contracted," but the length of the muscle is in general the same during the contraction as during relaxation.

Caged animals act by instinct

This contraction can be accomplished by holding two joints rigid while at the same time contracting the muscles between them in a maximum way, or by pushing or pulling against an immovable object. (For example, if you place both hands against the wall and push as hard as you can, you have contracted certain muscles, but their length has remained the same.)

It is not, of course, strictly true that the length of the muscle remained exactly the same, and in the case of the face it is not true at all, since there is no way to contract

the muscles of the face and still keep them equal in length before and after contraction. However, it is possible to contract the muscles of the face to the maximum extent and to hold this contraction for a measurable length of time. Thus the exercises in this book are considered to be isometric.

An interesting example of isometric exercises and a demonstration of what they can do is seen by watching what wild animals in a zoo, such as tigers and lions, do to keep themselves in excellent condition. They have very little room in which to move about and exercise, and so instinctively do isometric exercises by pushing against the walls of the cage and by mighty stretches.

Since the turn of the century the value of isometric exercise has been increasingly clear. But until very recently the exercises themselves have been used almost exclusively to build up strength in a person's arms, legs, or trunk, or for preparing particular muscles for special purposes.

Professional athletes, as well as amateur skiers, tennis players, and skaters, have learned to use isometric exercises to develop particular sets of muscles with great success.

Isometric exercises apply to the voluntary muscles only. This means those muscles you are able to will to contract. They do not apply to the involuntary muscles, such as those that control the contraction of the intestine, heart, and blood-vessels. These are under automatic control

and you cannot make them obey by the power of your will.

The muscles in your face, neck, and upper chest are voluntary muscles; thus isometric principles can be applied to them. Unfortunately, many of these muscles have atrophied through disuse and it will take practice to put some of them back into condition. But it can be done!

For beauty— and for health

Voluntary muscles are made up of millions of threadlike cells a half to one inch in length. There may be hundreds of thousands to each muscle. Physiology teaches us that we are apparently born with a certain number of muscle cells and that these never become more numerous in spite of training and increased development.

This applies even to a "muscle-man" like Charles Atlas, in whom one can obviously see fantastic muscle development. Here the increase in volume and strength is due to an increase in the size of each individual muscle cell rather than to an increase in the number of the cells. Actually, as one grows older it is probable that the number of cells decreases and at the same time the overall size of the muscle decreases.

The exercises outlined in this book are based on scientific research, for isometrics is used today as part of the therapeutic technique for increasing muscular strength

To page 5

FACIAL ISOMETRICS — Page 3

Moving muscles by willpower

● Look at the illustration on this page. Use your hand to feel the muscles that will be used in the exercises.

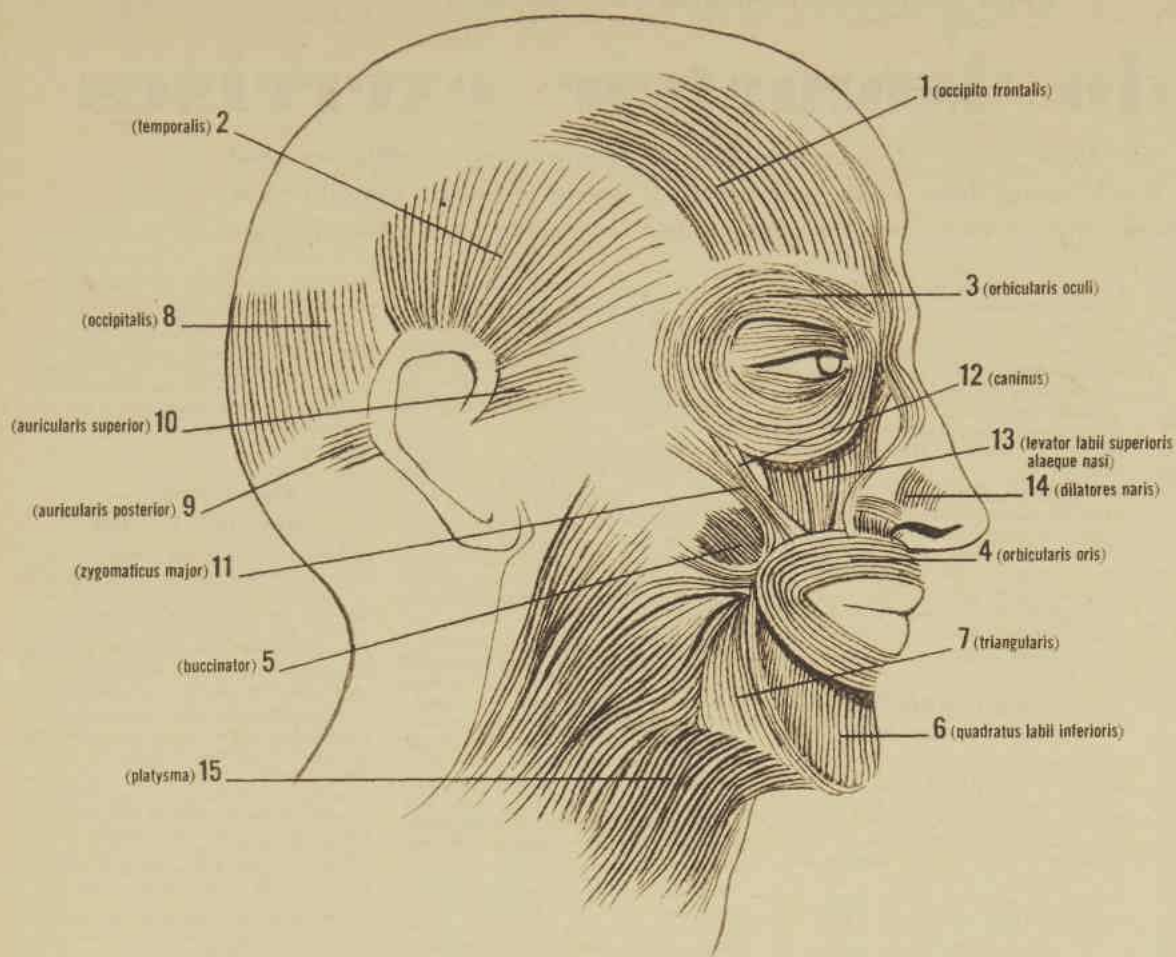
YOU will see that your face and scalp are practically covered by muscle, but you will be unable to make some of these muscles move without practice.

Others, as you already know, are weak or relatively ineffectual compared with the muscles you use for walking or lifting.

To make all these muscles work properly you will have to concentrate your attention on the area of the face, neck, or other part of the body where the muscle is located.

By persisting in the directions that follow, you will be able to teach yourself to use these muscles and exercise them properly.

By an act of will you can learn to contract a particular muscle, holding it as tense as possible, thus producing an "overload," which you will hold for a slow count of at least six.



ISOMETRIC EXERCISES (continued)

in most rehabilitation centres. In athletics it has been taken up enthusiastically by Olympic athletes all over the world, including the Soviet Union.

Facial tone is important not just for the sake of your good appearance. The proper conditioning of the skeletal facial muscles, many of which have been allowed to degenerate from lack of use, assist in the correct functioning of the eyes, ears, nose, throat, and teeth, as well as in chewing, talking, singing, and even breathing.

Deterioration of the muscles in the face as well as other parts of the body is in part due to poor health in some people, in part due to lack of use, and in part a component of growing older.

If you are not a doctor you will probably be surprised to see, in the anatomical picture on page 4, how many muscles there are in the face, muscles which lie dormant and of which you are not even conscious. Some of these you have never knowingly used and now you cannot use them. However, this book will show you how you can rehabilitate them and make them function properly.

A plump face looks younger

The more or less pathetic collapse of a person's face with advancing years is not due to muscle atrophy alone. There are other essential factors. These are not the concern of our particular approach to "face-lifting," but you should know about them.

With the passage of time the skin becomes somewhat atrophic. The superficial layer gets thin, horny, and dry, and the connective tissue underneath the superficial skin layer loses its thickness, elasticity, and tone.

Fat also plays a large part. An overweight person can superficially appear younger, because of the filling-out effect of excess fat.

Bone structure — for example, the teeth — also helps to support your face. A person whose teeth are allowed to decay and then must be extracted has a very visible

problem of facial collapse unless he or she uses adequate replacements to hold up the proper structures. However, here we are concerned with your muscles and not with these other structures.

Facial muscles that are used most often are in the best condition. In modern life these are the muscles you use for eating. But even these realise only a fraction of their potential and this diminishes with advancing age. As we get older there is a tendency to eat few chewy foods. The degenerative effect is quickened by the gradual loss of teeth that make proper chewing possible.

Additional muscles that receive considerable use are unfortunately those that involve wrinkling of the forehead and squinting of the eyes, the latter leading to the almost universal "crow's feet" of middle and later life. But, as we have seen, there are many other muscles in the face, and the purpose of the exercises that follow is to give them, and in turn your face, more volume, structure, tone, and mobility.

It has often been claimed that vigorous massage can increase muscle tone. Actually, massage does very little for the muscles. It may have other beneficial effects, such as relaxing a person, stimulating circulation, or just giving one a feeling of well-being, but massage is no substitute for exercise. If you wanted to become a javelin thrower, which would be better: to exercise the arm or to massage it?

It is now accepted, as a result of experimentation, that the isometric training of one side of the body, such as an arm, will not produce increased strength in the other, unexercised arm. The same principle applies to the face. Training on one side of your face will not be of any value to the other side. Both sides of your face must be trained and exercised separately. Thus, isometrics differ from some other exercises, because in the case of skill this does not apply. (It has been shown that teaching a skill to one arm or leg has some cross-over effect of value to the other side.)

How to do the exercises

HOW? Many muscles of the face and neck and upper chest are so atrophied in most of us, and so unused, that we must relearn how to contract them. By doing the exercises which follow you can contract each muscle, or each muscle group, separately. You do this by drawing your maximum attention to the area of the head where the muscle lies and by an act of will you make it contract. If possible, stand before a mirror as a visual aid. At first you may feel nothing is happening—perhaps, in the case of some muscles, even for months. But persist and you will inevitably get—even see—results.

It helps to place your hands gently over the area where the muscle in question lies and feel the contraction of the muscle under the skin. Lying on a pillow, face up, down, or sideways, also allows you to feel small contractions more readily.

FOR HOW LONG? For ever? Yes, because research has shown that the effect of isometric exercises lasts for a matter of months only. Muscles to have tone must be used. For maximum tone there must be maximum use.

WHY? To give your face more lift, tone, strength, and mobility. Do not worry about becoming a muscle-man. There is no possibility of this in the face and neck and, anyway, you can stop at any time.

WHERE? They are best done before a mirror, since following your mobilities visually will help by letting you see what you accomplish. They are best done in privacy—any place where people will not worry about your safety or sanity!

HOW OFTEN? Each exercise must be done once a day, but can be performed more often—any number of times. Scientific research appears to show, however, that once a day, provided each contraction is maximum and held for at least a slow count of six, is adequate.

WHEN? The morning is best, preferably after you freshen up a bit. In the case of women, before make-up is applied. Whether before or after breakfast does not matter, as the exercises are not strenuous. If you miss your chance before leaving home it does not matter too much, as they can be done anywhere—behind a newspaper on the bus, or any place where you will not be observed and thought to be in dire pain because of your grimaces!

WHAT HAPPENS? It is not good procedure to outline the specific effect of each exercise listed. The objective is to give the whole face more lift, tone, strength, and mobility. Also, although you should concentrate on each muscle group separately in these exercises, there is a great deal of "overflow"—as you contract one muscle or group, others contract more or less at the same time. What you are after is a general lift effect for the face and neck as a whole. The total effect of the exercises, then, is to pull the skin of the forehead, face, and neck up and back.

REMEMBER: HOLD EACH CONTRACTION TO THE MAXIMUM INTENSITY OF WHICH YOU ARE CAPABLE FOR A SLOW COUNT OF SIX. TRY TO CONTRACT EACH MUSCLE OR GROUP OF MUSCLES SEPARATELY.



Isometric exercises for the face and neck

● Here are the exercises which will keep you looking younger, feeling healthier if you practise them every day. Don't be discouraged if you find you can't do some of them straight off — just keep trying. It may take weeks or even months, but eventually you will succeed. Remember it is important to exercise both sides of the face separately. For instance, don't do No. 9 and then skip No. 10.

1.

Open your eyes as wide as possible for a slow count of six. While you are holding them open look to right, then left, above, and below, holding each position for a moment.



2.

Contract the muscles on either side of the nose as you do in sneezing, wrinkling the skin over the nose upward as hard as you can.



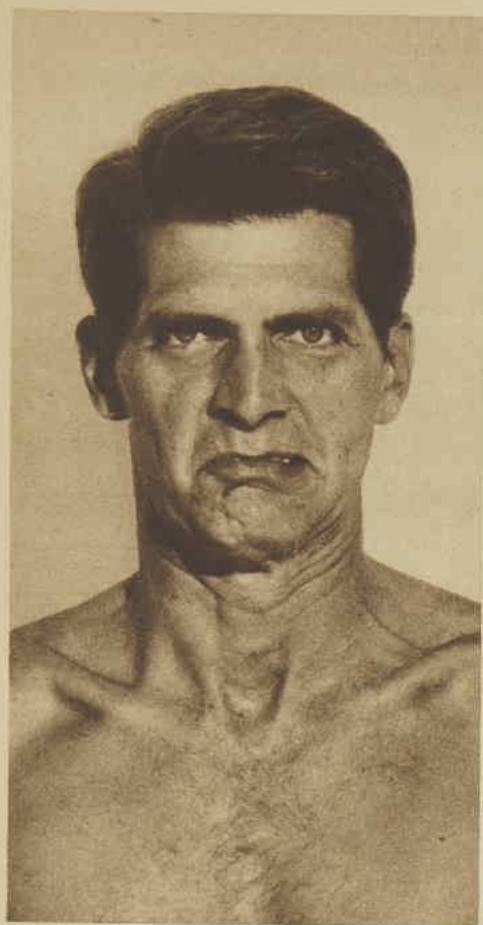
3.

Dilate the nostrils. Flare them out.



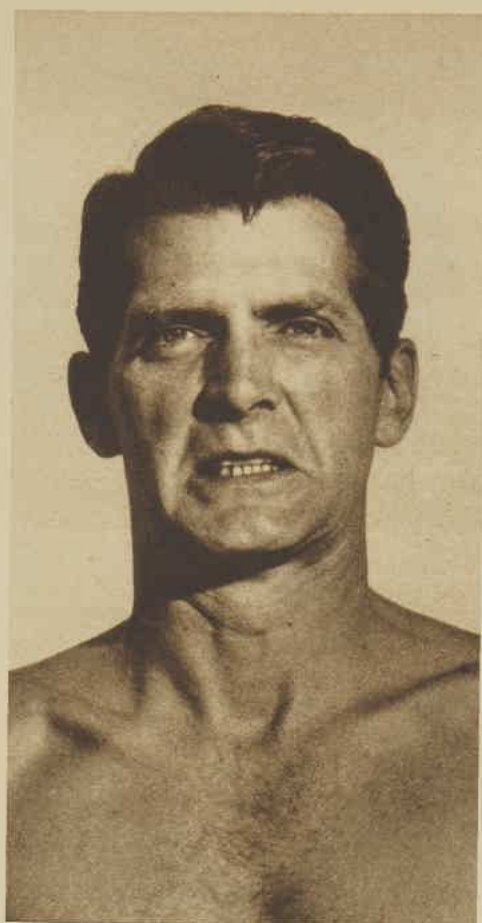
4.

Pull first the right, then the left corner of the mouth up and out. Hold each position.



5.

Pull the right and then the left corner of the mouth down and out (each side separately, of course).



6.

Pull the lower lip down as vigorously as possible. But keep the lip flat. Do not turn it outwards.



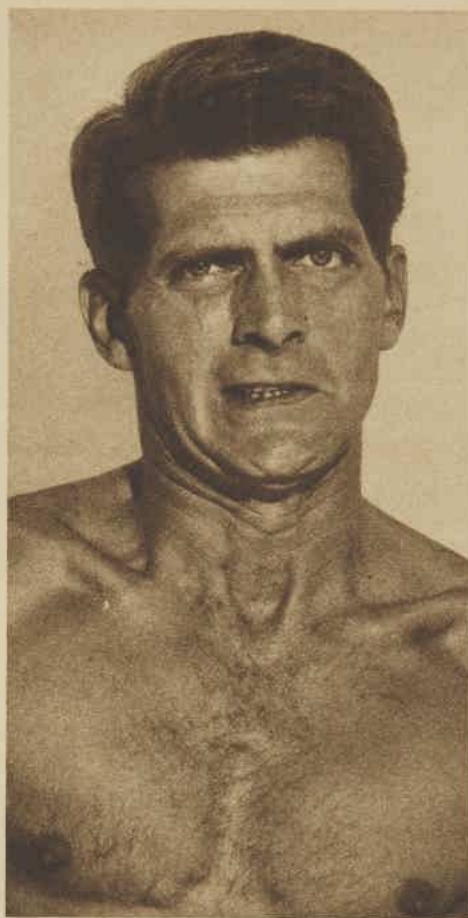
7.

Make a movement of the lips as if you were kissing or whistling, but do it extremely vigorously.



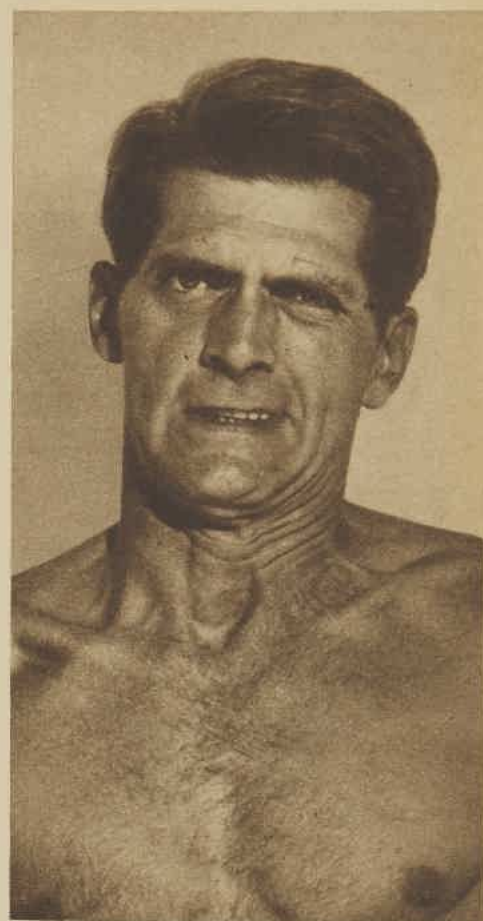
8.

Open your mouth as wide as you possibly can in all directions, and hold.



9.

Make the platysma muscle on one side of the neck contract, holding the head rigidly still. Keep pulling until the skin of the front of the chest also moves upward. Keep mouth closed.



10.

Do the same with the other side.



11.

Make both sides of the neck contract at the same time to the maximum extent (left); hold for six seconds — head, neck, and chest rigid. The skin of your upper chest and over the breast should rise.

12.

There is a muscle under the hair which pulls your forehead up, thus getting rid of wrinkles and looseness of skin on your forehead. Concentrate your mind on the area from the hair-line back, and make a supreme effort to contract this muscle up and back (right). Hold it for a slow count of six. Not easy, but persist!





13.

Underneath the scalp in the back of the head there is a sheath of muscles. Make it contract, thus pulling the scalp backward and down toward the back of the neck. Hold it for a slow count of six. A hard one to master.



14.

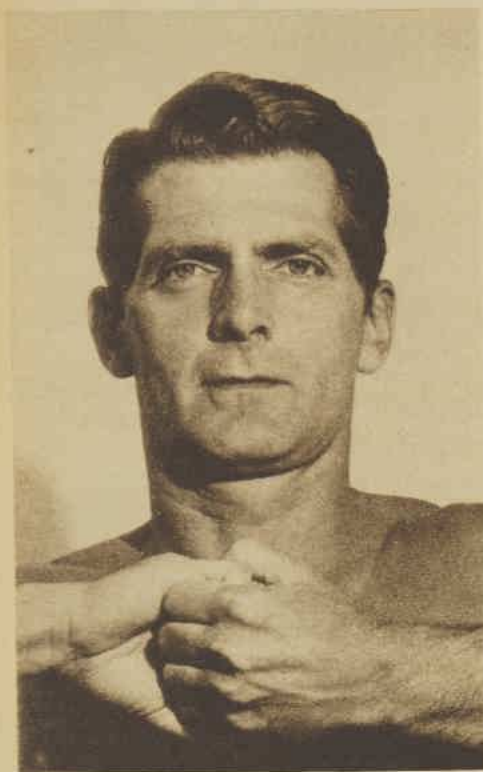
Behind the ear there are very atrophic muscles whose functions are to pull the ears backward. Make them contract, and hold. Keep practising this difficult one.



15.

In each temple there is a very thick, strong muscle which, when contracted, not only helps to make the jaw muscle move, as in eating, but also lifts the skin of the side of the face and ear upward. Contract as hard as you can.

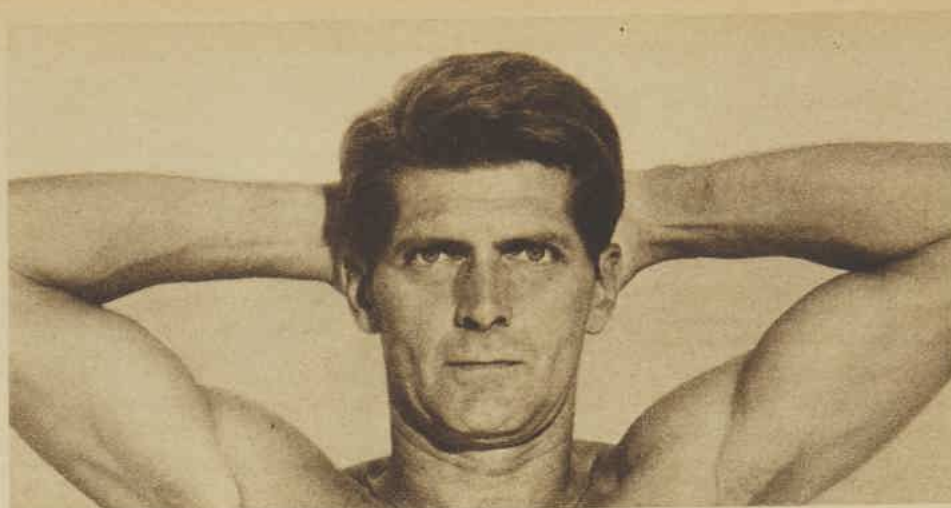
Arm movements



16.

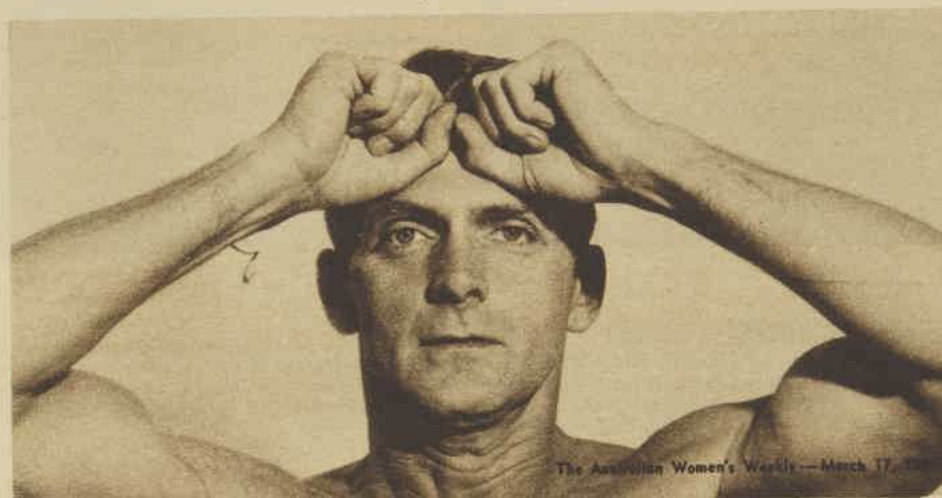
Clasp your hands in front of your chest and, while still clasping them tightly, try to pull them apart as hard as you possibly can. Do this in front of a mirror and watch the skin of the side of your chest rise perceptibly. Hold!

Page 12 — FACIAL ISOMETRICS



17. *Put your two hands behind your head and press your head backward against your hands without moving either your hands or your head.*

18. *Place both fists on your forehead and press forward as hard as you can for a count of six.*



The Australian Women's Weekly — March 17, 1940



19. *Hold one fist on one side of the head and press sideways.*

20. *Hold the other fist on the other side of the head and press.*



The Australian Women's Weekly — March 17, 1965

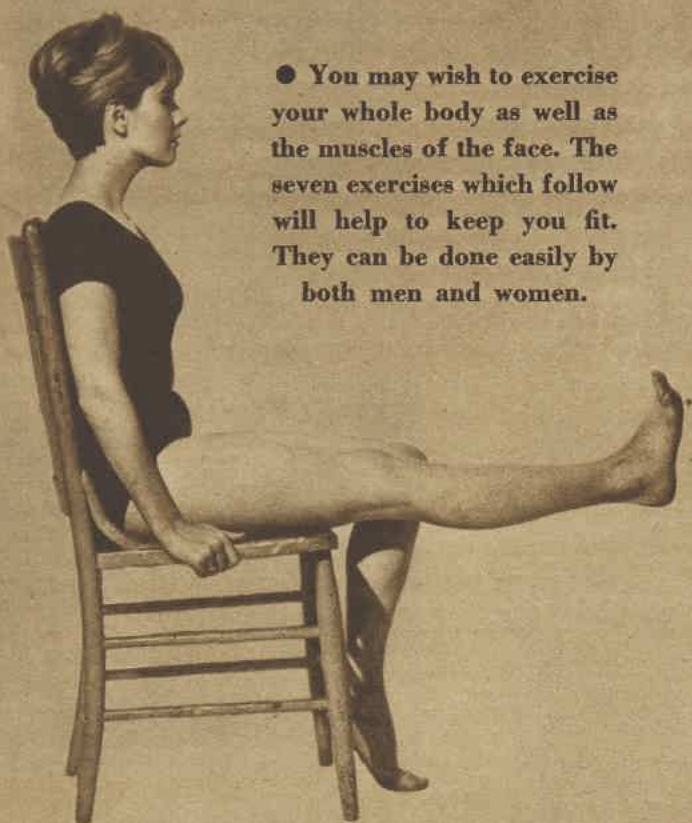


21. *Now press your palms together with your arms in front of your chest. Make a maximum effort — press as hard as you can.*

FACIAL ISOMETRICS — Page 13

EXERCISE THE REST

● You may wish to exercise your whole body as well as the muscles of the face. The seven exercises which follow will help to keep you fit. They can be done easily by both men and women.



22.

While seated in a chair, or on the edge of a table, sit back so that the edge is under your knee (left). Then extend one leg, and hold it out rigidly for a count of six, then slowly allow it to bend again. Do one side at a time.

23.

Sit on a chair, feet firmly on floor, hands clasped above your head (right). Bend your spine sideways without lifting your buttocks from the chair. First to one side, then back to the midline, and then to the other side and back to the midline.



OF YOUR BODY

24.

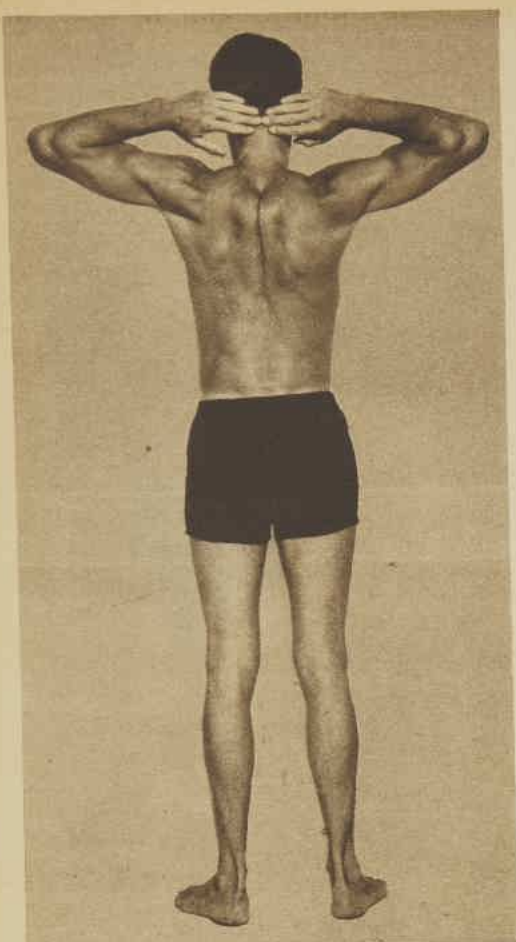
Contract the quadriceps muscle group (the muscles on the front of the thigh from the kneecap to the hip), in this way pulling your patella (kneecap) upward (see right). Hold this position for about a count of six and then relax. This is done on both legs separately.



25.

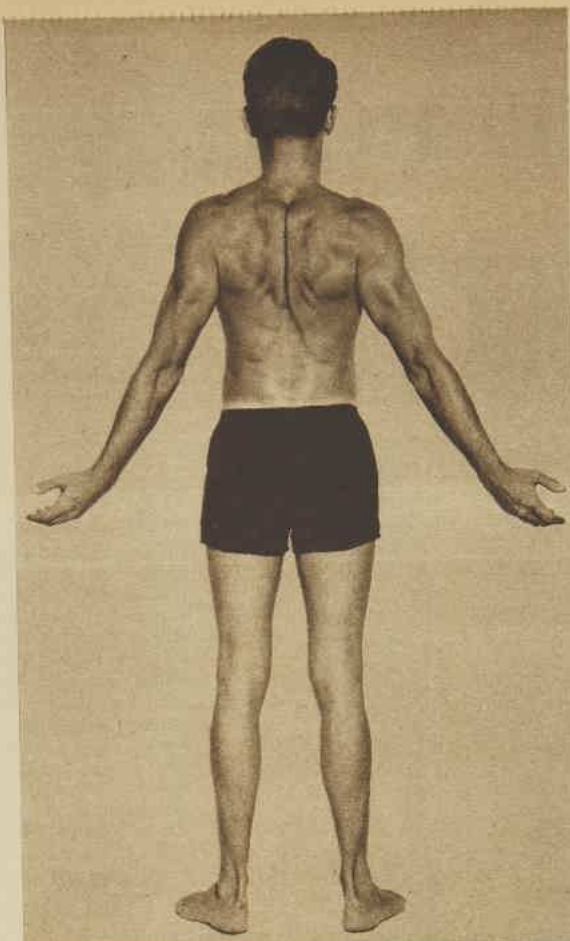
Flex (bend) your ankle as hard as possible, thus stretching the cords on the back of your leg from the knee down (right). Hold this position for about a count of six and then extend your foot, holding this second position for a count of six. Then relax. Both ankles are to be flexed and extended separately.





26.

Stand erect, as tall as you possibly can, elevate your arms so that your fingers touch behind your neck, and then, by contracting your upper back, neck, and shoulder muscles, bring your elbows as far backward as possible. Hold the position for a count of six and then relax.



27.

Stand as erect as possible — that is, try to stand as tall as you can. Then lift your arms away from your body with the elbows extended so that the arms are at an angle of about 45 degrees from your trunk. Then rotate your arms outward as far as they will go. Hold this position for about a count of six and then relax.



28.

Draw in your abdomen as hard as you can, and hold for a count of six.

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